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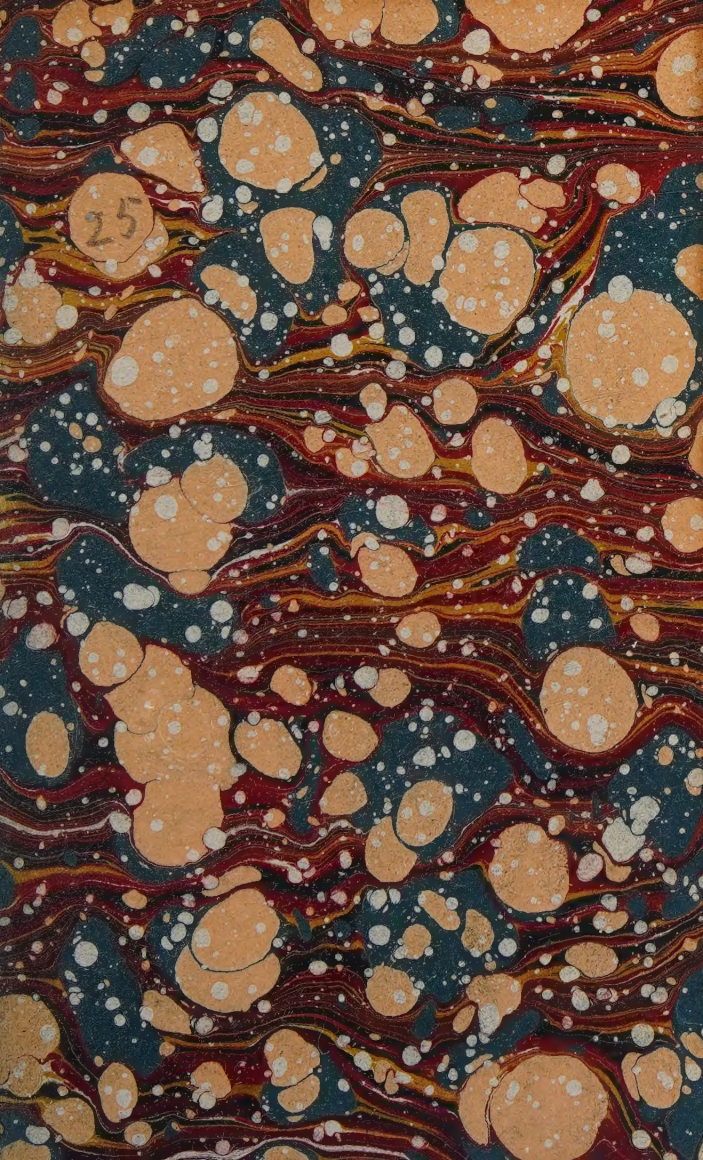
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THE ALDINE EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS

THE POEMS OF JOHN MILTON

IN THREE VOLUMES

H. Robinson sc.

John Milton

London. William Pickering. 1851.

THE

POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON

VOLUME I

LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1852

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SONNET TO

CHARLES LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

ON HIS PUBLICATION OF

MILTON DE DOCTRINA CHRISTIANA.

As one whose footsteps by some ancient stream,
Tibur, or old Ilissus, chance upturn,
Of time forgotten, sculptur'd trunk or urn,
Work of the Phidian chisel, as may seem
Inimitable; straight as from a dream
Waketh, nor hasteneth onward, till he learn,
Wondering, each grace, each beauty:—so did burn
My heart, when first by thee disclos'd, the gleam
It caught of Milton's page, by envious crime
Forgotten or deform'd. Oh! well hast thou
And fitliest, paid the debt, though late, that prime
And holy song[1] requiting, by old time
Remember'd, which twin-lustre sheds e'en now
On thee and elder WINTON's mitred brow.

J. M

Benhall, Nov. 1831.

[1] See Miltoni Eleg. in Obitum Præs. Wintoniensis.

ADVERTISEMENT.

On being requested to compose a brief Memoir of the Life of Milton, adapted to the edition to which it was to be attached, I naturally searched for information among the former biographers of the Poet.

Though the present Life is too contracted in its plan, and, perhaps, too slender in its materials, to pretend to rank among the laboured, and established biographies of Milton, yet I must observe that in the arrangement of the subject, in the opinions delivered, or the inferences drawn, it is dependent on none that has preceded it. I have consulted all the former writers for information, without copying them; and I have attended respectfully to their reasoning without servilely adhering to it. After being indebted to them for the necessary facts, and for occasional expressions, the remainder of the narrative has been the result of my own inquiries, and formed from the conclusions of my own judgment. To the poetry of Milton from my earliest youth down to the commencing autumn of my life, I have ever looked with a reverence and love not easily to be surpassed: for the sentiments adopted and avowed by him on the great and complicated questions of

civil liberty and political rights, I have, as becomes my situation, and is suitable to the habits of my mind, expressed myself with that temperance of opinion and moderation of language which can alone expect to conciliate attention, or to command respect.

The account of Milton by his nephew Edward Philips,[1] though less copious and instructive than might be expected, is interesting and valuable. It supplies us with many facts respecting the Poet's manner of life, his circumstances, and opinions. It was written by a person who had been educated in his youth by Milton, who had subsequently lived in habits of daily intimacy with him, and to whom Milton had mentioned many facts relating to himself.

The biography by Toland[2] was composed not

[1] E. Philips mentioned Milton's name in his Theatrum Poetarum, 1675. An. Wood, in 1691, gave an account of Milton in his Fast. Oxon. for A. D. 1635, part i. fol. 480, ed. Bliss. Langbaine also gave some mention of him in 1691. The Life of Milton in the Biographia Britannica (A. D. 1760,) was by Dr. Nicholls.

[2] 'I heard some particulars,' says Toland, 'from a person that had been once his amanuensis, which were confirmed to me by his daughter, now dwelling in London, and by a letter written to me at my desire by his last wife, who is still alive. I perused the papers of one of his nephews, learned what I could in discourse with the other, and lastly consulted such of his acquaintance as, after the best inquiry, I was able to discover.' *Life*, p. 9. Toland's Life was published in 1698 with Milton's prose works; separately in 1699: and by Mr. T. Hollis in 1761.

many years after the death of the Poet; and he enriched his materials with communications from members of Milton's family. The book is written in a grave and manly style, with high admiration of its subject; and it abounds with judicious reflections on the events of the time. This work, together with those of Philips and of Wood, has formed the basis of all the subsequent biography.

Next, I believe, in order of time, appeared the life written by the elder Richardson, the painter. He was an ingenious, inquisitive, and amiable man, but a singularly quaint and mannered writer. To him we are indebted for some further particulars of the Poet's life, for the most part gathered from the communications of Pope, or from the descendants of Milton's family.

Doctor Birch, who was remarkable for his industrious, and indefatigable researches, added considerably to the amount of our information; and he first gratified the curiosity of the learned by an account of the manuscripts of Milton existing at Cambridge,[3] and by transcripts of the variations which they exhibited from the established text.

Johnson's biographical memoir, and the criti-

[3] The variations in the Cambridge MSS. were imperfectly and incorrectly printed by Dr. Birch, and were given by T. Warton from a more minute and careful examination of the manuscript. See his edition of Milton's Poems (2nd ed.), p. 578. A very few have escaped even him. Peck's new Life of Milton was published in 1740, an abstract of its contents will be seen in a note in this Life, p. xvi.

cism attached to it, have excited so much discussion, and have been met by such variety of judgments, that I shall content myself with observing, that the character and the opinion of the Poet and the Biographer were in many important points, extremely dissimilar. That a violent tory and high churchman undertook to write the life of a republican and a puritan; that a man, remarkable for his practical wisdom, his strong sense, and his rational philosophy, delivered his judgments on the writings of one, distinguished for his high imagination, his poetical feeling, his speculative politics, and his visionary theology. Johnson came, it must be owned, with strong prejudice and much dislike to his subject; and nothing perhaps saved Milton from deeper censure[4] but his biographer's conviction of his sincerity, his admiration of his learning, and his reverence for his piety. Had Johnson lived in the Poet's days, he would have stood by the side of Salmasius in the field of controversy, and opposed Milton on every question connected with the interests of society, the existence of the monarchy, and the preservation of the church. John-

[4] Cowper, in his Letters (second series, vol. i. p. 316-319), says, 'His criticisms on Milton and Prior are the two capital instances in which he has offended me.'—I have seen the copy of Johnson's Life of Milton which Cowper used, and have read his marginal observations, in which he has strongly expressed his opinion of the incorrectness of Johnson's reasoning, and the injustice of his criticism. If I rightly recollect, he left off, disgusted with the work, before he had read the half of it.

son would have acknowledged no government that was not dependent on the throne, and he would have reverenced no ecclesiastical institution that was not united to a hierarchy. It would be curious to guess what his expression would have been, had he lived to read the defence of Polygamy, the denial of the eternal generation of the Son, the inferiority of the Holy Spirit, and the open avowal of Arianism. Bolt Court would have grown darker at his frown, as he directed the thunder of his wrath against an impracticable philosophy he would have despised, and an erratic theology he would have detested.

To disarm the severity of this criticism, and to represent in fairer lights and with softer colours those circumstances which had excited the indignation of the critic, seems to have been the chief purpose[5] for which Mr. Hayley's Life was written. I cannot say much that is favourable to its execution; but we are indebted to him for first calling the attention of the learned to that singular Italian drama,[6] the Adamo of Andreini, and other

[5] Hayley is called by Mr. Todd, the *affectionate* biographer; but temperance and impartiality are the qualities required when the subject of the biography has become a matter of history.

[6] I much question whether Milton ever read the numerous obscure Italian poems, whose names, Mr. Hayley, Dr. J. Warton, and others subsequently have mentioned, but many of which they themselves have never seen. Whether, as Hayley supposes, Milton was familiar with the Angelcida of Erasmo de Valvasone, Venet. 1590, or not, it certainly is

productions of the same class, which are the supposed prototypes of Milton's poem.

Mr. Todd's exemplary diligence, his various information, and his extensive acquaintance with rare and curious books, has enabled him to throw light on some particulars of Milton's history that were previously obscure: the second edition of his work is also enriched with valuable documents lately brought to light. His narrative is for the most part copied from that of Dr. Johnson; and when he ventures to stray from his illustrious model, and alter his language, it is seldom with advantage.

The latest biography which I have perused is that written by Dr. Symmons. This biographer was a violent Whig, a most warm and zealous partizan, and, I must add, an intemperate and incautious writer. The language which he uses towards those opposed to him in opinion, as to Johnson, and T. Warton, is far too violent and vituperative; and Hayley's name is seldom mentioned but to be coupled with contempt. His work is too much expanded with conjectures that cannot satisfy the mind, nor lead to the discovery of truth; and it has added but little to our knowledge of facts. Yet his metrical criticisms on the

worthy of remark, that the Italian poet assigns to *the infernal powers the invention of artillery;* but on this subject consult a note by Todd in vol. ii. 465, on the Adamo. See Walker, on Italian Tragedy, p. 172, App. xxxii. on passages in the Paradise Lost, taken from the Setti giorni of Tasso. See Black's Life of Tasso, vol. ii. p. 469.

Latin poems of Milton, though they have not quite exhausted the subject, are more accurate and learned than ever before appeared: and some translations are given which are spirited and elegant.

The notes which Bentley[7] published on Paradise Lost appear to have been selected from that copy of Tonson's Milton, once belonging to him, which I now possess; and much as his violence and rashness of conjecture has been blamed, the public has yet to learn, that his alterations, numerous as they were, form only a selection from a much larger mass that still remains upon the margin of the edition which he used. But if the wild attempt to unite his own lifeless and prosaic passages with the living spirit of Milton's poetry, were an act of presumption in the aged critic; yet, I must confess, there is something less of arrogance in the *manner* in which they are proposed, than might have been expected, when the boldness of his system was so openly avowed. He had the humanity to leave the established text untouched: and to confine the troubled spirit of his emendations within the lower circle of his notes. 'His changes (he says) are only *sug-*

[7] Dr. Newton's observations on Bentley's Milton are temperate and judicious. See his Pref. p. 32. It appears that Dr. Heylin gave the notes which he had made on Milton, with the intention of publishing an edition, to Bentley, *who has printed them as his own, without any acknowledgement*, p. 34.

gested to the reader, and not *obtruded* on him; and if any person will substitute better, he will deserve every reader's thanks; though it is to be hoped even these will not be found absurd, or disagreeing from the Miltonian character.

> ' Sunt et mihi Carmina, me quoque dicunt
> Vatem Pastores, sed non ego credulus illis.'

The few notes which are now for the first time published, are partly designed to prove, that Bentley did not generally attempt to substitute the *actual* and *genuine* words of Milton in the place of the *fictitious* and *adulterated* text (v. *Book* viii. 653); but only to restore what he conceived to be the *sense* and *meaning* of the passage. The conjectures which, in his own printed edition, I find waiting in the margin, and eager for admittance into the verse; in his MS. copy are attended with a numerous train, as little plausible or satisfactory as themselves. He had a large store of arrows in his quiver, besides that which he had shot: nor can a reason be readily assigned for his preference of the one selected. The hypothesis which he formed, is, I presume, generally known, and known only to be repudiated. ' Our celebrated author, being obnoxious to the gout, poor, friendless, and, what is worst of all, blind with a gutta serena, could only dictate his verses to be writ by another: when it necessarily follows that any errors in pointing, spelling, nay, even in whole words, of a like or near sound, are not to be charged upon the poet, but the amanu-

ensis. The friend or acquaintance to whom Milton committed his copy, and the overseers of the press, did so vilely execute that trust, that Paradise, under his ignorance and audaciousness, may be said to be twice lost. But these typographical faults, occasioned by the negligence of his acquaintance, if all may be imputed to that, and not several wilfully made,[8] were not the least blemishes brought upon our poem. For this supposed friend, knowing Milton's bad circumstances, thought that he had a fit opportunity to foist into the work several of his own verses, without the blind poet's discovery. This trick has too frequently been played, but especially in works published after the author's death; and poor Milton, in that condition, with sixty years' weight upon his shoulders, might be reckoned half dead.'—The whole of this visionary fabric seems to have been built by Bentley on the slender foundation that, owing to Milton's blindness, *some mistakes* in the text of the poem certainly did occur; and that such a one, as is found in P. L. x. 260, should pervade *both* editions (being an error which Milton himself had no means of detecting), certainly betrays the negligence or ignorance of those to whose care his edition was entrusted.

Feeling as truly as others, the absurdity of

[8] See Note on P. L. i. 197. 'Knowing by the passages, that our poet blind, and then poor and friendless, had frequently foul play.'

Bentley's system, the flatness of his prosaic alterations, and his great want of poetic feeling, I must still in justice say, that his remarks display the shrewdness of a person accustomed to read with curious and scrutinizing attention,[9] to pay regard to the proper force and meaning of words, and the construction of sentences: that his observations are often ingenious, and his emendations sometimes acute: but that which strikes me as peculiarly offensive, is the apparent carelessness, and indifference with which he proceeds on his work of criticism. So far from approaching his author's text with a timid or reluctant hand, his boldest conjectures are proposed either with a confidence meant to overawe the reader, and compel conviction; or what is worse, with an apparent[10] disregard as to whether they are

[9] Warburton lent Dr. Newton Pope's copy of Bentley's Milton, wherein Pope had all along with his own hand set some mark of approbation rectè, benè, pulchrè, in the margin over against such emendations of the Doctor's as seemed to him just and reasonable. It was a satisfaction to see what so great a genius thought particularly of that edition, and he appears throughout the whole to have been a very candid reader, and to have approved of more than really merits approbation. Newton's Preface, p. 35.

T. Warton says, 'Many of Bentley's emendations are acute, but he did not understand Milton's manner, nor the genius of the language of English poetry.' v. Todd's Milton, vol. vi. p. 307; see Hollis's Memoirs, p. 478. 522.

[10] See the indifference shown in notes, iii. 597, iv. 769, vii. 406, one of the most objectionable notes is v. 415, one ludicrously ingenious, vi. 513, those at vii. 463, ix. 592, and

accepted or not. In P. L. ii. 1021, he strikes out the whole passage of Sin and Death following Satan, amounting to ten entire lines, and then says, 'Perhaps I shall have some *votes* to accompany mine, that this too is an interpolation.' As he approached the last pages of his work, and looked back on the deformities he had left behind him in his ruthless path, and when he saw the ragged and meagre branches of the Critic's ivy eating into the noble and finished column, round which it had been trained; he seemed to entertain some misgivings of the soundness and success of his plan. He says, 'If one small alteration appeared to be so presumptuous, what censure must I expect to receive who have presumed to make so many, but jacta est alea, non injussa cecini.

——πὰρ ἐμοίγε κ' ἄλλοι,
Οἵ κέ με τιμήσουσι, μάλιστα δὲ μητιέτα Ζεὺς.

Bentley's ungrounded hypothesis, and the alterations which he built upon it, called forth a

xi. 387, are flippant and trifling. The conjecture, at xi. 187, is confirmed by Milton's own editions, which Bentley did not know. In one note he appears designedly *unjust*, (i. 717,) where he accuses Milton of a false quantity in the use of the word 'Serapis.' Bentley of course knew that the word was used with the middle syllable long: and Milton had a right to select the quantity most agreeable to his ear. Akenside uses the word 'Hyperion,' with the penultimate syllable long, and Gray with it, short; the former adhering to the true quantity, the latter adopting the more agreeable or convenient pronunciation; but Milton had authority, though inferior, on his side.

volume of remarks from Dr. Zachary Pearce: which may be recommended as a model of sound and temperate reasoning in criticism. Bentley's innovations are for the most part refuted, but in a manner never wanting in respect to the fame or the age of that illustrious scholar.

Since writing the above, I have had an opportunity of perusing Newton's Life of Milton; it is not written with any spirit or elegance of style, but it contains an impartial and accurate account of what is known of the Poet's history; and there is a temperance and propriety in its language, that might put some later biographers to the blush. Occasionally a smile may be excited, when he speaks of Milton's never having hunted (Milton hunting!!), or when he laments that the sale of Paradise Lost produced only ten pounds to the author, while Mr. Hoyle gained two hundred by the copyright of his Game at Whist. Some useful notes and illustrations have been added by Mr. Hawkins to the latest edition; but in one, he has unaccountably attributed the famous attack on Milton by Bishop Horsley, to a Prelate of very different opinions, talents, and character.[11]

Every successive volume of the biography of Milton is rapidly increasing in size. The elegant Memoir by Fenton is included in fifteen small pages; the narrative of Dr. Symmons has extended to nearly seven hundred; while the increase of bulk is not compensated by a propor-

[11] See Newton's Milton, ed. Hawkins, p. xlii.

tionate accession of information.[12] Much vague and ingenious speculation, and much curious erudition not always bearing on the subject, have been called in by later writers to supply the place of authentic materials; and that which has reasonably been doubted, or directly refuted, still maintains its ground, as an arena, in which the writer may unfold the charms of his eloquence: or the critics may display their controversial skill. It is however to be hoped, that in all future biographies, what is neither pertinent nor true will be omitted. That we shall not again read long disputations on the nature of Milton's punishment at College: that the foolish and romantic story of the sleeping boy and the Italian lady will be forgotten, or be found only among the reveries of Miss Seward; that the supposed residence at Forest Hill (a day-dream of Sir William Jones) will be given up;—that we shall not hear of Milton's keeping school at Greenwich:[13] That the insertion of the prayer into the Eikon Basilike from the Arcadia will be considered as set at rest: That the story of Sir John Denham (the account of a person, *not a member*, being permitted to instruct and entertain the House of Commons with the history of a *new poem wet from the press*,) may be heard

[12] T. Warton first brought 'Milton's Nuncupative Will' to light, and printed it in his edition of the Minor Poems: this was a valuable and authentic addition to our previous information.

[13] See Newton's Life, p. lxii.

no more; and that Salmasius may be permitted to die in his old age without disgrace, or without the death-blow having been given by Milton's hand. The notes also of the commentators have swelled to a useless and disproportionate size; a great part of them is unnecessary and inconvenient; and a future edition of Milton, if one on a more elaborate plan than the present is required, might be contracted into a smaller compass than Newton's, without any omission of useful or elegant information.

After a patient, and, in the leisure which I possess, a not unwilling perusal of the writings of Milton and Salmasius, I could wish to have exhibited to my readers a fuller account of the controversy, and to have afforded adequate examples of the comparative skill and talents of the writers; but the contracted limits of my humble plan, precluded any lengthened or copious detail; nor could this subject be permitted to occupy more than its proportionate share without injury to others of equal or greater importance. I found it also difficult to select what was valuable and interesting from much reasoning that was sophistical and distorted; much that was trifling and minute; some that rested on the support of obsolete and forgotten authorities; some that was wasted in the discussion of the remotest theories and the most abstract principles; and all intermingled with personal altercation, angry invective, and the intemperate ebullitions of a carnal

wrath. I found, too, that it would be difficult, except perhaps to the curiosity of a few inquisitive scholars, to direct or detain the attention on the discussion of a subject which once held all Europe in suspense; the progress of which, under the skill of the combatants, was watched with the most intense anxiety; which employed the most powerful minds, and included the most important interests; but which long since has passed away from the disputed possession of party writers, to remain under the graver and more impartial protection of history.

A few original notes attached to this edition, are the gradual result of the Editor's reading, and were written in the margin of the copy which he used. Some have been selected from the different commentators, whose observations have been diligently collected by Mr. Todd; and, for a few, the editor has been indebted to his amiable and most accomplished friend, the Rev. Alexander Dyce, to whose industry and talents, all who are interested in our early poetry must feel great obligations; and from whose classical knowledge, sound judgment, and refined taste, that curious information which he is able to bestow, will be given with a precision, a temperance, and an elegance, except perhaps in the case of the learned and lamented Tyrwhitt, hitherto unknown among the editors of our earlier poets.

JOHN MITFORD.

Benhall, 20th Nov. 1831.

THE LIFE OF MILTON.

BY THE REVEREND JOHN MITFORD.

John Milton, magnum et venerabile nomen, the son of John Milton and Sarah Castor, a woman of incomparable virtue and goodness, and exemplary for her liberality to the poor, was born[1] in London on the 9th of December, 1608. His father was an eminent scrivener, and lived at the sign of the Spread Eagle[2] (the armorial ensign of the family) in Bread Street. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, embraced the doctrines of the reformed church, and in consequence was disinherited by his father, who was a bigoted papist. The profession, however, which he chose was so successful, as to enable him to give his

[1] Baptized the xx Dec. 1608, according to the Register of Allhallows, Bread Street.

[2] This house wherein he was born, and which strangers used to visit before the fire, was part of his estate as long as he lived. v. Toland's Life, p. 148, on his mother's family. See Birch's Life of Milton, p. 11. The family of the Castors originally derived from Wales, as Philips tells us; but Wood asserts that she was of the ancient family of the Bradshaws, and a still later account informs us that she was a Haughton, of Haughton Tower, in Lancashire, as appeared by her own arms, &c. Both Toland and Philips date his birth in 1606, but erroneously, for the inscription under his print in the Logic says that in 1671, he was 63 years of age. Milton's armorial bearings were argent, an eagle displayed with two heads gules, legged and beaked sable. A small silver seal, with these arms, with which he was accustomed to seal his letters, was in the possession of the late Dr. Disney.

children a liberal education;[3] and to allow him to pass his latter years in the leisure and tranquillity of a country life.

The grandfather of the poet was keeper of the forest of Shotover, in Oxfordshire, and his family had been long settled at Milton,[4] in that neighbourhood. They took, however, the unfortunate side in the civil wars, their estate was sequestrated, and their rank and opulence consequently destroyed.

Milton's father was a person of a superior and accomplished mind, and was greatly distinguished for his musical talents; indeed, in science, he is said to have been equal to the very first musicians of the age.[5] He saw the early promises of genius

[3] He died about 1647, and was buried in Cripplegate Church. See T. Warton's note on Carmen ad Patrem, ver. 66, p. 523, ed. second. Aubrey says he read without spectacles at 84.

[4] There has been some doubts about the situation of the village of Milton. See Todd's Life, p. 2, and the note. Wood's Fasti Oxon. vol. i. art. 262.

[5] On a work called "A Sixefold Politician, together with a Sixefold Precept of Policy, 1609," attributed to him, see Mr. I. P. Collier's Poetical Decameron, vol. ii. p. 305, Philips says, 'That as I have been told and I take it by our author himself, that his father composed an Il Domine of forty parts, for which he was rewarded with a gold medal and chain, by a Polish prince, to whom he presented it, and that some of his songs are to be seen in old Whitby's set of airs, besides some compositions of his in Ravenscroft's Psalms, v. p. xli. ed. Pickering. Some beautiful lines in Milton's Poem 'ad Patrem' allude to his father's skill in music.

> 'Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
> Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
> Dividuumque deum genitorque, puerque tenemus.'

See Burney's Hist. of Music, vol iii. p. 134. In a little book which I possess, the Psalms, by W. Slatyer, 12mo. 1643, one of the tunes is by J. Milton. See also Todd's Milton, vol. i. p. 4, and vi. p. 337, and Aubrey Letters, vol iii. p. 439.

in his son, and encouraged them by a careful and liberal education. Milton was at first placed under the domestic tuition of Thomas Young, a puritan minister, and native of Essex; to whom he was in after life much attached, and to whom his fourth elegy, and the first of his Latin Epistles, are inscribed. A portrait of him, by Cornelius Jansen,[6] when only ten years old, shows the affection of the parents for their handsome and accomplished child, who even at that early age was expanding the first flower of his youthful genius; and whose vernal promise was ripening fast into works of finished and exquisite beauty.

Young[7] quitted England in 1623, and it is probable that in the same year, Milton was admitted into St. Paul's School, under the care of Alexander Gill.[8] His unwearied love of study had

[6] This picture was in the possession of T. Hollis, Esq. and is engraven by Cipriani, in his Memoirs, p. 96, it represents the youthful poet in a richly worked collar, and striped jacket. It was purchased by Mr. Hollis at C. Stanhope's sale, who bought it for twenty guineas of the executors of Milton's widow. The picture of Milton when about twenty, was in the possession of the Right Honourable Arthur Onslow.

[7] In Mr. Fellowes's translation of Milton's Letters printed in Dr. Symmons's edition, 1806, Why is the direction of Milton's Letters to Young translated to Thomas Jure? For an account of T. Young see Todd's Milton, vol. vi. p. 199, 207. Young returned to England in or before the year 1628; he was afterwards master of Jesus Col. Camb and Vicar of Stow Market, in Suffolk. Milton, in his Elegy, ver. 83, says to him:

> 'Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
> Vivis et ignoto *solus inopsque* solo.'

[8] See an account of Al. Gill, in Wood's Ath. Oxon. vol. ii. p. 22, and T. Warton's Milton, p. 419. I possess a copy of Gill's Parerga, sive Poetici Conatus, 12mo. 1632, tha belonged to Is. Casaubon. A. Gill must have been a de

already commenced; 'Ab anno,' he says, 'ætatis duodecimo vix unquam ante mediam noctem à lucubrationibus cubitum discederem;' and Aubrey adds, 'that when Milton went to school, he studied very hard, and sate up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock, and his father ordered the maid to sitt up for him.' In a letter to his preceptor, dated not long after this time, he says—'Hæc scripsi Londini, inter urbana diverticula, non *libris, ut soleo circumseptus*.'

Thus early and deep were laid the foundation of his future fame. His studies were in a great measure poetical. Humphrey Lownes, the printer, who lived in the same street, supplied him with Spenser and Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas: his admiration of the former is known to all; the attention which he paid to the more obscure, and now almost forgotten poet, was pointed out more fully than before, by my late ingenious friend Mr. Charles Dunster, in a little work which

cided royalist, for he has several poems addressed to the royal family, and to the bishops. He has an epistle, as Milton has, to his Father, p. 14. There is a line resembling one in Milton's verses to Christina. ('Christina arctoi Lucida stella poli!')

'Pene sub arctoi sidere regna poli!'

In Milton's third Elegy, ver. 9, are these lines, which puzzled the commentators till Sir D. Dalrymple explained them to T. Warton.

'Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.'

In his Tillii Epitaphium, p. 91, Gill mentions who these brothers in arms were.

'Quem nec *Mansfeltus*, quem nec *Brunonius* heros
Arma nec annorum quem domuere decem;'

i. e. Mansfelt and the Duke of Brunswick. Gill speaks of himself in the Preface; 'Hactenus vitam egi nescio qua siderum inclementiâ, hominum et fortunæ injuriis perpetuo colluctantem.'

he called Milton's Early Reading,[9] or the Prima Stamina of Paradise Lost.

Aubrey says, Milton was a poet when only ten years old. Those who are interested in watching the early dawning of genius as it opens on the youthful mind; and in comparing the different periods in which great talents have displayed both the promise, and the direction of their future power; will not be displeased at my recalling to their memory the passage in that elegant biography of Cowley, which Spratt addressed to their mutual friend Martin Clifford, and in which he mentions the age when Cowley first became inspired by the muse, and the book that excited his youthful imagination. There is a singular coincidence between these two great contemporaries, in the dates assigned by their respective biographers. 'Vix dum *decennis*,' says Spratt, 'Poeta factus est.' We shall be less surprised to hear that Spenser was alike the object of their early admiration, 'legendo *Spensero* nostro, Scriptore sane illustri, et vel adultis difficili.' Happy had it been for Cowley's fame, had he not early wandered away from the instructor of his youth; and left for Epic, and Pindaric flights, that which even now delights, and must for ever please, his moral song, the voice of nature and of truth, the language of his heart.

In 1623 Milton produced his translations of the 114th and 136th Psalms; and in his seven-

[9] That Milton read and borrowed from Sylvester in his *early poems*, no one who reads Mr. Dunster's book can reasonably doubt. Sylvester had the jewels, and Milton set them beautifully. Du Bartas's fame is now in full blossom in Germany, and has received the praise of GOETHE himself. He is considered at Dresden and at Weimar as one of the greatest poets that ever appeared.

teenth[10] year he was sent from St. Paul's school, and admitted a pensioner at Christ's College, Cambridge, on the 12th of February, 1624.[11] He was there early distinguished for the elegance of his versification, and his unusual skill in the Latin tongue. A well known passage in his first Elegy certainly betrays some displeasure which he felt, or alludes to some indignities which he suffered from the severity of Collegiate discipline: this was probably occasioned by the freedom of his censures on the established system of education,[12] and his reluctance to conform to it. In his Reason of Church Government, he says, 'their honest and ingenuous natures coming to the Universities to store themselves with good and solid learning, are there unfortunately fed with nothing else but the scragged and thorny lectures of monk-

[10] Anthony Wood and Toland assert that he was sent to Cambridge in his fifteenth year, but erroneously. See Birch's Life, p. 3.

[11] He was admitted Pensionarius minor, under Mr. William Chappell, afterwards provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and dean of Cassels, and at last bishop of Cork, to whom, among others, the celebrated treatise of the Whole Duty of Man has been imputed. See Birch's Life, p. 111. Milton took his first degree in Jan. 1628—9, and that of Master of Arts, in 1632. See Symmons's Pref. to Life, p. 5—7. He was transferred from Mr. Chappell, (though contrary to the rules of the college), to Mr. Tovell. (Tovey) v. Aubrey Lett. iii. p. 445, he was admitted A. M. at Oxford, in 1635, v. Wood's Fasti, i. p. 262.

[12] The author of a modest confutation against a slanderous and scurrilous libel, first charged him with being vomited out of the university, after an inordinate and riotous youth spent there, and the author of 'Regii Sanguinis Clamor,' repeated the calumny. 'Aiunt hominem Cantabrigiensi academia ob flagitia pulsum, dedecus, et patriam fugisse et in Italiam commigrasse. 'The former tract,' Milton says, in his Apology for Smectymnus, 'was reported to be written by the son of Bishop Hall.'

ish and miserable sophistry; were sent home again with such a scholastical bur in their throats, as hath stopped and hindered all true and generous philosophy from entering; cracked their voices for ever with metaphysical gargarisms, hath made them admire a sort of formal outside men, prelatically addicted, whose unchastened and over wrought minds were never yet initiated, nor subdued under the true love of moral or religious virtue, which two are the best, and greatest points of learning: but either slightly trained up in a kind of hypocritical and hackney course of literature to get their living by, and dazzle the ignorant, or else fondly over studied in useless controversies, except those which they use, with all the specious and delusive subtlety they are able, to defend their prelatical Sparta.'—And in his Apology for Smectymnus, he says,—'That suburb wherein I dwell shall be in my accounts a more honourable place, than his University; which as in the time of her better health, and *mine own younger judgment, I never greatly admired*, so now much less;'[13]—and in his third letter to his friend and tutor Alexander Gill, he expresses the same opinion, concerning the superficial and

[13] See his tractate on Education, where he speaks against the preposterous exaction of composing Themes and Orations, and the ill habit they got of wretched barbarizing against the Greek and Latin idioms,—'and then having really left grammatical flats and shallows, to be presented with the most intellectual abstractions of logic and metaphysics, to be tossed and turmoiled in the fathomless deeps of controversy, to be deluded with ragged notions and babblements, to be dragged to an asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles.'—With these opinions, when called upon by the college for Latin themes on logical and metaphysical subjects (see his Prolusiones) cannot we easily conceive the rebellion or discontent, the out-breaks and flashes of his fiery mind?

smattering learning of the University and of the manner in which the clergy engage with raw, and untutored judgments in the study of theology, patching together a sermon with pilfered scraps, without any acquaintance with criticism or philosophy; again, in his Animadversions on the Remonstrant's Defence, he says,—"What should I tell you how the universities that men look should be the fountains of learning, and knowledge have been poisoned and choked under your governance?"

Milton's natural genius, cultivated by the care of those excellent scholars, who had conducted his education, and enriched by his own indefatigable study, had doubtless made great advances in those branches of knowledge at once congenial to his mind, and conducive to its improvement; and he might feel unwilling to be diverted from them, into the barren and unprofitable pursuits, which the old system of collegiate education too often required;[14] that which he disliked or despised,

[14] The following passage in Milton's Prolusiones has been overlooked, which throws some light on the subject of his discussion with the college, and his renewed union. (v. p. 115). He disliked some parts of their studies, probably their logical and metaphysical Theses, and expressed his opinion too freely, or perhaps did not perform the tasks that were required. I feel convinced that the whole ground of offence, so much disputed, is to be found in this point.

'Tum nec mediocriter me pellexit, et invitavit ad has partes subeundas vestra, (vos qui ejusdem estis mecum Collegii) in me *nuperrime comperta facilitas*, cum enim ante præteritos menses, aliquam multos oratorio apud vos munere perfuncturus essem, putaremque lucubrationes meas qualescunque etiam ingratas propèmodum futuras, et mitiores habituras judices Æacum et Minoa, quam e vobis fere quemlibet, sane præter opinionem meam, præter meam si quid, erat speculæ, non vulgari sicuti ego accepi, imo ipse sensi *omnium plausu* exceptæ sunt *immo eorum qui in me alias prop-*

his love of freedom on all subjects, and in every situation forbade him to conceal. It is probable that he underwent a temporary rustication. This however is certain,—that all misunderstanding was removed, and that he soon acquired the kindness and respect of the society with which he lived: he says,—"It hath given me an apt occasion to acknowledge publicly with all grateful mind that more than ordinary favour and respect, which I found above any of my equals at the hands of these courteous and learned men, the fellows of the college wherein I spent some years; who, at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is signified many ways, how much better it would content them, if I would stay, as by many letters full of kindness, and loving respect, both before that time and long after, I was assured of their singular good affection towards me:"—and in another place he speaks of himself, as

'Procul omni flagitio, *bonis omnibus* probatus.'

In 1628 he wrote some lines on the subject, 'Naturam non pati senium,' as an Academical exercise, to oblige one of the fellows of the college; and T. Warton says of it, 'that it is replete

ter studiorum dissidia essent prorsus infenso, et inimico animo; generosum utique simultatis exercendæ genus, et regio pectore non indignum, siquidem cum ipsa amicitia plerumque multa inculpate facta detorquere soleat, *tunc profectio acris et infesta inimicitia errata forsitan multa, et haud pauca sine dubio indiserte dicta, leniter et clementius quam meum erat meritum interpretari non gravabatur.* Jam semel unico hoc exemplo vel ipsa demens ira mentis compos fuisse videbatur, et hoc facto furoris infamiam abluisse. At vero summopere oblector, et mirum in modum voluptate perfundor, cum videam *tantâ doctissimorum hominum frequentiâ circumfusum me, et undique stipatum,* &c.

with fanciful and ingenious allusions, it has also a vigour of expression, a dignity of sentiment, and elevation of thought rarely found in very young writers.' This praise is just: but its Latinity is not so flowing, or elegant, as that of his later poems.

Milton was designed by his parents for the profession of the church; but during his residence at the University, he changed his intention. Dr. Newton considers that he had conceived early prejudices against the doctrine and discipline of the church; but Johnson seems to think that his objections lay not so much against subscription to the articles, but related to canonical obedience. His own account is as follows;[15] "By the intention of my parents and friends, I was destined of a child to the service of the church, and in mine own resolutions. Till coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had invaded the church, that he who would take orders, must subscribe Slave, and take an oath withal, which unless he took with a conscience that he would relish, he must either straight perjure or split his faith; I thought better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing."

In whatever line his objections lay, his youthful decisions seem to have been but little controlled by the exercise of parental authority; for in the beautiful lines which he addresses to his father, in the Latin language, he says,

> ' —— Neque enim, Pater, ire jubebas,
> Qua via lata patet, qua pronior area lucri
> Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi

[15] See Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy. Vol. i. p. 123.

Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia Ripæ,
Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum?'

In 1632 he left the University, and retired to his father's house at Horton,[16] in Buckinghamshire, making occasional visits to London to meet his friends, to buy books, or to learn something new in mathematics or music. Here he resided five years, passing his time in regular and severe study; for he is said to have read over all the Greek and Latin writers: Johnson says, 'that this account must be received with limitations;' but five years well employed would leave few of the ancient authors unperused: I think Wyttenbach has mentioned his having read through Athenæus in fourteen days; and Joseph Scaliger has left on record the short time in which he finished both the Homeric Poems. What then might not Milton's enthusiastic pursuit of knowledge, and his unwearied industry perform? He says of himself at this time,

'Et totum rapiunt, me, mea vita, libri.'

[16] This house at Horton was pulled down about fourteen years ago. See Symmons's Life, p. 93. Milton's father had some country house besides this, nearer to London, of which we have had no notice. Milton's letter to A. Gill, is dated 'E nostro Suburbano,' Dec. 4, 1634. And see his Elegy i. ver. 50.

'Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
Atque *Suburbani* nobilis umbra loci.'

and in Prolusiones (p. 136.) he says, 'Testor ipse lucos, et flumina, et *dilectas villarum ulmos*, sub quibus æstate proxime præterita (si dearum arcana eloqui liceat), summam cum musis gratiam habuisse me jucunda memoria recolo, ubi et ego inter rura, et semotos saltus velut occulto ævo crescere mihi potuisse visus sum.'

In this studious retirement, and under the shelter of his paternal roof, it is believed that he wrote his Arcades, Comus, L' Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Lycidas. In the neighbourhood of Horton, the Countess Dowager of Derby resided, and the Arcades was performed by her grandchildren at their seat, called Harefield Place. Was ever lady on her return to the hall of her ancestors, crowned with such poetic garlands, or greeted by a welcome so elegant as this? Some of his letters to Charles Deodati give us interesting particulars of his studies and habits of life.—'You well know (he says) that I am naturally slow in writing, and averse to write. It is also in my favour, that your method of study is such as to admit of frequent interruptions, in which you visit your friends, write letters, or go abroad, but it is my way to suffer no impediment, no love of ease, no avocation whatever, to chill the ardor, to break the continuity, or divert the completion of my literary pursuits;'—in a subsequent letter, the honourable ambition of his youthful mind opens itself without reserve to his familiar friend.—'Hear me,' he writes, 'my Deodati, and suffer me, for a moment, to speak without blushing in a more lofty strain. Do you ask what I am meditating? by the help of heaven, an immortality of fame, but what am I doing? πτεροφῦω. I am letting my wings grow and preparing to fly, but my Pegasus has not yet feathers enough to soar aloft in the fields of air. . . . . You shall likewise have some information respecting my studies. I went through the perusal of the Greek authors to the time when they ceased to be Greeks. I was long employed in unravelling the obscure history of the Italians under the Lombards, the Franks, and

Germans, to the time when they received their liberty from Rodolphus, King of Germany.'

To B. Bonmatthaei he writes of his proficiency in the richest and most melodious of modern tongues. 'I who certainly have not merely wetted the tip of my lips in the stream of these languages, but, in proportion to my years, have swallowed the most copious draughts, can yet sometimes retire with avidity and delight to feast on Dante, Petrarch, and many others; nor has Athens itself been able to confine me to the transparent wave of its Ilissus, nor ancient Rome to the banks of its Tiber, so as to prevent my visiting with delight the stream of the Arno, and the hills of Fæsolæ.'

The[17] Masque of Comus was presented at Ludlow, in 1634, then the residence of the Lord President of Wales, and was acted by the[18] Earl

[17] The original manuscript of Comus is in Trin. Coll. Library; it was found among other papers that once belonged to Sir Henry Newton Puckering, a benefactor to the library, and was printed at London in 1637, 4to. Warton says, 'It was with great difficulty and reluctance that Milton first appeared as an author.' Some account of Sir N. Puckering may be read in Warton's Milton, p. 578, and the original various readings to the Lycidas, Comus, and smaller poems from the Manuscript, p. 578 to 590. On the few variations not noticed by Warton, see Class. Journal, No. xxiii. p. 211. There is one rather curious:

> 'While all the starry rounds, and arches blue
> Resound, and echo Hallelu!'

a manuscript copy of Comus is also in the Bridgewater library, at Ashridge, (See Todd's Comus, p. 165) before it was corrected.

[18] Milton lost the friendship of the Bridgewater family by his Defensio. In a copy of it in Lord Stafford's library, the Earl (who performed the part of the first brother) wrote 'Liber igne, autor furcâ dignissimi.' On this account Lawes' dedication is supposed to have been withdrawn from the subsequent editions. v. *Todd*, p. 2.

of Bridgewater's sons, and his young daughter the Lady Alice Egerton. The story is said to have been founded on a circumstance that took place in the family of the Earl not long before; and Milton wrote his Masque at the request of Henry Lawes, the celebrated musician. Dr. Johnson observes that the fiction is derived from Homer's Circe, but later investigations have discovered a closer resemblance in the Comus of Erycius Puteanus, and the Old Wives' Tale of George Peele.[19] It is one of the most beautiful and, with the exception of a few passages, one of the most finished Poems in our language. It has all the sweetness of Fletcher, with a richer structure of versification, more foreign idioms, more learned allusions, and a higher reach of fancy. It does not rise into all the wildness of the romantic fable, only because it is guarded and subdued by a chaste and elegant judgment. Sir Henry Wotton was peculiarly delighted in the lyrical parts, with what he quaintly, but not incorrectly calls—'a certain doric delicacy in the songs and odes.' And Warburton speaks of the bright vein of its poetry, intermixed with a softness of description.[20] T. Warton observes 'that Comus is a suite of speeches not interesting by discrimination of character, not conveying variety of incidents, nor gradually exciting curiosity; but perpetually attracting attention by sublime sentiment, and fanciful imagery

[19] See G. Peele's Works by the Rev. A. Dyce, Vol. i. p. 204. ed. 1829. Is. Reed first directed attention to this play, then almost unknown. For extracts from Puteanus, see Todd's ed. of Comus, p. 57. 62.

[20] On the system of 'orthography' adopted by Milton in this and his other poems, consult Capel Loft's Preface to Par. Lost, 4to. 1792, and Todd's Preface to Comus, p. viii. and Richardson's Life, p. cxxx.

of the richest vein, by an exuberance of picturesque description, poetical allusion, and ornamental expression.'[21]

In November, 1637, he wrote Lycidas, an elegy occasioned by the death of a young and very accomplished person, Mr. King, who was the friend of Milton, and a great favourite at Cambridge. Milton's Poem was published at the end of a small volume of Elegies, with which the University honoured the memory of their student. Some of the songs of Lycidas I have read, for

> ' ——— He knew
> Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme!'

they are, for the most part, complimentary effusions on the birth of the children of Charles the First; but I have discovered nothing that I could extract with advantage.[22] The beautiful

[21] It has been asked where an illustration must be sought for the expression, ver. 252,

> ' At every fall, smoothing the raven down
> Of darkness till it smiled :'

and the entire silence of the commentators has been remarked. I shall, therefore, observe that there can be no doubt, but that Milton had the following passage in Heywood's Love's Mistresse before him. Act. iii. sc. 1.

> Psyche.
>
> ' Time's eldest daughter, Night, mother of Ease,
> Thou gentle nurse, that with sweet lullabies
> Care-waking hearts to gentle slumber charm'st!
> Thou *smooth* cheek'd negro, Night, the black eyed Queen.
> That rid'st about the world on the *soft backs*
> *Of downy Ravens sleeke and sable plumes*,
> And from thy chariot *silent darknesse* flings,
> In which man, beast, and bird enveloped,
> Takes their repose and rest.'

[22] Edward King, of Christ's Coll. Camb. son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland in the time of Elizabeth, James, and Charles. He was drowned on the passage from Chester

monody of Lycidas shows an intimate acquaintance with the Italian metres, and to one poem, the Alcon[23] of Balth. Castiglione, it is more peculiarly indebted for some of its imagery. It discovers also Milton's familiarity with our elder poets, and supported by the authority of his 'Master Spenser,'[24] in similar allusions; it has mixed up with its pastoral beauties a stern, and early avowal of his hostility to the church.[25]

to Ireland. See Birch's Life, p. xvii. for an account of the collection in which Milton's Poems were published. The names of T. Farnaby, H. More, J. Beaumont, Cleaveland, W. Hall, are in the list of contributors. The shipwreck of Mr. King took place on the 10th of Aug. 1637; it appears that he might have escaped with some others in the boat; for an account of his poetry, see Warton's Milton, p. 39, second ed.

[23] See Class. Journal, No. lxiii. p. 356, by G. N. Ogle.

[24] There is among Spenser's Poems a Pastoral Æglogue on Sir P. Sydney's death, by L. B. which Milton had read when he wrote Lycidas. v. *Todd's Spenser*, vol. viii. p. 76.

[25] Mr. Peck thinks that the manner in which Milton has dispersed his rhymes in Lycidas, is an attempt, *though secretly*, to give a poetical image or draught of the mathematical canon of music: he informs us how to make this out, 'by *drawing a bow line from rhyme to rhyme*,' he considers the whole poem as a lesson of music consisting of such a number of bars. The rhymes are the several chords in the bar: the odd dispersion of the rhymes may be compared to the beautiful way of sprinkling the keys of an organ. He says, Dryden imagined the rhymes fell so, because Mister Milton could not help it. I think they lie so, because Mr. Milton designed it. v. New Memoirs, 4to. p. 32. Mr. Peck has favoured us with stage directions for Paradise Lost, as—Enter Adam, with his arms across. Adam pauses. Thunder and Lightning. Eve approaches him. *Adam kicks at her.* Eve embraces his legs. Eve is ready to faint, &c. He considers Paradise Lost as partly formed out of Gusman d' Alfarache, the Spanish Rogue. He says Mr. Fenton was a good judge *when he took time to consider things*, p. 83; he has composed an epitaph for Mr. Milton, out of Val. Maximus, p. 101. He says, 'His tip, and whiskers (an essay towards

The short, but exquisitely beautiful poem, called 'the Arcades,' was, as I have previously said, composed about this time; Milton wrote only the poetical part, the remainder probably consisted of prose and machinery.

Having completed his circle of study in the retirement of the country, Milton became anxious to enjoy the learned society, and the refined amusements of town. 'Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa Theatri.' He writes to Deodati, I will tell you seriously what I design.—'To take chambers in one of the inns of court, where I may have the benefit of a pleasant and shady walk, and where with a few associates I may enjoy more comfort, when I choose to stay at home, and have a more elegant society when I choose to go abroad: in my present situation you know in what obscurity I am buried, and to what inconveniences I am exposed.'—His seventh Elegy discovers that these shady[26] and suburban

a beard), were of a thick, lightish colour, p. 103; that his eyes were black at twenty-six, but blue at sixty. He is satisfied that Milton could take an organ to pieces, and clean it, and put it together without help, p. 111; this he deduces from Par. Lost, l. 709; he thinks 'ducks and nods' in Comus a sneer at the country people. He mentions Eve's instituting a religious order of young women, who were to continue virgins, 196; he speaks of Milton's great intimacy with Mrs. Thompson, p. 274. He considers King Charles the First a *very proper person* for Milton to present a poem to, by order of the House of Commons, p. 284. The Biography of Milton reads very differently through the medium of the laborious Mr. Todd, and the lepid Mister Peck.

[26] In the time of Milton's youth, the fashionable places of walking in London were Hyde Park, and Gray's Inn Walks. See Warton's Quotations from Sir A. Cockaine's Poems, p. 470. In his Prolusiones, p. 113, he mentions the pleasures of *London*; 'Cum ex eâ urbe, quæ caput urbium est, huc nuper me reciperem, Academici, deliciarum omnium,

walks were enlivened by forms that made no light impression even on a scholar's heart.

Et modo qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modo villarum proxima rura placent ;
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis agor.
Unam forte aliis super eminuisse notabam,
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina deûm conspicienda fuit.
Interea misero, quæ jam mihi sola placebat
Ablata est, oculis non reditura meis.
Ast ego progredior tacite querebundus, et excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.

These plans of life were suddenly changed by his mother's death in 1637,[27] and he then obtained his father's permission to go abroad. He left England in 1638, having previously obtained some directions for his travels from Sir Henry Wotton ; and as a presiding maxim of prudence, and means of safety, amid civil broils, and spiritual dissensions, he was desired to recollect the following sentence, which that experienced statesman had also impressed on other travellers.—' I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto.'

On his arrival at Paris, by the favour of Lord

quibus is locus supra modum affluit, usque ad saginam, prope dixerim, satur ; sperabam mihi iterum aliquando otium illud Literarium, quo ego vitæ genere etiam cœlestes animas gaudere opinor ; eratque penitus in animo jam tandem abdere me in Literas et jucundissimæ Philosophiæ perdius et per nox assidere, ita semper assolet laboris et voluptatis vicissitudo amovere satietatis tædium, &c.

[27] Mr. Godwin says, 'There is great confusion among all the biographers of Milton, respecting the period of his travels, and this confusion originates with Milton himself.' See his Life of Philips, p. 357.

Scudamore, he was presented to Grotius, then residing at the French court, as ambassador from the celebrated queen of Sweden. Philips says, 'that Grotius took the visit kindly, and gave him entertainment suitable to his worth, and the high commendations he had heard of him.' After a residence of a few days, he proceeded directly to Nice, and embarked for Genoa,* from thence he passed through Leghorn and Pisa in his way to Florence. Milton had studied the language and literature of Italy with peculiar diligence and success; and at Florence he found himself honourably received by the most enlightened persons,[23] as well as by the learned academicians.

* SONNET.

Rise, Genoa, rise in beauty from the sea,
Old Doria's blood is flowing in thy veins!
Rise, peerless in thy beauty! what remains
Of thy old glory is enough for me.
Flow then, ye emerald waters, bright and free!
And breathe, ye orange groves, along her plains;
Ye fountains, sparkle through her marble fanes:
And hang aloft, thou rich and purple sky,
Hang up thy gorgeous canopy: thou Sun!
Shine on her marble palaces that gleam
Like silver in thy never-dying beam:
Think of the years of glory she has won;
She must not sink before her race is run,
Nor her long age of conquest seem a dream.

Genoa, April 1822. J. M.

[23] See his verses to his friend, Giov. Salsilli, 10.

Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini *Milto*
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum,
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis.

See also his Epit. Damonis, ver. 137.

Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et *Datis*, et *Francinus*, erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

He formed a friendship with Gaddi, Carlo Dati, Frescobaldi, and other ingenious scholars. Dati presented him with an encomiastic inscription in Latin, and Francini with an Italian ode. A manuscript entitled, La 'Tina,' by Antonio Malatesti[29] was also dedicated to him while he was at Florence, by its author. His visit to the great and injured Galileo must not pass unnoticed. Most of the biographers of Milton have asserted that our poet visited the philosopher in prison; but the superior information of Mr. Walker has proved that Galileo was never a prisoner in the inquisition at Florence, but was confined at Rome, and at Sienna. After his liberation he went to Arcetri, where it is probable that Milton saw him.

From Florence he passed to Sienna, and then to Rome, where he resided two months, experiencing the civilities, and partaking the hospitality of the learned, and the great. L. Holstenius, an eminent scholar, was at that time keeper of the Vatican Library; he introduced Milton to Cardinal Barbarini, who was 'the peculiar guardian, or patron of the English;' and who, at a musical entertainment waited for our youthful poet at the door, and

[29] The full title of this work is 'La Tina, Equivoci Rusticali di Antonio Malatesti, exposti nella sua villa de Taiano il Septembre dell' anno 1637. Sonnetti Cinquante, dedicate all' Illo Signore, e Padrone ofmo il Signor Giovanni Milton nobil' Inghilese. This manuscript was discovered by Mr. Brand on a book-stall, it was sent as a present to the Academia della Crusca, but came back to England, and was sold by Evans the auctioneer, in Pall Mall. See Todd's Life, p. 34. Mr. Hollis searched unsuccessfully the Laurentian Library for six Italian sonnets of Milton, addressed to his friend Chimentelli; for other Italian and Latin compositions, and for his marble bust, said to be at Florence. V. Warton's Milton, p. 333. Hollis's Memoirs, p. 167. 491.

presented him with respect to the company.[30] M ton speaks of the Cardinal as one 'Cujus magno virtutes, rectique studium ad provocandas item omnes artes liberales egregie comparatum, semper mihi ob oculos versatur.' Salselli and Selvaggi praised him in some common place verses, (yet the best, I suppose, which they could give); and wherever he went, admiration and esteem accompanied him.

From Rome he passed on to Naples, in company with a hermit, to whom he owed his introduction to Manso, Marquis of Villa, a nobleman of distinguished rank and fortune (who had supported a military character with high reputation,) of unblemished morals, a polite scholar, and known to posterity as the friend, the patron, and the biographer of Tasso.[31] To him Milton addressed a beautiful Latin poem, in which he expresses his hope, if he could find such a friend and patron as Manso, of celebrating in verse the exploits of King Arthur and his Knights.

> Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges
> *Arturumque* etiam sub terris bella moventem;
> Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
> Magnanimos heroas, et O modo spiritus adsit
> Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte Phalanges.

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[30] It was at the concerts of Barbarini, that Milton heard Leonora Baroni sing: who with her mother, Adriana of Mantua, was esteemed the first singer in the world. Milton has celebrated her in three Latin epigrams. It was the fashion for all ingenious strangers who visited Rome to leave some verses in her praise. Pietro della Valle who wrote in 1640, on the Muses of his Time, speaks of the fanciful and masterly style in which Leonora touched the Arch lute to her own accompaniments, v. Warton's Milton, p. 479.

[31] Tasso mentions Manso in the twentieth book of his Gierusal. Liberata, among other princes of Italy. He addressed to him five sonnets. Manso was also the patron of

Dr. Johnson very justly says, that this poem must have raised a high opinion of English elegance and literature among the scholars of Italy.

From Naples he intended to visit Sicily and Greece; but he now heard of the commencement of the quarrel between the king and the parliament; and he thought it his duty to hasten home where his countrymen were contending for their rights, rather than to pursue the enjoyments o. more extended travel. 'Turpe enim existimabam, dum mei cives de libertate dimicarent, me animi causâ, otiose peregrinari.' He returned by way of Rome, though some merchants had informed him of the enmity of the Jesuits on account of his freedom of conversation; and Manso was withheld from showing him some favours by the opinions which Milton had too openly expressed on religious questions. Sir Henry Wotton's advice, though neglected, was now seen to be prudent and wise; but we may conceive, that in those times, it was difficult to withhold opinions on subjects so much agitated, affecting the temporal interests of some, and awakening the spiritual alarm of others. The schism between the churches was comparatively fresh; the Church of Rome reluctantly beheld a great and growing kingdom rescued from her avarice and power.[32] In the freedom of opinion, and by the discussion of rights, she saw

Marino; and was the biographer of both these illustrious poets. Mr. Walker, when at Naples, endeavoured to discover the villa where Manso had received the visits of Milton and Tasso. See Hist. Mem. 1799. App. p. xxvi. xxxi.

[33] Dum Cathedram, venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni.'
Miltoni Sylv. Quint. Nov. v. 94.

her safety endangered, or her splendour diminished. She had fostered for her protection a body of men the most politic, and deep in worldly wisdom, whose existence depended on her prosperity: we shall not therefore be surprised if a young and zealous Protestant, who could not well endure the ecclesiastical establishment of his own country, simple and moderate as it was, should give offence when expressing his feelings in the inmost bosom of the Papal Church, in the verge of the Vatican, and under the very chair of St. Peter himself. He says, speaking of his conduct whilst in Italy,[33] 'I laid it down as a rule for myself, never to begin a conversation on religion in these parts, but if interrogated concerning my faith, whatever might be the consequence, to dissemble nothing. If any one attacked me, I defended in the most open manner, as before, the orthodox faith for nearly two months more, in the city even of the sovereign Pontiff.'

Milton staid about two months at Rome, and pursued his journey without molestation to Florence. He then visited Lucca, and spent a month at Venice. There he shipped for England the collection of books and music which he had formed, and travelled to Geneva, which, Johnson observes, he probably considered as the metropolis of orthodoxy.

At Geneva be became acquainted with John Deodati,[34] and Frederic Spanheim, the father of the eminently learned scholar and antiquary, whom

[33] See Second Defence of the People, p. 384, ed. Burnet.

[34] See some account of this Giov. Deodati, of his preaching at Venice in a trooper's dress, and converting a Venetian courtesan, in Warton's Milton, p. 548. He was uncle of 'Charles,' mentioned below.

Milton subsequently knew. He now passed through France, and returned home after an absence of fifteen months. Of his habitual purity of morals, and sanctity of character, when abroad, he has himself informed us. 'Deum hic rursus testem in vocem, me his omnibus in locis ubi tum multa licent, ab omni flagitio ac Probro, integrum atque intactum vixisse, illud perpetuo cogitantem, si hominum latere oculos possem, Dei certe non posse.'

On his return he heard of the death of Charles Deodati,[35] and he has recorded the affection which he felt for his friend, in the Epithalamium Damonis.

> Nec dum aderat Thyrsis, pastorem scilicet illum
> Dulcis amor musæ Thuscà retinebat in urbe
> Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relicti
> Cura vocat, simul assuetà seditque sub ulmo,
> Tum vero amissum, tum denique sentit amicum.'[36]

Some passages in this poem are borrowed from the Aminta of Tasso; a few more lines, alluding to his recent travels, I shall quote.

> Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras,
> Ire per aerëas rupes, alpemque nivosam!
> Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam?
> (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
> Tityrus ipse suas, et oves et rura reliquit?)

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[35] C. Deodati was a native of England, but of an Italian family, which came originally from Lucca; but in its last generation established at Geneva. His father, Theodore, came early in life to England, married a lady of family and fortune, and practised as a physician. The son was bred to the same profession, and settled in Cheshire. See some further account in Todd's Milton, vol. vi. p. 173. 360. The two Greek letters of Deodati, possessed by Toland, are now in the British Museum, (MS. Add. No. 5017. f. 71.) and will be found in the Appendix to this Memoir.

[36] v. Ep. Damonis, ver. 12.

Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes.
Ah certe extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse " vale, nostri memor, ibis ad astra."
* * * * *
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, qua mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam !'

In these verses [37] he repeats his design of writing an epic poem on some part of the ancient British history. Dr. Johnson has observed that this 'poem is written with the common but childish imitation of pastoral life.' As it is not however intended deeply to move the sources of our sympathy, or to come across a strong and recent sorrow,[38] but to express, as in Lycidas, in a pleasing and gentle manner, the poet's affection and regret; the pastoral veil, in imitation of ancient poetry, and of later Italian models, is not inelegantly assumed. Besides, as Warton observes, 'the common topics are recommended by a novelty of elegant expression; some passages wander far beyond the bounds of bucolic song, and are in his own original style of the more sublime poetry.' He might speak of its purpose as he does in his Prolusions (p. 91) of the Province of History; 'Nunc inquietos animi tumultus sedet et componit, nunc delibatum gaudio reddit, mox evocat lacrymas, sed mites eas, et pacatas, et quæ mœstæ nescio quid voluptatis secum afferat.'

[37] See ver. 161—167.

[38] 'Methinks, said Sancho, *the thoughts that give way to verses, are not very troublesome.* Therefore *versify* as much as you list, and I'll *sleep* as much as I can.' *Don Quixote,* vol. iv. p. 212. (Shelton's Transl.)

Milton's return to England took place about the time of Charles's second expedition against the Scots, in which his forces were defeated by General Lesly, in the month of August, 1639, and therefore not long before the meeting of the long parliament. In a Bible, once in the possession of Mr. Blackburn, and which is supposed to have been the companion of Milton's travels, are some manuscript remarks, dated Canterbury, 1639, among which is a quotation from Maccabees 1 xiv. 15: 'Now when it was heard at Rome, and as far as Sparta, that Jonathan was dead, they were very sorry.'

> When that day of death shall come,
> Then shall nightly shades prevaile.
> Soon shall love and music faile;
> Soon the fresh turfe's tender blade
> Shall flourish on my sleeping shade.

Of the authenticity of these remarks, and of the book having been the property of Milton, reasonable doubts have been entertained; but I consider it my duty not to pass over in silence a circumstance which has been recorded and credited by the most industrious and inquisitive among the biographers of the Poet.[39]

He now hired a lodging in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet-street, at the house of one Russel, a tailor, and undertook the education of his two nephews, John and Edward Philips.[40] Finding

[39] See Todd's Life (first edit.) p. 39, Gent. Mag. July, Sept. Oct. 1792, Feb. 1790, March, 1803, p. 199.

[40] Their mother had married again, therefore Milton might feel it his duty to take these boys under his care. They lived with him about five or six years. Mr. Godwin thinks John Philips's Scarronides (1664) was written in an excessive spirit of spite and malignity against Milton, v. Life of Philips, p. 148. As long as he lived he never relaxed in his

his rooms inconvenient, and not large enough for his books, he soon removed into a handsome garden-house in Aldersgate Street, free from the noise and disturbance of passengers,[41] and received some of his friends sons to be instructed and educated by him. His father was still living, the allowance which he received was small, and he supplied its deficiences by a respectable employment. The expense of his travels, to which he has alluded in one of his tracts, probably rendered it necessary for him to abstain from pressing more deeply on the limited resources of his father. 'My life,' he says, 'has not been unexpensive, in learning and voyaging about.' The Aubrey Letters mention that Milton went to the university at his own charges only, but in his Latin Epistle to his father, ver. 77, he says;

Tuo pater optime sumptu
Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant,
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis
Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores.
* * * * *
Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse licebit, &c.

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unnatural animosity against his uncle, p. 157. Mr. Godwin calls him a shameless unfeeling buffoon, p. 161. Milton made his nephews songsters, and sing from the time they were with him. v. Aubrey Let. 3. 446.

[41] Philips says, 'He made no long stay in his lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard, necessity of having a place to dispose his books in, and other goods fit for the furnishing of a good handsome house, hastening him to take one; and accordingly a pretty garden-house he took in Aldersgate St. at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn, by the reason of the privacy, besides that *there were few streets in London more free from noise than that.*" v. p. lii. Al. Gill, his old tutor, being driven from St. Paul's, set up a private school in the same street. *Wood's Ath. Ox.* ii. c. 22.

The system of education which he adopted was deep and comprehensive, it promised to teach science with language; or rather to make the study of languages subservient to the acquisition of scientific knowledge. Dr. Johnson has severely censured this method of instruction, but with arguments that might not unsuccessfully be met. The plan recommended by the authority of Milton seems to be chiefly liable to objection, from being too extensive; and while it makes authors of all ages contribute to the developement of science; it of course must reject that careful selection, which can alone secure the cultivation of the taste. We may also reply to Johnson, that although all men are not designed to be astronomers, or geometricians: a knowledge of the principles on which the sciences are built, and the reasonings by which they are conducted, not only forms the most exact discipline which the mind can undergo, giving to it comprehension and vigour; but is the only solid basis on which an investigation of the laws of nature can be conducted, or those arts improved that tend to the advantage of society, and the happiness of mankind. Johnson says, we are not placed here to watch the planets, or the motion of the stars, but to do good. But good is done in various ways, according to opportunities offered, and abilities conferred; a man whose natural disposition, or the circumstances of whose education lead to pursue astronomical discoveries, or the sublime speculations of geometry, is emphatically doing good to others, as he is extending the boundaries of knowledge, and to himself, as he is directing the energies of his mind to subjects of the most exalted contemplation.

But if the word 'good' is restricted to the performance of charitable actions, or the fulfilment of moral duties, we may ask, what opposition is there between the practice of virtue, and the pursuit of science? Every man is bound by the laws of God, and the design of his creation to do good, for this purpose was he placed here; but are men of science therefore unfitted for the performance of their civil and religious duties, are they on account of their enlargement of mind or their sublime speculations less virtuous, less self-denying, or less benevolent than others? Is not their occupation itself almost a school of virtue: lessons of civil wisdom, and maxims of prudential conduct will be learnt by all, and is not a man eminently doing good, who is subduing the wild powers of nature under the dominion of skill, diminishing the extent of human suffering, or dissipating ignorance; like Franklin disarming the lightning of its fires, or like Watt binding an element of tremendous power into a safe and commodious form; whose future effects on the social system of the world, even the eye of 'trembling Hope' dares not follow. The philosopher whose discoveries in science, can facilitate the communication between distant nations, and carry the arts of civilized life into the bosom of the desert, may well be called the benefactor of mankind; and what fatal delusions may have been expelled by him, who could first calculate with precision the regularity of the comet's return? The most abstract and exalted departments of science are the foundation of those inventions, that are of practical benefit and vulgar use.[42]

[42] Johnson's Life of Milton is written with his usual vigour of thought and clearness of expression; it abounds with many

To a knowledge of the Greek and Latin writers, Milton added a cultivation of the eastern languages, the Chaldee, Syriack, and Hebrew: he made his pupils "go through the Pentateuch and gain an entrance into the Targum:" 'Nor were the best Italian and French authors forgotten. One part of his method, says Johnson, deserves general imitation, he was careful to instruct his scholars in religion. Every Sunday was spent upon theology, of which he dictated a short scheme gathered from the writers, that were then fashionable in the Dutch universities.' Pearce has observed, that Fagius was Milton's favourite annotator on the Bible.

Once in three or four weeks he relaxed from his spare diet and hard study, and passed a day of indulgence with some young sparks of his acquaintance, the chief of whom, his nephew says, 'were Mr. Alphry and Mr. Miller, the beaux of those times, but nothing near so bad as those now-a-days; with these gentlemen he made so far bold with his body, as now and then to keep a gaudy day.'

I am now to pass to that period of Milton's life, in which he first engaged in the controversies of the times; and published a Treatise on Reformation, in 1641, in two books, against the Bishops[43] and Established Church; 'being wil-

just and striking observations; but it is deeply coloured with prejudice, and the reasoning is sometimes sophistical and incorrect. I am supported in this opinion by Mr. Hawkins; see Pref. to Newton's Milton, p. 25. ed. 1824. I do not approve of the spirit or manner of Archd. Blackburne's observations.

[43] Dr. Symmons considers Milton as the leader of the attack against the prelates; his tutor Young had been one of the victims of the primate's intolerance; and Milton en-

ling, he says, to help the Puritans who were inferior to the Prelates in learning;' in this, his earliest publication in prose, he throws out a hint of something like his great poem, that might hereafter be expected from him. 'Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, *some one* may perhaps be heard offering at high strains, in new and lofty measures to sing, and celebrate thy divine mercies, and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages.'

In 1641, Hall, Bishop of Norwich, a learned, witty, and eloquent writer, at the request of Laud, published 'an humble remonstrance in favour of Episcopacy.' Five ministers, under the title of Smectymnus [44] (a word formed from the first letters of their names), wrote an answer, of which the learned and venerable Archbishop Usher [45] published a confutation, called 'The Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy;' to this confutation Milton replied in his Treatise of Prelatical Episcopacy. The point at issue was the divine or human origin of episcopacy, as a peculiar order

tered in his career, with the blended feeling of private and public wrong, v. Life, p. 226. The fact was, the Puritans were totally unable to compete with such men as Usher, Hall, Bramhall, and others of the established religion in theological learning and knowledge of Ecclesiastical history, as may be seen by reading the controversy; and they were glad even of Milton's eloquence; for that was all he brought them: and all the young scholar could be expected to bring. 'Nec adhuc maturus Achilles.'

[44] Stephen Marshall, Edward Calamy, Thomas Young, Mathew Newcomen, and William Spurstow. The 'W' in whose name must be pronounced 'U,' to form the word.

[45] Usher, Gataker, and Reynolds, were the three Protestant divines in England, who had the greatest reputation on the continent for their learning; see Calomies' Mél. Curieux. p. 834. Their three rivals abroad, among the Protestants, for erudition, were Blondel, Petitus, and Bochart.

in the church, invested with spiritual rights and powers, distinct in kind, and preeminent in degree. He added to this reply another performance, called 'The Reason of Church Government* urged against Prelacy.' Bishop Hall published a defence of the Humble Remonstrance, well written and closely argued; and Milton wrote animadversions upon it. These treatises were published in the year 1641.† It was in his Reason of Church Government that he discovered, as Johnson observes, his high opinion of his own powers, and promised to undertake something that may be of service and honour to his country. This (he said) was not to be obtained but by devout prayer to the Eternal Spirit, that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs, till which in some measure he compassed, I represent to sustain this expectation. 'From a promise like this, says his biographer, at once fervid, pious, and rational, might be expected the Paradise Lost.'

In 1642 he closed the controversy which I have mentioned, by an apology for Smectymnus, in answer to the confutation of his animadversions, written, as he supposed, by Bishop Hall or his son. His friendship for Young‡ probably led

* See Symmons's Life, p. 234.

† See Hall's Works, ed. Pratt, vol. ix. p. 641.

‡ Toland says of his 'Reason for Church Government,' the eloquence is masculine, the method is natural, the sentiments are free, and the whole (God knows) appears to have very different force from what the nonconformist divines wrote in those days, or since that time, on the same subject.' v. Life, p. 31.

him into the field of controversy; for he owns that he 'was not disposed to this manner of writing, wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account it, but of my left hand.' Weapons, says one of his biographers, more effectual than pens were now drawn against the church, and exposed by the injudicious conduct of some of its prelates, it fell under the assault. If argument and reason could have prevailed, the result would have been different. The learning of Usher, and the wit of Hall, certainly preponderated in the contest, and they seem to have been felt not only by the Smectymnan divines, but by Milton himself. If the church at this crisis could have been upheld by the ability of her sons, it would have been supported by those admirable prelates, but numbers, exasperation and enthusiasm were against them.'[46]

The main purpose which Milton had in view in these different publications, was to alter the Episcopal form of the church, and to assimilate it to the simpler, and, as he deemed, the apostolical model of the reformed churches in other countries; to join with them 'a exactness of discipline, as we do in purity of doctrine. But as in these churches, the Presbyterian discipline was united to a republican form of government, he therefore attempts to prove that the existence of the hierarchy adds nothing to the security or the proper splendour of the throne; that the fall of Prelacy could not shake the least fringe that borders the royal canopy. He denies the apostolical institution of bishops, and, as he argues for the greatest degree of honest liberty in religion, as in other institu-

[46] See Symmons's Life of Milton, p. 240.

tions, he urges that prelacy is the natural agent and minister of tyranny. He advocates the sweetest and mildest manner of paternal discipline, the independent ministry of each congregation; and he wishes the Angel of the Gospel to ride on his way, doing his proper business, conquering the high thoughts and proud reasonings of the flesh. As long as the church (he says), in true imitation of Christ, can be content to ride upon an ass, carrying herself and her government along in a mean and simple guise, she may be, as she is, a lion of the tribe of Judah, and in her humility all men will, with loud hosannahs, confess her greatness.' When his opponents urged the learning of the University and the clergy, he said, 'that God will not suffer true learning to be wanting, when true grace and obedience to him abounds; for if he give us to know him aright, and to practise this our knowledge in right established discipline, how much more will he replenish us with all abilities in tongues and arts, that may conduce to his glory and our good. He can stir up rich fathers to bestow exquisite education on their children, and to dedicate them to the service of the Gospel. He can make the sons of nobles his ministers, and princes to be his Nazarites.'

That Milton engaged in the heat and dust of these great controversial questions, from motives of conscience, and with intentions upright and pure, no one can reasonably doubt, but they were alien from his elegant and learned pursuits; they were scarcely congenial to his age; and himself, as well as his brethren whom he defended, were infinitely inferoir to Bishop Hall in theological learning, and in controversial skill; that learned Prelate's victory over Smectymnus was complete.

Milton's father[47] came now to reside in his son's house. Philips says of him; 'the old gentleman lived wholly retired to his rest and devotion, without the least trouble imaginable.' At Whitsuntide, in 1643, in his thirty-fifth year, Milton married Mary, the daughter of Mr. Powell, a justice of the peace in Oxfordshire. After an absence of little more than a month, he brought his bride to town with him, and hoped, as Johnson observes, to enjoy the advantages of a conjugal life;[48] but spare diet, and hard study, and a house full of pupils, did not suit the young and gay daughter of a Cavalier. She had been brought up in very different society; so having lived for a month a philosophic life, after having been used at home to a great house,[49] and much company and joviality, her friends, possibly by her own desire, made earnest suit to have her company the remaining part of the summer, which was granted upon a promise of her return at Michaelmas. When Michaelmas

[47] Till the taking of Reading, in April 1643, by the Earl of Essex, he had lived there, in the house of his son Christopher.

[48] Toland gives four conjectures on this subject. 1. Whether it was that this young woman, accustomed to a large and jovial family, could not live in a philosophical retirement. 2. Or that she was not satisfied with the person of her husband; 3. or, lastly, that because all her relations were addicted to the Royal interest, his democratical principles were disagreeable to her humour; 4. nor is it impossible that the father repented of this match, upon the prospect of some success on the King's side, who then had his head-quarters at Oxford. See Life, p. 52.

[49] T. Warton had a MS. inventory of Mr. Powell's goods; and he says, 'by the number, order, and furniture of the rooms, he appears to have lived as a country gentleman, in a very extensive and liberal style of house keeping.' v. *Todd's Life*, p. 176.

came, the lady had no inclination to quit the hospitality and delights of her father's mansion for the austerer habits and seclusion of the Poet's study. Aubrey says, 'no company came to her, and she often heard her nephew cry and be beaten;' Milton sent repeated letters to her, which were all unanswered; and a messenger, who was dispatched to urge her return, was dismissed with contempt. A resistance so pertinacious and illegal as this, must have rested on some grounds that were at least imagined favourable to the conduct of the wife. We must, therefore, refer to the unsettled situation of the kingdom, by which the authority of the laws was weakened, and obedience imperfectly enforced; and we must recollect, that at the time when she refused to return to her husband's roof, the King, with all his forces, was quartered in the neighbouring city of Oxford; that her family was of course surrounded with the gay and licentious adherents of the monarch, the carousing Cavaliers; that 'living in the camp of the enemy,' she must have been in the daily habit of hearing hatred, scorn, and contempt, uttered against the party whose sentiments were so strongly adopted by her husband; that a prospect of success now dawned upon the fortunes of the King; and, looking at the apparent interests of the family, considering her wavering alienated affections, and interpreting fairly the language of Philips, we may presume that had the side of the royalists been victorious, the marriage with the Puritan husband would have been cancelled or concealed.

Milton, whose mind was never given to half-measures, resolved immediately to repudiate her on the ground of disobedience; and to support the propriety and lawfulness of his conduct, he

published in 1644, 'The doctrine and discipline of divorce, the judgment of Master Bucer concerning Divorce,' the next year he printed his Tetrachordon, or expositions on the four chief places of scripture, which treat on marriage. His last tract 'Colasterion' was an answer to a pamphlet recommended by Mr. Joseph Caryll,[50] the author of a Commentary on Job, and a presbyterian divine, the author was anonymous, but Milton calls him a serving-man both by nature and function, an idiot by breeding, and a solicitor by presumption.'

In this treatise, Dr. Symmons thinks that Milton has made out a strong case, and fights with arguments not easily to be repelled; and Mr. Godwin says, 'that the books on divorce are written with the most entire knowledge of the subject, and with a clearness and strength of argument, that it would be difficult to excel; and it must be remembered that Selden wrote his 'Uxor Hebraica,' on the same side of the question. Without entering into the intricacies of so great an argument, I shall content myself with saying, that all the ingenuity of Milton, and the learning of Selden are of no avail against the acknowledged experience of society, which seems to have silently consented to the wisdom of the established law. Tempers once deemed incompatible, may gradually assimilate. The interests of children, the advancement of fortune, the respect of society, moral principle, religious feeling, the force of habit, are all assisting the reconciliation of wedded discontent. Incompatibility of temper,

[50] Of Mr. Caryll, Toland says, (p. 60), 'in his voluminous and senseless commentaries, he did more injury to the memory of Job, than the Devil, and the Sabeans could inflict torments on him in his life time.

cannot be submitted to legal proof, or determined by any unerring standard; will it not therefore be often advanced to cover the wishes of inconstancy, or the desires of impurity? does not legal separation allow all that is necessary in *extreme* cases of insufferable evil? is an incompatible temper to be advanced as the cause of *one* divorce, or may it release from a succession of imprudent engagements? Milton's courtship was apparently sudden and short; and no one can be much surprised at the disagreements that followed: but it appears that he subsequently lived in happiness with his wife, and with renewed affection. Hence the divorce, at one time so much desired, would probably have destroyed, if granted, the future happiness of both parties.

There is one passage in this treatise, in which Milton clearly points to himself, and to the presumed causes of his unhappiness. 'The soberest, and best governed men, he says, are least practised in these affairs; and who knows not that the *bashful muteness of a virgin may oftentimes hide all the unliveliness and natural sloth which is really unfit for conversation*, nor is there that freedom of access granted or presumed, as may suffice to a perfect discerning till too late; and when any indisposition is suspected, what more usual than the persuasion of friends, that acquaintance as it increases, will amend all;' and lastly, is it not strange that many who have *spent their youth chastely, are in some things not so quick sighted, while they haste too eagerly to light the nuptial torch.* Nor is it therefore for a modest error, that a man should forfeit so great a happiness, and no charitable means to relieve him. Since they who have lived most loosely,

by reason of their bold accustoming, prove most successful in their matches, because their wild affections unsettling at will, have been as so many divorces to teach them experience. Whereas the sober man honouring the appearance of modesty, and hoping well of every social virtue under that veil, may easily chance to meet if *not with a body impenetrable, yet often with a mind to all other due conversation inaccessible, and to all the more estimable and superior purposes of matrimony useless, and almost lifeless*, and what a solace, what a fit help such a consort would be through the whole life of a man, is less pain to conjecture, than to have experience.' He speaks again 'of a *mute, and spiritless mate;*' and again, 'if he shall find *himself bound fast to an image of earth and phlegm*, with whom he *looked to be the copartner of a sweet and gladsome society*:' these observations will, I think, put us in possession of his wife's 'fair defects,' and the causes of the separation.

Whoever differs from Milton in the inferences which he draws, and the doctrine which he advocates, must yet allow that these Treatises on Divorce are written with the command of scriptural learning, with many ingenious explanations of the intent of the divine laws, and human institutions; and with a force of argument sometimes difficult to resist. The whole is composed with uncommon zeal and earnestness, and conveys the sentiments of one who feels his own important interests are at issue; the causes of dislike in this little month of wedlock, must have struck deep root, for he alludes much to rash, sudden, and mistaken choices, he urges the justice of divorce in cases where '*a violent hatred in matri-*

mony has arisen, yet not sinful, irksome, grievous, obstinately hateful, and injurious even to hostility; he speaks of *invincible antipathies*, when the work of sorrow lasts, till death unharness them; and upon the ground, that such matches in this misery are insufferable, unalterable, and without hope, or prospect of termination, he claims the power of release from his unequal yoke. That his whole argument hinges on his own case, no one who reads these tracts can reasonably doubt: and that his sorrows were seen through an exaggerating medium, seems hardly less clear. His own experience is the best refutation of his work; his marriage, though clouded over in its rise, and portending storms and sorrows, and strife, ended, as we believe, in the smiles of renewed affection, in conjugal endearments, and continued love: and we must also recollect that Milton had lived but one short month with his wife, when this *eternal aversion*, this *perpetuity of hatred*, this radical discord of nature were declared.[51]

That this doctrine was received with neglect or ridicule is evident from a passage in Howell's Letters. There are, however, in all societies some to whom every paradox is acceptable, and who rejoice in believing themselves superior to the settled opinions of mankind. By them it was

[51] See P. Knight's Civil Society, p. 55. 'Let me not be supposed to mean a condemnation of marriage, from which I have derived all the blessings and benefits of civil society, but merely of its indissolubility. There are many causes which ought to justify divorce, as well as that of adultery on the part of the woman, and I think it probable, that if other causes were admitted, this would be less frequent. Divorce is, I believe, as often the object, as the consequence of adultery.'

greedily adopted, and they were named divorcers or Miltonists.[52] The Presbyterian clergy, then holding their assembly in Westminster, were much offended, and procured the author to be summoned before the house of lords; 'but the house' says Wood, 'whether approving the doctrine, or not favoring his accusers, did soon dismiss him.' The Lords probably considered the doctrines advanced as too wild and speculative to produce any practical mischief. Milton wished he had not written the work in English. 'Vellem hoc tantem sermone vernaculo me non scripsisse, non enim in *vernas* lectores incidissem, quibus solemne est sua bona ignorare, aliorum mala irridere:' on this confession it is plain that the work was viewed as an apology and defence of himself.

The golden reins of discipline and government in the church being now let loose, Milton proceeded to put in practice the doctrine which he had advocated, and seriously paid his addresses to a very accomplished and beautiful young lady, the daughter of Doctor Davis;[53] the lady, how-

[52] A passage in the Electra of Sophocles, by C. W. at the Hague, 1649, 8vo. proves that Milton's doctrine on divorce was not unnoticed.

> 'While like the froward *Miltonist*
> We our nuptial knot untwist.'

See also a passage in Echard, quoted by Todd, p. 56, and in Britain's Triumph, p. 15, by G. S. What, Milton, are you come to see the sight? v. Todd's Life, p. 54. And see also his eleventh and twelfth Sonnets, in themselves a sufficient proof of the detraction and ridicule attending his doctrine.

[53] During the desertion of his wife, Milton frequented the society of the Lady Margaret Leigh, a person of distinction and accomplishment. To Lady Ranelagh the favorite sister of the illustrious Boyle, in his later years he was gratefully

ever, hesitated, and was not easily to be persuaded into the lawfulness of the proposal; and it fortunately terminated by effecting a happy reconciliation with the offending and discarded wife.

He went sometimes to visit a relation who lived in the lane of St. Martin's-le-grand, and at one of these visits he was surprised to see his wife come from an inner room, throw herself on her knees before him, and implore forgiveness. It is said that he was for some time inexorable; but partly, says his nephew, 'his own generous nature, more inclinable to reconciliation than to perseverance in anger or revenge, and partly the strong intercession of friends on both sides, soon brought him to an act of oblivion, and a firm league of peace.' It was the forgiveness of a good and generous mind, for he behaved ever after to her with affection, and received all her family into his house,[54] when their seat was seized by the rebels, and they were obliged, at a ruinous expense, to compound for their estate.[55] Mr. Powell is said to have lost by the wars, above three thousand pounds, and to have died above fifteen hundred pounds in debt, leaving a widow and nine children. The dowry of a thousand pounds promised to Milton with his wife remained unpaid at his death. On Mrs. Anne Powell's petition[56]

attached. He says of her to her son, who had been his pupil, 'Nam et mihi omnium necessitudinum loco fuit.'

[54] The family of the Powells continued to reside in Milton's house till after the death of his father in 1647. See Todd's Life, p. 88.

[55] See the transcript of the original documents of Mr. Powell's compounding in Todd's Life, (second ed.) p. 69, 70; and Milton's Petition, p. 81.

[56] This passage may throw some additional light on the subject of the desertion of Milton by his wife. Aubrey says, she was a zealous royalist, and went *without* her husband's consent to her mother in the king's quarters. (Letter iii. p.

to the commissioners for her thirds, the following observations were made. ‘ Mr. Milton is a harsh and choleric man, and married Mr. Powell's daughter, who would be undone if any such course were taken against him by Mrs. Powell. He having turned away his wife heretofore for a long space, upon some other occasion (var. a small occasion).[57] Milton, it appears, having discharged the fine upon Mr. Powell's estate, had succeeded to the possession of it; and his mother-in-law, by petition, was anxious to recover her thirds, which she was afraid to press for by suit.

In 1644, at the request of Hartlib, he published his ‘ Tractate on Education,’ and his ‘ Areopagitica, or Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing.’[58] The plan developed in the former tract must, I am afraid, be considered as little

441.) The truth then, as far as we can command it, seems to be, that she found her bridal home cheerless and dull: her husband's temper unsuitable to hers, and his opinions different; that disagreements arose and discontent on either side; and when the king and his army and court arrived in the neighbourhood of her father's house, she gladly availed herself of the opportunity of joining them, with her family. Their support secured her against the power of enforcing her return; and had the king's party been victorious, she probably would never have returned, nor acknowledged her marriage. The battle of Naseby, and the beauty of Miss Davis, brought her to her senses. One of Milton's antagonists (G. S. 1660) accuses him; ‘ You throw aside your wife, because your *waspish spirit* could not agree with her qualities, and your *crooked phantasy* could not be brought to take delight in her.’

[57] See Todd's Life, p. 90 (second ed.).

[58] Sextus the Fourth, who died in 1484, was the first who placed the press under the control of a licenser. In 1649 Gilbert Mabbet resigned the office of licenser, and urged the reasoning of Milton's work as his defence. See Birch's Life, p. xxvi. and Hollis's Memoirs, p. 257, who calls him S. Mabbot, or rather Mabbold, for so he is called in Whitelock's Index.

less than a splendid dream; a noble outline of a theory too magnificent to be realized. What is promised in the time allowed, could not possibly be performed. While Milton is projecting the mastery of every science, the attainment of so many languages, acquaintance with such various authors; is moving over the extensive circle of his studies, and piling up his structure of education even to its turrets and pinnacles; the humbler plan which experience has approved, is content with laying deep its foundations during the years of youth, in acquiring habits of accurate reasoning, in cultivating correct taste, and in learning those sound principles of philosophy which may hereafter be developed and directed into various channels. What Milton professes to complete in a few years, the old system is contented to commence; one is only planting the tree and fertilizing the soil, the other is already reposing under its shade, and feeding on its fruits.

The Areopagitica is, on the whole, the finest production in prose from Milton's pen. For vigour and eloquence of style, unconquerable force of argument, majesty, and richness of language, it is not to be surpassed. Doctor Johnson considers the argument which it discusses to be of very difficult solution. I shall content myself with observing, that when a nation becomes sufficiently enlightened to demand the removal of these restrictions of the press, which have been imposed when governments were arbitrary, and the people ignorant; the correction of the evils attendant on its liberty must be found, not in the punishment of the offenders, but in the good sense and moral feeling of the community. It is in this way that virtue is stronger than vice, that truth triumphs over falsehood, and law is superior to

offence. Johnson's observation that 'if every sceptic in theology may teach his follies, there can be no religion,'[59] falls to the ground, when it is remembered that *our* religion was born amid disbelief and doubt, and has grown up and increased among every variety of heresy, and form of scepticism that the ingenuity of man could devise. Hume's famous argument that was to be the touchstone of truth, has only served to establish the force of testimony, and to confirm the credibility of miracles.

In 1645 Milton collected his early poems, Latin and English, for the press; in which the Allegro[60] and Penseroso appeared for the first time. Of the picturesque imagery, the musical versification, and the brilliant language of these poems, praise too high cannot be heard. They have all the pastoral beauties, and sweet descriptions of our elder poets, embellished, and heightened by a richer style, and a more refined combination. It has been more than once observed, that these poems, short as they are, have collected in one

[59] The moderation and justice of Toland's sentiments on this subject may excite surprise (v. p. 79.) 'The wishes o all good men are, that the national church being secured in her worship, and emoluments, may not be allowed to force others to her communion; and that all dissenters from it, being secured in their liberty of conscience, may not be permitted to meddle with the riches or power of the national church.' May a sentiment so philosophically just prove historically true!

[60] Mr. Peck's manner of giving the titles of these poems is ludicrously quaint. He calls them 'His Homo L'Allegro, or the lætans; and his Homo Il Penseroso, or the cogitans.' v. New Memoirs, p. 26. Comus had been printed in 1637, and Lycidas in 1638. Before Cartwright's Poems, 1651, is a copy of verses by J. Leigh, enumerating the various Poets whose works had been published by *Moseley*, but omitting the name of *Milton*.

splendid view all that can be said on their respective subjects.

Moseley the publisher says in his preface, ' that the poems of Spenser, in these English ones are as nearly imitated, as sweetly excelled.' It is to this edition that the portrait by Marshall is prefixed, which so much displeased Milton; and which has transformed the youthful bard into a puritanical gentleman of fifty; it is the first published portrait of the Poet.*

In 1647, as the relations of his wife had gradually left him, he removed into a smaller house in Holborn, which opened backward into Lincoln's Inn Fields, and continued the instruction of a few scholars, chiefly the sons of gentlemen his friends. That there ever was a design of making him an adjutant general in the army of Sir William Waller may be doubted; for Philips has expressed his belief doubtfully, and Waller was considered at that time the leader of the Presbyterians, between whom and our Poet no amity could now exist.

His next publication in 1648-9, was the Tenour of Kings and Magistrates.[61] This was occasioned by the outcry of the Presbyterians against the death of Charles; whereas Milton proves that they who so much condemned deposing were the men themselves that deposed the king: and cannot, with all their shifting and relapsing, wash the guiltiness off their own hands. For they themselves, by their late doings have made

* Salmasius considered this print as presenting not an unfavourable portrait of Milton. The pastoral view in the back ground is worthy of Ostade; but ' neat handed Phyllis' is, methinks, a little too free. She should have recollected that in a dance ' Junctæque nymphis *Gratiæ* decentes.'

[61] This tract first published February 1648-9, republished with additions in 1650.

it guiltiness, and turned their own warrantable actions into rebellion. He then pushes on his arguments against them till he shows that they not only deposed, but how much they did toward the killing the king. 'Have they not levied wars against him, whether offensive or defensive (for defence in war equally offends, and most prudently beforehand) and given commission to slay when they knew his person could not be exempt from danger; and if chance or flight had not saved him, how often had they killed him, directing their artillery without blame or prohibition to the very place where they saw him stand. Have they not sequestered him, judged or unjudged, and converted his revenue to other uses, detaining from him as a grand delinquent, all means of livelihood, so that from them long since he might have perished or starved. Have they not hunted or pursued him round the kingdom with sword and fire. Have they not besieged him, and to their power forbad him water and fire, save what they shot against him to the hazard of his life. Yet while they thus assaulted and endangered it with hostile deeds, they swore in words to defend it, with his crown and dignity,' &c.

But though Milton in his writings discussed these measures which he considered important to the public welfare, his life was strictly private, passed with his scholars, or among his studies; and his History of England was just commenced; when, without any solicitation, he was invited[62] by the council of the state to be their secretary

[62] See the original orders of council appointing a committee to invite him to accept the office, first printed in Todd's Life (second ed.) p. 107. He succeeded in this office Mr. Weckherleyn, whose only daughter was mother of Sir W. Trumball, the friend of Pope.

for foreign tongues. They had resolved to employ the Latin language in their correspondence with other nations: and no man more eminently skilled in the knowledge of it, than Milton, could at that time probably have been found.

Bishop Newton wishes this example had been followed; but I must express my doubts whether diplomatic correspondence could be carried on through the medium of the Latin tongue, with the facility or the precision that would be now required. It surely is better that every nation should express itself in its own idioms, than to attempt to make an ancient language convey new varieties of opinion, and new modifications of thought. Modern languages are constantly borrowing from each other to supply those minute shades of meaning, and to express those refined and subtle ideas that have arisen in the progress of knowledge, and that have been brought from more advanced habits, and more complicated structures of society. To effect this with a language that has long been removed from use, is surely to encumber oneself with unnecessary difficulties, and to prefer the less commodious vehicle of reasoning.

In 1649-50 it was ordered by the council, that Mr. Milton do prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius, and when he hath done it bring it to the council. Previously, however, to this, he had written his answer[63] to the Icon Basilike, it is supposed by a verbal command: for no written order of the council to that effect has been

[63] Milton's Answer was printed in London in 1640, 4to. again in 1650. Of the Icon Basilike, forty-seven editions were circulated in England alone, and 48,500 copies sold. Toland says, Milton was rewarded by the parliament for his performance with the present of a thousand pounds. v. Life, p. 32. The real fact is not ascertained.

found. The grievous charge of having, in conjunction with Bradshaw, interpolated the book of the king, with a prayer taken from Sidney's Arcadia, and then imputing the use of the prayer to the monarch, as a heavy crime, has been clearly and completely refuted.

It appears that the private prayers of the king were delivered by him to Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, immediately before his death, and on the scaffold, that they were added to some of the earlier impressions of the Icon; that the prayer was adopted by the king from the Arcadia, a book that he delighted to read,[90] and that Juxon would not have been silent, had the prayer been inserted by the enemies of his lamented monarch, to calumniate his memory.

We must now pass on to the celebrated controversy with Salmasius; Charles the Second employed that great scholar to write a Defence of his Monarchy, and to vindicate his father's memory; to stimulate his industry, it is said,[91] a hundred Jacobuses were given to him. Since the death of the illustrious younger Scaliger, no scholar had acquired the reputation of Salmasius; not so much, as Johnson supposed, for his skill in emendatory criticism, in which he was excelled

[90] The books which Charles delighted to read, and which show his knowledge and taste, are given in Sir Thomas Herbert's Memoirs, p. 61, viz. Andrews's Sermons, Hooker's Eccl. Polity, Hammond's Works, Sandys's Psalms, Herbert's Poems, Fairfax's Tasso, Harrington's Ariosto, Spenser's Fairy Queen, &c. The prayer from the Arcadia is a mere transcript, with the necessary alteration of a few words.

[91] Wood asserts that Salmasius had no reward for his book. He says, the king sent Dr. Morley, then at Leyden, to the apologist with his thanks, but not with a purse of gold, as John Milton the *impudent liar* reported.' Wood's Ath Ox. ii. p. 770.

by many of his contemporaries, as for his great knowledge of antiquity, the multiplicity of his attainments, and his immense research in antient languages.[92] His Commentary on Solinus, and his Treatise de Re Hellenistica are imperishable

[92] Toland says, 'What is worse than all the rest, Salmasius appeared on this occasion such an absolute stranger, and bungler in his own province, as to open a large field for Milton to divert himself with his barbarous phrases and solecisms,' p. 96. The fact is, Salmasius with all his vast erudition, from a hasty impetuosity of mind, committed occasionally great mistakes. I have a work of his, in which he makes our *Saviour born at Jerusalem*. 'Autant de livres de sa façon, autant d'Impromptu,' (says Vigneuil Marville) mais il ne digéroit assez bien les matières qu'il traitoit. Ce qu'il donnoit au public, il donnoit tout crû, avec dédain, et comme tout en colère. Il sembloit jetter son Grec, son Latin, et toute sa science à la tête des gens. Grotius au contraire considère tout, digère tout, l'ordonne, et la range sagement. Il respecte et ménage son lecteur. Son érudition est comme une grande fleuve qui se répand largement, fait du bien à tout le monde. Crescit cum amplitudine rerum, vis ingenii'—i. p. 9. D'autres ne peuvent écrire qu'à la hâte, et ne sauroient repasser sur leurs ouvrages. M. de Saumaise étoit de ce caractère.' Gronovius (de Sestertiis, p. 46,) says of him, 'Habebat hoc vir ille incomparabilis ut uberrimo ingenio nulla sufficeret manus, et ubi instituerat scribere, nec verum, nec verborum modum nosset. Sic factum esset, ut multa illi excidrent, quæ norat ipse melius, et rectius alio die tradiderat, tradebatque quæ, si paululum attendisset animum, facile vitasset.' What the great Scaliger thought of Salmasius, then young, may be gathered from the beginning of one of his letters to him (Ep. ccxlviii.) 'nunquam ab Epistolis tuis discedo nisi doctior:'—a delightful character of Salmasius is given by the learned Huet, in his Commentar. de Rebus. ad Eum (Se) pertin. p. 125—130, who says, 'Si quis certe animum ejus atque mores ex scriptis æstimare velit, arrogans fuisse videatur, contumax, sibique presidens; at in usu, et consuetudine vitæ, nihil placidius nihil mitius, comis adhæc, urbanus, et officii plenus, verum benignitati ejus ac quieti multum officiebat uxor imperiosa Anna Mercera,' and then he proceeds to give an account how Salmasius's wife insisted, when he was presented at the court of Christina, in *dressing him in scarlet breeches and gloves, with a black cap*

monuments of his fame. Grotius alone could compete with him; and if Grotius were at all inferior, which I know not, in the extent of his information, he far excelled Salmasius in the correctness of his judgment, the distribution of his knowledge, and the more luminous arrangement of his erudition. Grotius was an enlightened philosopher, as well as a profound scholar; and the names of these two illustrious men were in commendation not often disjoined. Selden speaks of Grotius, 'as the greatest, the chief of men,' and of Salmasius as 'most admirable;' to whom he wished much more to be like than to be the most eminent person for riches and honour in the world;

and white feather. Salmasius told him he was very ill with the gout the whole time he was in Sweden; that Christina used to come to his bed; and one morning found him reading 'Libellum Subturpiculum,' which the affrighted professor hid under the bedclothes; but Christina searched for it and got it; and, being delighted with it, called in a young and beautiful lady of the name of 'Sparra,' whom she made to read aloud the passages that pleased her: and while the girl blushed at her task, the Queen and her attendants were convulsed with laughter. Huet saw at Salmasius' house the girl 'Pontia,' and says she was 'satis elegans.' His account of the amour of Morus with this girl is not so unfavourable as Milton's; in fact, he made Morus sign a paper to marry her, but the passion and intemperance of Salmasius' wife rendered all interference unsuccessful. Morus was ill in Salmasius' house, and Pontia nursed him, which was the beginning of the acquaintance. An epitaph on Salmasius is given in V. Paravicini Sing. de Viris Erud. (1713) p. 201, in the bombastic style of the time.

Ingens exigua jacet hac sub mole sepultus
Assertor Regum, numinis atque pugil
Finivit Spadæ vitam Salmasius hospes
Trajectum cineres ossaque triste tenet.
Quod mortali fuit periit, pars altera cœlis
Reddita, fit major, doctior esse nequit.

For Letters from Christina to Salmasius in the Ottoboni Palace at Rome, see Keysler's Travels, vol. iii. p. 147.

and Cardinal Richelieu declared, that Bignonius, Grotius, and Salmasius were the only persons of that age, whom he looked upon as arrived at the highest pitch of learning. Such was the antagonist whom Milton had been commanded to meet. The work which the exiled monarch required from the critic was probably somewhat beyond the circle of his studies; he wrote also on the unpopular side; and some among his friends neither admired the motive, nor anticipated the success of his undertaking.[93] Hobbes says, 'he

[93] See Sarravii Epistolas. p. 224, his love and admiration of Salmasius evince qualities in that great man that commanded esteem. 'De Salmasio quid dicam? Precipiti Octobri in amplexus ejus iri. Cum eo vivere ameni et obeam libenter, vis plura? Si per impossibile cuiquam mortalium erigantur unquam altaria, mihi, deus, deus ille de omnigena doctrina, moribusque humanissimis tibi comperta narrare nihil attinet,' p. 32. See also his 51st Epistle to Al. More. In his 140th, speaking of the death of Grotius, he says, 'Utri vestrum debeatur hujus sæculi principatus literarius, decernet ventura ætas!' In the 198th Letter Sarravius first mentions the subject of Salmasius's defence, which he applauds. 'Laudo animi tui generosum propositum, quo nefandum scelus aperte damnare sustines.' Then he mentions that *Bochart* intended 'eandem spartam ornare,' but had been dissuaded. In the 208th 'de tuo pro infelici Rege apoligetico soleres facis, qui facis quod libet, et amicorum consilia spernis.' In the 214th he has seen his work 'Omnino magnus est iste tuus labor, et istam materiam profunde meditatus es.' In the 216th he says, 'Tuam defensionem quod spectat dolendum esset in ipsis nascendi primordiis interire.' In the 222nd he speaks of the *fifth* edition of Salmasius's work: in the 223d he complains that a copy had not been sent to Charles's widow. 'Quamvis enim sit in re minime lauta, tamen potuisse solvere pretium tabellarii, qui illud attulisset.' The 228th is the letter so often quoted, beginning 'Te ergo habemus reum fatentem.' Sarravius differed from him in his defence of Episcopacy. July 1648 he tells him 'vos amis se plaignent que vous ne faites rien de ce dont ils vous prient, et que vos ennemis au contraire ont l'avantage de vous faire écrire de ce qu'il leur plait:' from a careful perusal of the

is unable to decide whose language is best, or whose argument worst,' and certainly the question is too often lost sight of in discussing the niceties of verbal construction, or in personal altercation; nor is the argument disposed with the calm and comprehensive views of the statesman and philosopher. That Milton's fame, however, was widely and honorably extended by this performance, no doubt can be entertained, it was

> In Liberty's defence, a noble task,
> Of which all Europe *rang* from side to side:

but that Salmasius suffered disgrace at the court of Christina; that he was dismissed with contempt, or considered as defeated with dishonour, rests upon no valid authority. Milton in his second defence expressly allowed, that the queen, attentive to the dignity of her station, let the stranger experience no diminution of her former kindness, or munificence. The health of that illustrious scholar had long been languishing under his unremitted labours. He was afflicted with gout if not with stone, and he went to seek relief from the mineral waters of Spa (which he was supposed to have drunk improperly), where he died. The queen had offered him large ap-

correspondence connected with this subject, I am convinced that the effect said to be produced by Milton's defence on Salmasius, and on his reputation has been *prodigiously overrated*. Salmasius seems at that time to have been as much interested about other works which he had in hand, and especially about conducting safely and commodiously his journey to Sweden, and preserving his health in that cold climate. It must also be observed that whatever More's moral character was, he stood in high esteem and reputation in the learned world, and that Milton's attack therefore affected him deeply. See Tan. Fabri. Epistol. lxvi. lib. i. ed. 1674, p. 219. A full and impartial account of him may be read in Bayle's Dict. Art. 'Morus.' Archd. Blackburne calls More the *Atterbury*, or rather the *Dodd* of his age, v. Mem. of Hollis, p. 522.

pointments[94] to remain in Sweden, and greatly regretted his departure; but the coldness of the climate was injurious to him: and after his death, she wrote a letter full of concern for his loss, and respect for his memory; the slander first thrown out in the Mercurius Politicus, and so frequently repeated, ought no longer to be believed. Salmasius went full of years, and honours to his grave.

The purpose of Salmasius[95] was to support the doctrine of the divine rights of kings: to prove that

[94] He had a pension of 40,000 livres from Sweden. It will astonish some of my readers to know that Salmasius was a *republican*, 'Placebat Salmasio libera respublica.' He was invited by the University of Oxford to settle there on very handsome terms: 'and' says his biographer, 'he would have gone 'nisi aliquid ab eo petiissent, quamvis beatissima conditione, quod cum ad nationis utilitatem spectaret, non erat tamen ad genium ipsius;' but so far was Salmasius, as all Milton's biographers assert, from being a slavish admirer of kings or regal governments, that 'Bataviam hâc in parte præ Angliâ preferebat quod majorem semper in *respublica* quam in *regno libertatem* esse judicaret.' v. Vit. Salmas. p. xvi. It was not solely on account of his superior learning that Salmasius was selected by the adherents of Charles, but that some of his previous writings on matters connected with the church and the sects, had produced much effect in England. 'Dissertatio de episcopis et presbyteris multum juverat optime sentientes (in Britanniâ) in abrogando jure Episcoporum, quod multi ex proceribus, et viris primariis ultro cum gratiarum actione testati sunt:' and it appears that he was in the habit of being consulted on ecclesiastical affairs by the persons of rank and influence in England, 'Consilium Salmasii sæpius per deputationes implorarunt regni proceres.'

[95] Dr. Symmons has allowed the skill and eloquence displayed in the work of Salmasius, vide Life, p. 356, and has shown how much Burke was indebted to it. In that strange rambling work, T. Hollis's Memoirs, there is an engraving by Cipriani, representing Milton's head on a terminus, on which is a medallion suspended inclosing the portrait of Salmasius; this was a print emblematical of Milton's victory, v. p. 383.

the king is a person with whom the supreme power of the kingdom resides, and who is answerable to God alone. Milton asserted the undisputed sovereignty of the people. This he terms agreeable to the laws of God, and of nature. That by the laws of God, by those of nations, and by the municipal laws of our own country, a king of England may be brought to trial and to death; that the laws of God do in this exactly agree with the laws of nature: and that this is a settled maxim of the law of nature never to be shaken, that the senate and the people are superior to kings; and that, if asked by what law, by what right or justice, the king was dethroned, the answer is, by that law which God and nature have created; that whatever things are for the universal good of the whole state, are for that reason lawful and just; and that a people obliged by an oath is discharged of that obligation, when a lawful prince becomes a tyrant, or gives himself over to sloth and voluptuousness. The rule of justice, the very law of nature dispenses with such a people's allegiance. That these doctrines have been always acknowledged by the common consent of mankind, he endeavours to prove from the history of ancient nations. Thus the kings of the Jews were subject to the very same laws as the people. He traces a similar belief through Egypt and Persia, through the Grecian history, and the annals of the Roman empire. He alleges the authority of the ancient Scriptures, the gospel, and the fathers. He then finds his doctrine supported by the usage and constitution of our government from the period of the British history, through the Saxon and Norman times, and traces the supreme power of the legislative assembly to the reign of Charles. Such is a faint outline of his argument; in this work he openly accuses Buckingham of

having poisoned King James, and afterwards even makes a bolder assertion, that Charles was accessory to the crime.

The first reply to Milton's Defensio Populi[96] was published in 1651. Milton, who assisted his nephew Philips in the answer, was willing to consider it as the production of that distinguished prelate, Bramhall, whom he treats with the same coarseness of sarcasm, and violence of invective which had been employed against Salmasius, imputing to him the greatest excesses, and the practice of the most degrading vices. Bramhall[97] had disowned the writing imputed to him, but the real author was not discovered till the industry of Mr. Todd brought the secret to light. He proves to be one John Rowland, and calls himself 'Pastor Ecclesiæ particularis.' In this tract the accusation of the death of James the First by poison is repeated.

Next year appeared 'Regii Sanguinis clamor ad cœlum;' this work was written by Peter du Moulin, a Frenchman, afterwards Prebendary of Canterbury, but A. More, who had the care of the publication, was treated by Milton as the real author. The mistake was afterwards discovered, but Milton had exhausted his invective against More, and suffered Du Moulin to escape. Alexander More was a Scotchman by birth, settled in France, and was the son of the principal of the Protestant Col-

[96] In the original editions of the Defensio Populi, and Defensio Secunda, the name of the author is printed Joannis MiltonI, i. e. Miltonii; he therefore differed from those who would render the English termination 'on,' by 'onus' in Latin.

[97] See extract from Bishop Bramhall's Letter to his son, May, 1654. 'That silly book, which he ascribes to me, was written by one John Rowland, who since hath replied upon him. I never read a word either of the first book or the reply in my life.' v. *Todd's Life*, p. 83.

lege of Castres in Languedoc. He was a person of talent and learning, but more eminently distinguished as a brilliant though eccentric preacher. It was an unfortunate hour for him when he threw the shield of his name to protect Du Moulin's writings, for More's personal character was open to remark. He had, it appears, entered into a love-intrigue at Leyden, with an English girl, who is called Pontia, and who was waiting-maid to the wife of Salmasius.[98] This occasioned much domestic dispute and jealousy in the house of the learned professor, and became the subject of raillery in the correspondence of the friends of Salmasius. It appears also, that a similar adventure with a servant maid, of the name of Claudia Peletta, with whom More is accused of intriguing before and after her marriage, was the occasion of his leaving Geneva; and a third amour, with a young female domestic of the name of Tibaltiana, is also mentioned. Milton did not spare his enemy on the side where he was so much exposed; and More shrunk from the bitter storm of invec-

[98] The wife of Salmasius was a great shrew, but she had a high opinion of her husband. Il se laissoit dominer par une femme hautaine et chagrine, qui se vantoit d' avoir pour mari, mais non pour maître 'le plus savant de tous les nobles, et le plus noble de tous les savans.' v. Huetiena, p. x. The 88th Letter of Sarravius opens a curious domestic picture of Salmasius's family. He had, it appears, applied to Sarravius to procure him some maid-servants, and his friend fairly answers him. 'Timeo ne itineris difficultates, cum *uxoris tuæ moribus* multas deterreant.' Salmasius was presented with the order of St. Michael by Louis XIII. hence Milton calls him 'Eques.'—The biographers of Milton have taken their account of Salmasius chiefly from N. Heinsius, without keeping in mind that Heinsius was his *bitter and implacable enemy*. Not wishing to give offence, still I must say, that not one of those who have written on this controversy, seems to me to be really acquainted with the works or character of Salmasius. See also N. Heinsii Poem. Lat. 152. 165.

tive, sarcasm, and irony, that his indignant antagonist poured on all sides upon him.[99]

The 'Second Defence' is one of the most interesting of Milton's writings. Johnson has quoted from it the eloquent eulogy on Cromwell: the character of Bradshaw is drawn with all the skill and power of Clarendon, and presents a noble portrait of the intrepid regicide; and the address to Fairfax has for ever exalted the character, and dignified the retirement of that illustrious soldier. I shall add Milton's commemoration of other names, not less celebrated in the history of that eventful time. 'First you, *Fleetwood*, whom I have known to have been always the same in the humanity, gentleness, and benignity of your disposition, from the time you first entered on the profession of a soldier to your obtainment of those military honours, the next only to the first, and whom the enemy has found of dauntless valour, but the mildest of conquerors; and you, *Lambert*, who, when a young man, at the head of a mere handful of men, checked the progress of the Duke of Hamilton, attended with the power and strength of the Scottish youth, and kept him at check; you, *Desborrow*, and you, *Whalley*, whom, whenever I heard or read of the fiercest battles of this war, I always expected and found among the thickest of the enemy; you, *Overton*, who have been connected with me for these many years, in a more than brotherly union, by similitude of studies, and by the sweetness of your manners. In that memo-

[99] In Sarravii Epistolæ are many addressed with respect and esteem to Al. More. He seems not to have been permanently injured by Milton's attack, and he would hardly be recognized as *the same person* in the party-statement of Milton, and the impartial life by Bayle. A copy of Latin verses by A. More, addressed to N. Heinsius, is in the Adoptivorum Carmina, p. 19.

rable battle of Marston Moor, when our left wing was routed, the chief officers looking back in their flight beheld you keeping your ground with your infantry, and repelling the attacks of the enemy amid heaps of slain on both sides; and afterwards in the war in Scotland, no sooner were the shores of Fife occupied, under the auspices of Cromwell, with your troops, and the way opened beyond Stirling, than both the western and the northern Scots acknowledged you for the humanest of enemies, and the farthest Orcades for their civilizing conqueror. I will yet add some, whom, as distinguished for the robe and arts of peace, you have nominated as your counsellors, and who are known to me either by friendship or reputation. Whitlocke, Pickering, Strickland, Sydenham, and Sydney[1] (an illustrious name which I rejoice has steadily adhered to our side), Montague, Lawrence, both men of the first capacity, and polished by liberal studies, besides numberless other citizens, distinguished for their rare merits, some for their former senatorial exertions, others for their military services.' A splendid eulogium rewarded

[1] SYDNEIO SACRUM.

There is a time when gentlest thoughts are ours,
When like one long and Summer day of ease,
We wear on month, and month, and as may please
The chimings of the fancy, in our bowers
Disport, or through the wood-paths, wild with flowers,
Roam in the heart's glad pastime; whether the breeze
Be heard at morn, or mid the noonday trees
Repose, or night light up her starry towers.
And there too is a time for other mood,
When we must dwell among the walks of men,
With eye of loftiest aspect, fortitude,
And sternness on our front; and wearing then
That mighty sword, which *Sydney* unsubdued
Wore at his side, though in the tyrant's den.

Benhall, 1831. J. M.

the virgin Queen of the north, the daughter of Adolphus, for the praise she was reported to have given to Milton's defence, and the magnanimity which led her to read and even to applaud what seemed written against her own right and dignity.[2]

Flushed with his victory, and proud of the great reputation which he had acquired, Milton opened his second defence with a triumphant anticipation of the sentence that would be passed on it: 'He now,' he says, 'feels himself not in the forum, or on the rostrum, surrounded by a single people only, whether Roman or Athenian, but as it were by listening Europe, confiding and passing judgment. He addresses himself to all sittings and assemblies, wherever are to be found men of the highest authority, wherever there are cities and nations. He imagines himself set out on his travels, that he beholds from on high tracts beyond the seas, and wide extended regions, that he beholds countenances strange and numberless, and all in feelings of mind, his closest friends and neighbours. Wherever there are natures free, ingenuous, magnanimous, either they are prudently concealed or openly professed. Some favour in silence, others give their suffrages in public. Some hasten to receive me with shouts of applause, others, in fine, vanquished by truth, surrender themselves captive. Encompassed by

[2] I would wish to remove the impression, if such exists, that Salmasius entered into this controversy as an advocate of the regal rights, from *interested* motives, without a conviction of the justice of his cause. The death, if not the dethronement of Charles, excited great horror and indignation in other nations; with what feelings Salmasius came to his task, may be judged by the language which N. Heinsius uses on this subject, see his Poemata, Eleg. Lib. ii. 4. p. 43. iii. 1. p. 64. 8. p. 79. x. p. 82. Sylv. Lib. iii. p. 192. 'Amtiphatâ dignus Rege Britannus erat.

such countless multitudes, it seems to me, that from the columns of Hercules, to the farthest borders of India, that, throughout this vast expanse, I am bringing back, bringing home to every nation liberty, so long driven out, so long an exile; and, as is recorded of Triptolemus of old, that I am importing fruits for the nations from my own city, but of a far nobler kind than those fruits of Ceres. That I am spreading abroad among the cities, the kingdoms, and nations, the restored culture of civility and freedom of life.'

He had been reproached by his adversaries with his blindness; and his answer to the charge can be read by no one without high admiration of the magnanimity of his mind, and the strength of his piety. To be blind, he says, is not miserable, but not to be able to bear blindness, that is miserable indeed. He calls God to witness, the searcher of the inmost spirit, and of every thought, that he is unconscious of any thing, (though he has visited all the recesses of his heart) of any crime, the heinousness of which could have justly called down this calamity upon him above others. That he has written nothing which he was not persuaded at the time, and is still persuaded, was right and true and pleasing to God. And this, without being moved by ambition, by lucre, or by glory, but solely by a sense of duty, of grace, and of devotion to his country. Then let the slanderers (he says) of the judgments of God cease their revilings. Let them desist from their dreamy forgeries concerning me. Let them know that I neither repine at, nor repent me of my lot: that I remain fixed, immoveable in my opinion: that I neither believe, nor have found that God is angry: nay, that in things of

the greatest moment, I have experienced, and acknowledge his mercy, and his paternal goodness towards me That above all, in regard of this calamity, I acquiesce in his divine will, for it is he himself who comforts and upholds my spirit, being evermore mindful of what he shall bestow upon me, than of what he shall deny me. Besides how many things are there which I should choose not to see? How many which I might be unwilling to see; and how few remaining things are there which I should desire to see. Neither am I concerned at being classed, though you think this a miserable thing, with the blind, with the afflicted, with the miserable, with the weak. Since there is a hope that, on this account, I have a nearer claim to the mercy and protection of the sovereign father. There is a way, and the Apostle is my authority, through weakness to the greatest strength. May I be one of the weakest, provided only in my weakness, that immortal and better vigour be put forth with greater effect: provided only in my darkness the light of the divine countenance does but more brightly shine; for then I shall at once be the weakest and most mighty; shall be at once blind, and of the most piercing sight. Thus, through this infirmity should I be consummated, perfected. Thus, through this darkness should I be enrobed with light. And, in truth, we who are blind, are not the last regarded by the providence of God; who, as we are incapable to discern any thing but himself, beholds us with the greater clemency and benignity. Woe be to him who makes a mock of us. Woe be to him who injures us; he deserves to be devoted to the public curse. The divine law, the divine favour has made us not merely secure, but, as it were, sacred from the injuries of men; nor would

have seemed to have brought the darkness upon us, so much by inducing a dimness of the eyes, as by the overshadowing of heavenly wings. Besides, as I am not grown torpid by indolence, since my eyes have deserted me, but am still active, still ready to advance among the foremost to the most arduous struggles for liberty; I am not therefore deserted by men even of the first rank in the state. Thus, while I can derive consolation in my blindness both from God and man, let no one be troubled that I have lost my eyes in an honourable cause: and far be it from me to be troubled at it; far be it from me to possess so little spirit as not to be able without difficulty to despise the revilers of my blindness, or so little placability as not to be able with still less difficulty to forgive them.' The treatise, after a succession of passages of great eloquence and animation, ends with an earnest and solemn address to the people of England to prove themselves worthy of the victory they have gained, and the position they have secured. He warns them to derive their liberty not from arms, but from piety, justice, temperance; in fine, from real virtue, not to make war alone their virtue, or highest glory, or to neglect the arts of peace. To banish avarice, ambition, luxury, and all excess from their thoughts; such is the warfare of peace. Victories hard, it is true, but blameless, more glorious far than the warlike or the bloody. 'As for myself,' he says (speaking with something of a prophetic sorrow), 'to whatever state things may return, I have performed, and certainly with good will, I hope not in vain, the service which I thought would be of most use to the commonwealth. It is not before our doors alone that I have borne my arms in defence of liberty. I have wielded them in a field so wide

that the justice and reason of those which are no vulgar deeds, shall be explained and vindicated alike to foreign natures and our own countrymen. If after achievements so magnanimous, ye barely fall from your duty, if ye are guilty of any thing unworthy of you, be assured, posterity will speak, and thus pronounce its judgment. The foundation was strongly laid. The beginning, nay, more than the beginning, was excellent, but it will be inquired, not without a disturbed emotion, who raised the superstructure, who completed the fabric? To undertakings so grand, to virtues so noble, it will be a subject of grief that perseverance was wanting. It will be seen that the harvest of glory was abundant; but that men were not to be found for the work. Yet that there was not wanting *one* who could give good counsel, who could exhort, encourage: who could adorn and celebrate in immortal praises the transcendent deeds, and those who performed them.' Another piece in which he defends himself personally against More, and repeats his accusations, is all which is necessary to notice in this remarkable controversy.[3]

Milton was now removed by an order of council from his lodgings at Whitehall,[4] and took a garden house in Petty France, in Westminster, opening into St James's Park: in this house he

[3] In noticing Milton's mistake in the use of the word 'Vapulandus,' Johnson has observed that Ker, and *some one before him* had remarked it. This person was Vavasser. de Epig. cxxii. p. 144. See Crenii Animad. Philolog. 12mo, p. 77. 'Illud mirum pariter et festivum quod is quo loco et quibus plane verbis attribuit Salmasio solæcismos, iisdem ipse solæcismum, aut solæcismo flagitium non minus admittat.'

[4] Previously to his going to live in Scotland Yard, Whitehall, Milton lodged at one Thomson's, next door to the Bull Head Tavern, Charing Cross. See Birch's Life, p. xxxviii. In Scotland Yard his infant son died.

continued till within a few weeks of the Restoration. In 1651 he was suffering under the approach of total blindness. He had lost the entire use of one eye: and his nephew, Edward Philips, was supposed to have greatly assisted him in the affairs of secretary. In 1652 his sight was totally gone.[4] His enemies, as we have seen, considered his blindness as a judgment for writing against the king; and one of the prebendaries of Exeter reproached him, even from the pulpit, with the severe visitation. But he himself more truly accounted for the affliction by the wearisome labours and studious watchings wherein he spent, and almost tired out, a whole youth. His letter to his Athenian friend, Leonard Phileras, gives an account of the gradual approach of the disease; Philips says that Milton was always tampering with physic: to which he attributes the loss of his sight, as well as to his continual studies, and the headaches to which he had been subject from his youth.

It is supposed that in 1653 Milton lost his first wife, who died in childbed, leaving him three daughters. He remained a widower for three years, when he was again united in marriage to a daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney. She also died within a year after her marriage, in the same manner; and in one of his sonnets he has paid an affectionate tribute to her memory. Soon

[4] His eyesight was decaying about twenty years before his death. His father read without spectacles till eighty-four. His mother had very weak eyes, and used spectacles presently after she was thirty years old. Aubrey Lett. iii. p. 449. He lost the use of his left eye in 1651; and it is supposed, of the other, in 1654. See Todd's Life (1st ed.), p. 85, but the period of the complete affliction is not known with exactness.

after this event, he retired from his office of secretary[5] on an allowance for life, of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. His name does not again occur in the books of the council of state; his friend[6] Andrew Marvell had been associated with him.

As we are now arrived at the close of Milton's public life, it may be as well for a moment to look back, and recollect the system upon which he asserts his political career to have been conducted, and the end to which his writings were directed. He says, when the outcry against the bishops commenced, and the model of our reformed church was to its disadvantage compared to others, he saw that a way was opening for the establishment of real liberty. That he perceived there were three species of liberty essential to the happiness of social life—religious, domestic, and civil. To promote the first, he wrote his Treatise on Reformation, &c.; and as he saw that the magistrates were active in obtaining the third, he therefore turned his attention to the second, or domestic. This included three material questions, first, the conduct of the conjugal tie; secondly, the education of children; and, thirdly, the free

[5] But see Mr. Todd's Life (ed. 2.), p. 158, who says some official documents were written by him after 1655. The last payment of his salary was Oct. 22, 1659, when he was sequestered from the office.

[6] "His familiar learned acquaintance were A. Marvell, Lawrence, Needham, Hartlib, Mr. Skinner, Dr. Paget, M. D Mr. Skinner was his disciple.—His widow assures me that Mr. Hobbes was not one of his acquaintance. That her husband did not like him at all; but he would acknowledge him to be a man of great parts, and a learned man." Aubrey Lett. iii. 444. He had no intimacy with Cromwell, nor with those in power. He tells Heimbach that he cannot serve him, "Propter paucissimas familiaritates meas cum magnatibus." Ep. Fam. Dec. 18, 1657.

publication of the thoughts. These questions were severally considered by him in his Treatise on Divorce, his Tractate on Education, and his Areopagitica, or Liberty of unlicensed printing. With regard to civil affairs, he left them in the hands of the magistrates, till it became necessary to vindicate the right of lawfully dethroning, or destroying tyrants (without any immediate or personal application to Charles), against the doctrine of the presbyterian ministers. Such were the fruits of his private studies, which he had gratuitously presented to church and state, and for which he was recompensed by nothing but impunity. Though the actions themselves (he says) procured me peace of conscience, and the approbation of the good; while I exercised that freedom of discussion which I loved.

Disencumbered of the duties of secretary, disgusted with the treachery of parties, and the failure of his fondest wishes, Milton at length retreated from the changes and turbulence of the times, and had now leisure to resume the great works which he had long destined for his future employment. He commenced a history of his native country, a dictionary of the Latin language,[7] more copious and correct than that of Stephens; he framed a body of divinity out of the Bible; and, lastly, he sketched the first out-

[7] These collections consisted of three large volumes in folio. They were much discomposed and deficient, but were used by the editors of the Camb. Dict. in 1693, 4to. See the Pref. to Ainsworth's Lat. Thesaurus. It was said that Philips was the last possessor of these collections. I have an extract from a bookseller's catalogue by me—Dictionary, Latin and English, compiled from the works of Stephens, Cooper, Littelton, a large MS. in three volumes, of Mr. John Milton, 15s. 4to.

lines of his immortal poem. For the subject of his epic poem, says Johnson, after much deliberation, long choosing, and beginning late, he fixed upon Paradise Lost, a design so comprehensive, that it could be justified only by success. He had once meant to celebrate the exploits of K. Arthur, as he has hinted in his Verses, "but," says Toland, "this particular subject was reserved for the celebrated pen of Sir Richard Blackmore." Amidst the prosecution of these great and laborious designs, he found time during the year 1659 for some humbler occupations. He edited some manuscript treatises of Sir Walter Raleigh. He published the foreign correspondence of the English parliament and of Cromwell; he wrote (against the Presbyterians) his "Considerations to remove hirelings out of the Church;" and, alarmed at the prospect of a returning monarchy, he printed his "Ready and easy way to establish a free Commonwealth." What he speaks, he says, is the language of that which is not called amiss—"the good old cause." It appears from a passage in this treatise, that commerce had much languished during the civil wars and usurpation; and that the *trading* community were all anxious for the return of a luxurious court, and the assistance of regal prodigality.

When the restoration of the king proved all his wishes fruitless, Milton withdrew to a friend's house in Bartholomew Close. This temporary concealment seems to have been necessary to his safety, for a particular prosecution was directed against him.

It is mentioned by his biographers that a mock[8]

[8] This circumstance was first related by T. Warton, on the authority of Tyers, see his ed. of Milton, p. 308, and by Cunningham in his Hist. of G. Britain. 1. p. 14.

funeral was made for him, and that when matters were arranged, the careless and merry monarch laughed at the imposition. It was however ordered that his 'Iconoclastes' and 'Defensio pro Populo Anglicano' should be burned by the common hangman, and that the attorney general should proceed against them by indictment, or otherwise. Of the proscribed books several copies on the 27th of August[9] were committed to the flames. Within three days after this, the act of indemnity passed, and he was relieved from the necessity of further concealment. When subsequently he was in the custody of the serjeant at arms, it is supposed that his pardon was obtained by the intervention of some powerful friends.[10] Whether the story of Davenant's assistance is authentic, I am not able to say. The house on the 13th of December ordered his release: but how long he remained in custody is not known. Richardson says, *that he lived in perpetual terror of being assassinated.* It has been asserted, that Milton was offered the place of Latin secretary to the king, an offer that it is obvious, he could not in honour or conscience accept, and that on

[9] In 1683 twenty-seven propositions from the writings of Milton, Hobbes, Buchanan, &c. were burnt at Oxford, as destructive to Church and State. This transaction is celebrated in Musæ Anglicanæ, called Decretum Oxoniense, vol. iii. p. 180.

——— Si similis quicunque hæc scripserit auctor,
Fato succubuisset, eodemque arserit igne:
In mediâ videas flammâ crepitante cremari
Miltonum, cœlo terrisque inamabile nomen.

[10] The most copious account of the circumstances attending Milton's pardon are in Richardson's Life, p. 86, &c. communicated by Pope; who is also the authority for the assertion that Milton was offered the place of Latin secretary to the king.

his wife pressing his compliance, he said, 'Thou art in the right, you as other women, would ride in your coach, for me, my aim is to live and die an honest man.

In 1661 he published his 'Accidence commenced Grammar,' bending his great and comprehensive mind to the construction of those humbler works which he considered of advantage to education. He lived for a short time in Holborn, near Red Lion Street, but soon removed to Jewin Street, by Aldersgate. In 1664, the year previous to the great sickness, he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, of a genteel family in Cheshire, a relation of his particular friend Dr. Paget.[11] Mr. Todd considers it worthy of observation, that Milton chose his three wives out of the virgin state; while Sheffield duke of Buckingham selected his three from that of widowhood: but what inference the learned biographer would draw from their respective choices, is, from an entire ignorance on these subjects, to me unknown. Sheffield was probably looking out for a splendid jointure, and Milton for a gentle, virtuous, and attached companion.

From some cause, of course too trifling to be known to us, probably from the numerous fluc-

[11] The poet's widow died at Nantwich, in Cheshire, in 1727, having survived her husband fifty-two years, her funeral sermon, preached by the Rev. I. Kember, is published. 'I remember,' says Dr. Newton, 'to have heard from a gentleman who had seen his widow in Cheshire, that she had hair of this colour (golden tresses) it is more probable that he intended a compliment to his wife in the drawing of Eve, as he drew the portrait of Adam not without regard to his own person, of which he had no mean opinion.' v. P. L. iv. 305. The Aubrey MSS. say, she was a genteel person, a peaceful, and agreeable humour v. Vol. iii. p. 442.

tuations of his fortune, Milton seems to have been extremely unsettled in his choice of a residence. Soon after his marriage he lodged with Millington, the famous book auctioneer, a man of remarkable elocution, wit, sense, and modesty. Richardson says, that Millington was accustomed to lead his venerable inmate by the hand, when he walked the streets; the person who acquainted Richardson with this fact, had often met Milton abroad with his conductor and host. He again removed to a small house in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill-fields, which, Philips says, was his last stage in this world, but it was of many years continuance, more perhaps than he had had in any other place besides.

The plague had now begun to rage in London, and his young friend, Elwood the Quaker, found a shelter for him at Chalfont [12] in Buckinghamshire. 'It was on a visit at this place, that after some common discourses, says Elwood, had passed between us, he called for a MS. of his, which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me, and read it at my leisure: and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon. When I came home, and set myself to read it, I found that it was that excellent Poem, which he entitled Paradise Lost.' From this account it appears that Paradise Lost was

[12] See an engraving of this house in Dunster's edition of Paradise Regained, and an account in Todd's Life of Milton, p. 272. I possess a drawing of it made about five years since, by which it appears, that a small part of it has been taken down and altered. Elwood calls it a pretty box. Milton is supposed to have resided there from the summer of 1665, to the March or April of the following year. It appears that the plague reached even Chalfont, as may be seen by the Register in 1665.

complete in 1665, and Aubrey represents it as finished about three years after the king's restoration. Milton describes himself as long choosing and beginning late the subject of his Poem and when that was selected, it was at first wrought into a dramatic form, like some of the ancient mysteries. There were two plans of the tragedy, both of which are preserved among the manuscripts in Trinity College, Cambridge; and which were printed, I believe, for the first time in Dr. Birch's Narrative of the Poet's Life.[13] Such were the early and imperfect rudiments of Paradise Lost; the slender materials which he possessed in the story, and the splendid superstruction which he raised upon it, may remind us of the passage, in which he has thrown over the simple language of the ancient prophets, a magnificent description of his own creation.[14] Isaiah had said, 'that Lucifer sate upon the mount of the congregation, on the sides of the north.' The key-note was struck on the chords of the Hebrew lyre, and Milton instantly built up a palace for the fallen angel, equal in brilliancy and splendour to the castles of Romance. He piled up its pinnacles from diamond quarries; and hewed its towers out of rocks of gold.

> 'At length into the limits of the north
> They came, and Satan to his royal seat,
> High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
> Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers,
> From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold.
> The palace of great Lucifer, so call
> That structure in the dialect of men
> Interpreted; which not long after he
> Affecting all equality with God,
> In imitation of that mount, whereon

[13] See p. xlviii. of his Life.

[14] See T. Warton's Milton, p. 238.

Messiah was declared in sight of heaven,
The mountain of the congregation call'd,' &c.

How small the spark that could kindle into a poetical flame in Milton's mind! how quick the apprehension that seized the slightest hint! and how rich and fertile the genius to improve what it possessed! Callimachus had (Hymn. Del. 292) mentioned three *Hyperborean* nymphs, who sent fruits to Apollo in Delos. The word 'Hyperborean' was sufficient. Instantly Milton converts them into British goddesses, and clothes them in a Pictish dress; Selden had mentioned that Apollo was worshipped in Britain, Milton on those hints joins them to the Druids:

'Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ,
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicoma Hecaerge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.'
v. *Mansus*, ver. 45.

What extent of time was passed in the composition of this great work is not with exactness known. Mr. Capel Lofft thinks that Milton began this poem in his forty-eighth year,* and finished it in his fifty-seventh. Philips says that he had the perusal of it from the very beginning, for some years, in parcels of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time; and that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, so that in all the years he was about the poem, he may be said to have spent about half his time

* v. Preface to Lofft's Milton, p. xxviii. The Aubrey Letters (vol. iii. p. 447). 'His verse began at the autumnal equinoctial, and ceased at the vernal, or thereabouts (I believe about May); and this was four or five years of his doing it. He began about two years before the king came in, and finished about three years after the king's restoration.'

therein. Toland imagines[15] that Philips was mistaken with regard to the time, since Milton declared in his Latin elegy that his poetic talent returned with the spring.

> 'Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires
> Ingeniumque mihi munere *veris* adest.'

A friend of Milton's also informed Toland that Milton could never compose well but in the spring and autumn. He then poured out with great ease and fluency his unpremeditated verses. Dr. Johnson says, that there are no other internal notes of the time when the poem was written but the mention of the loss of his sight in the beginning of the third book, and of the return of the King in the introduction to the seventh.

Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining a license;[16] and objections were made to particular passages, especially to the simile of the sun eclipsed in the first book. But it was at length granted, and he sold his copy to Samuel Simmons, April 27, 1667, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation to receive five pounds more when thirteen hundred of the first edition should be sold. Again five pounds after the sale of the same number of the second edition, and another five pounds after the same sale of the third. None of the three editions were to be extended

[15] Birch's Life, p. lvi.

[16] Mr. Tomkins, chaplain to Archbishop Sheldon, was licenser. The office of licenser, abolished by Cromwell, was restored by act of parliament in 1662. The press was placed, with reference to its different productions, under the judges, the officers of state, and the archbishop of Canterbury. Poetry fell within the province of the latter. v. Symmons's Life, p. 521. Mr. C. Lofft says, 'That no manuscript of the Paradise Lost has been discovered, except that of the first book copied for the press, with the imprimatur of the archbishop's chaplain, but where this is to be seen is not mentioned.' See Lofft's Pref. to Milton, p. i. and Newton's Pref. p. liv.

beyond fifteen hundred copies. The first edition was of the poem in ten books, in small quarto, which were advertised plainly and neatly bound, at the price of three shillings. The titles were varied in order to circulate the edition in 1667,[17] 1668, 1669. Of these there were no less than five. An advertisement and the arguments of the books were omitted in some copies, and inserted in others; and from variations in the text, it would appear that single pages were cancelled and reprinted.

The sale gave him in two years a right to his second payment; for which the receipt was signed April 26, 1669. The second edition was not given till 1674, and was printed in small octavo, and the number of books was increased to twelve, by a division of the seventh and twelfth, with the introduction of a few connecting lines. He did not live[18] to receive the payment stipulated for this im-

[17] See Introduction to Pickering's edition, p. xii. and Todd's Life (first ed.) p. 190, for an account of the *variations* in the poem and titles. Mr. Lofft observes that 1667 was a great year in the annals of our history; for not only was Paradise Lost published, but there was a 'Statute passed for the employment of poor prisoners,' and a 'great step made in the art of dressing wool,' p. xxiv. of the effect of *these different* circumstances towards establishing the name and character which Britain holds among the nations, it is difficult to form an idea of any degree of proportionate extent; an adequate is impossible. It opens a vast arena in the boundless space of human perfectibility. v. Remarks by Tench Coxe. 'These clustering radiations of moral light may unite mankind to the intelligence of *other systems* unnumbered and unimagined;' which circumstance, if it come to pass, will open new markets for the wool trade, and be of great advantage to the publishers of Paradise Lost.—'Go thy ways, Capel, the flower and quintessence of all editors.'

[18] For an account of the editions, see C. Lofft's Preface, p. xxxv. lxi. and Todd's Life, p. 189—217. The number of lines in Paradise Lost amount to 10,565. Dr. Symmons says that Milton lived to receive the whole fifteen pounds for which he had stipulated; but see Todd's Life (first ed.) p.

pression. The third edition was published in 1678, and his widow agreed with Simmons the printer to receive eight pounds as her right, and gave him a general release, dated April 29, 1681. Simmons covenanted to transfer the right for twenty-five pounds to Brabazen Aylmer, a bookseller, and Aylmer sold to Jacob Tonson half of it, August 17, 1683, and the other half March 24, 1690, at a price considerably advanced.

The sale, Johnson says, will justify the public: the call for books in Milton's age was not great. The nation had been satisfied from 1623 to 1664 with only two editions of the works of Shakespeare, which probably together did not make a thousand copies.[19] The sale of thirteen hundred copies in two years was an uncommon example of the prevalence of genius. Yet the demand did not immediately increase, for in eleven years only three thousand were sold: but the reputation and price of the copy still advanced; 'till the revolution put an end to the secrecy of love, and Paradise Lost broke into open view with sufficient security of kind reception.'

Though the poem of Milton was above[20] the age

109. Concerning the plagiarisms of Callender (who published the first book of Milton, 1750) from the Commentary of Patrick Hume, 1695, see Blackwood's Mag. No. xxiv. p. 659.

[19] Johnson, however, should have remembered that large impressions of Shakespeare's Plays were always attainable, in a separate and more commodious form, in 4to.

[20] The poets, contemporary with Milton, were Waller, Suckling, Crashaw, Denham, Lovelace, Cowley, Brome, Sherborne, Fanshaw, Davenant, besides those of inferior note. "Never any poet left a greater reputation behind him, than Mr. Cowley, while Milton remained obscure, and known but to few, but your grace knows very well that the *great reputation of Cowley did not continue half a century*, and that Milton's is now on the pinnacle of the temple of fame." Dennis's Letters Familiar, &c. p. 207.

on which it was bestowed (for such greatness of invention, such harmony of numbers, and such majesty of style had not then been seen united); yet admirers among men of learning and genius it undoubtedly had. Andrew Marvell and Barrow, the physician,[21] wrote some manly and spirited verses in its praise. Dryden's lines of commendation are known to all;[22] and praise in other books by authors of lower fame, has been discovered by the diligence of the commentators. In 1688,[23] the handsome folio edition was published under the patronage of Lord Somers, and with the assistance of Atterbury[24] and Dryden; in 1682, it was translated into Dutch, and into Latin in 1685, and ten years after, it appeared with a very curious and learned commentary by Patrick Hume. I shall here take the opportunity of men-

[21] The following couplet in Marvell has wonderfully puzzled the commentators:

> 'I too transported by the mode offend,
> And while I meant to praise thee, must commend.'

See Lofft's Milton, p. xlvi. lii. where 'most commend,' 'miscommend,' 'but commend,' are offered; whereas the sense is perfectly clear. 'While I meant to praise thee, must commend; i. e. must, for *the sake of the rhyme*, use the word 'commend,' instead of 'praise,' which is the word I should *otherwise have used*. Even Bentley, in a MS. note in my copy, has erased 'must' and written 'most.'

[22] Dryden owned to Dennis, 'that when he adapted his state of innocence from Milton, he knew not half the extent of Milton's excellence.' v. *Dennis's Letters, Moral and Critical*, 1721, p. 75.

[23] See Todd's Life, p. 198-202, there were five hundred and thirty subscribers. See a list of the most eminent of them in Lofft's Milton, p. xlix.

[24] Atterbury said, 'that *he* prepared the edition of Milton, usually called Lord Somers's—from a MS. note of his in an edition of Milton out of the library of Warburton.' v. *Atterbury's Works*, iv. p. 164.

tioning the volumes published by Lauder, 'Auctorum Miltono facem prælucentium;' and of remarking (after having perused the poems which they contain) that little doubt can be entertained, but that Milton was acquainted with the Adamus Exsul of Grotius, and probably with the poetry of Ramsay and Masenius. Those who are curious on the subject may compare the poems of Ramsay with the description of the creation in the seventh book, and the drama of Grotius with the temptation in the ninth; and, if familiar with the language of Milton, they will find some resemblances; but the charge of plagiarism was unjust, and indeed absurd. Milton's immense reading extended over the whole field of literature, and in every direction; and it required all his learning, collected by painful study during the best years of his life, long deposited in his memory, and remoulded by his genius, to build up his immortal poem. Where is there an extensive work of established reputation to be found, that is not evidently the result of long study, and assiduous labours? Let us consider that his materials were a few verses in Genesis, and that the rest is created by his own imagination, supplied 'by industrious and select reading.' Thus the tributary stores from poets of every age and country were poured into his mind; and they were always returned with augmented beauty and lustre.[25] We may

[25] Natalis Donadæi Poema Heroicum de Bello Christi. Messanæ 1614. Ven. 1616. Hoc vidit procul dubio in Italia Miltonus, nihil ex poesi sumturus, at aliquid ex argumento, præsertim libri secundi in poema magnum ubi loquitur Satanas, sequentium in alterum.' v. W. S. Landori Poemata, p. 199. There is a Latin translation of a Tragedy of Beza's, by T. Iacomotus, called 'Abram from Morea, or

say of him, as a Roman critic said of Virgil; 'et judicio transferendi et modo imitandi consecutus est, ut quod apud illum legerimus alienum, aut illius esse malimus, aut melius hic quam ubi natum est, sonare miremur.'[26]

An anecdote had long been current, which originally came from Richardson, that Sir John Denham came into the House of Commons with a sheet of Paradise Lost, wet from the press, in his hand, and being asked what it was, replied, 'Part of the noblest poem that was ever written in any age or language.'[27] Such is the facility with which anecdotes that amuse or surprise, pass current from mouth to mouth, that they need but a slender foundation to ensure belief. On examination, it was discovered that Denham was never in Parliament; and consequently the whole story is an ingenious fiction. I shall conclude my remarks on the publication of the poem, by mentioning that in an original edition, belonging to some gentleman who communicated the fact to the public, some rhyming lines were written apparently by a female hand, with these words at

Isaac Redeemed,' A. D. 1597, which Milton is supposed to have seen. v. *Hollis's Memoirs*, p. 528.

[26] v. Macrobii Saturn. lib. vi. c. 1.

[27] I possess a curious book, called a New Version of Paradise Lost, or Milton paraphrased, in which the measure and versification are corrected and harmonized, the obscurities elucidated, and the faults removed, by a gentleman of Oxford (Mr. Green), in 1706. It is one of the most ludicrously absurd books that I ever read. He says that he has introduced a novelty in this version, by *bracing those lines that read best together, in imitation of the triplets in rhyme.* His notes are not less curious than the text. My copy belonged to some person as eccentric as the author, as appears by his MSS. notes in the margin. He has had the book lettered—"Milton travestied surely."

the conclusion, dictated by J. M. Mr. Todd withholds his decision as to their authenticity, chiefly on account of the rhyme; but Doctor Symmons, a less cautious critic, has no doubt of their being the production of Milton. The subject is 'Daybreak,' and a short extract will be sufficient to enable the admirers of Milton to form their opinion.

'Whose pale-faced Regent, Cynthia, paler grows,
To see herself pursued by conquering foes,
Yet daring stays behind to guard the rear
Of her black armies, whither without fear
They may retreat, till her alternate course
Bring her about again with rallied force.
Hark! how the Lion's terror loud proclaims
The gladsome tidings of day's gentle beams,
And, long kept silence, breaking, rudely wakes
The feather'd train, which soon their concert makes,' &c.[27]

Three years after Paradise Lost was given to the world, Milton published the History of England,[28] comprising the fable of Geoffrey of Monmouth, continued only as far as the Norman invasion. The first copies were mutilated by the licenser, who expunged all the passages that reflected on the conduct of the long parliament, and

[27] See Todd's Life, first ed. p. 91, for some lines called Lavinia walking in a frosty morning, p. 104; for a sonnet written at Chalfont, which the critics are willing to attribute to Milton. The epigram in Fenton's collection must have come from a very different inkstand. (Extempore on a Faggot, p. 286.)

[28] Milton, in his History of England, seems to have used Spenser's Chronicle of the British Kings, as a kind of clue to direct him through so dark and perplexed a subject. He plainly copies Spenser's order and disposition, whom he quotes; and almost transcribes from him the story of Lear, of much however as the difference between prose and verse will admit. Milton's history is an admirable comment on this part of Spenser, which is taken from the first part of Hardyng's Chronicle. v. *Warton on Spenser*, ii. p. 242.

of the new church government. Toland has egregiously misrepresented the facts connected with this suppression. He called it an exposure of the superstition, pride, and cunning of the Popish monks in the Saxon times, and stated that it was suppressed by the licensers, because they thought what was said of the monks was meant to apply to Charles the Second's bishops, though it related solely to the republican assembly of divines; but, as the Bishop of Salisbury[29] observes, Toland 'very ill digested such an account of the liberty and religion of his favourite republic.' Milton gave a copy of these remarks to the Earl of Anglesea, which were published in 1661, with a preface, and have since been inserted in their proper place. The six books which Milton executed appeared in 1670, of the passages then suppressed, but since 1738 always accompanying the History, it appears that some learned persons have doubted the authenticity.[30] This work has received, as is well known, the praise of Warburton, who said 'It is written with great simplicity, contrary to his custom in his prose writings, and is the better for it. But he sometimes rises into a surprising grandeur in the sentiments and expressions, as at the conclusion of the second book; I never saw any thing equal to this, but the conclusion of Sir

[29] See 'Protestant Union,' by T. Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury, p. xlii. Richardson says, 'the castrated part was a sort of digression, and was expunged to avoid giving offence to a party quite subdued, and whose faults the government was then willing to have forgotten.' See Life, p. xlvi. Mr. Hollis's biographer (Archd. Blackburne) is as unwilling as Toland to admit this passage in its real sense; and most absurdly turns it against the *Popish* clergy, v. *Mem.* p. 494.

[30] See Todd's Life of Milton, p. 210; and Dibdin's Library Companion, p. 201 (1824).

Walter Raleigh's History of the World.'[31] The third book opens with a comparison drawn between the unsettled state of the Britons, after the desertion of the Romans, and the condition of the country under Cromwell and the Presbyterian government. The parallel is forced into its place by the indignation of the writer; and severely has he chastised the hypocrisy, the selfishness, the rapacity, the ignorance of the leaders, and the injustice and weakness of the government. He follows up his first blow at the 'statists,' by an equally powerful attack on the unprincipled greediness and baseness of the Presbyterian clergy, 'who execute their places like children of the devil, unfaithfully, unjustly, unmercifully, and where not corruptly, stupidly.' The whole passage is written with eloquence,—facit indignatio versum. In one part, he evidently alludes to himself,—'They who were ever faithfullest to their cause, and freely aided them in person and with their substance, when they durst not compel either, slighted and bereaved after their just debts, by greedy sequestrations, were tossed up and down after miserable attendance from one committee to another, with petitions in their hands, yet either missed the obtaining of their suit, or though it were at length granted (more shame and reason ofttimes extorting from them at least a show of justice), yet, by their sequestrators and subcommittees abroad, men for the most part of insatiable bounds and noted disloyalty, these orders were commonly disobeyed,' &c. This is part of the passage that was suppressed by the licenser in 1670, and was first separately printed in 1681.

In 1671, Milton published Paradise Regained

[31] See Birch's Life, p. lxviii.

and Samson Agonistes.[32] The former poem he showed to his friend Elwood. 'This,' said he, 'is owing to you, for you put it into my head, by the questions you put to me at Chalfont, which otherwise, I had not thought of.' When it was accounted inferior to the Paradise Lost, Philips says, 'he could not hear with patience any such thing when related to him.' It appears to me, that these poems are so dissimilar in their structure and purpose, that no comparison can be usefully or justly instituted between them. That the Paradise Lost excels in variety of invention, in splendour of imagery, in magnificent thoughts and delineations, and in grandeur and sublimity of description, no doubt can be entertained; but the latter poem is finished with equal care, and as perfect in another style. The reasoning clear, the argument close and weighty, the expression most select and chosen, the versification harmonious, differing in structure from that of the former poem, but admirably in unison with the subject. The language, as in the poetry of Lucretius, always moves closely with the argument, and waits attentively upon it; plain and simple, where plain sense and simple sentiments only were required; while there are not wanting passages that, rising into the greatest beauty, and adorned with the richest fancy, it would be difficult to surpass even in Paradise Lost. There is a severe and noble beauty in the structure and expression of the dialogue, that has always appeared to me to have imbibed the spirit of the Grecian stage, as felt in the most perfect and finished of its productions; where the boldest conceptions, and the most re-

[32] Langbaine observes, that Dryden has transferred several thoughts from Samson Agonistes to his Aurengzebe, see Dram. Poets, p. 157. 376.

fined beauties, are all seen in strict harmony with the progressive developement of the plan, all contributing to the necessary uniformity of impression, and all obedient to the control of the poetic mind that created them. That the name of this poem should differ so widely from its argument, and that Paradise should be regained by the temptation in the wilderness alone, I do not know, except from the peculiarity of Milton's religious opinions, how satisfactorily to explain.[33] It is supposed that it was written while he was at Chalfont, though not published till five years after. Of the Samson Agonistes it must be observed, that the plot is not skilfully arranged, and that many of the lyrical measures are totally destitute of any intelligible rhythm, but it must ever be considered as one of the noblest dramas in our language. Its moral sentiment, its pathetic feeling, its noble and dignified thoughts, its wise and weighty maxims, its severe religious contemplations clothed in rich and select language, and adorned with metaphor and figure, give a surprising elevation to the whole. Warburton considered it as a perfect piece, and as an imitation of the antients, having, as it were, a certain gloominess intermixed with the sublime (the subject not very different, the fall of two heroes by a woman) which shows more serenely in his Paradise Lost.' It is creditable to the taste and judgment of Pope, that he did not adopt Atterbury's suggestion of reviewing and polishing this piece. Samson would have been twice shorn of

[33] See Niceron Mém. des Hommes Ill. tom. x. p. ii. p. 110. It was the doctrine of Peter Lombard, and the old divines, that the *immediate* consequence of Christ's victory over the temptation in the wilderness, was the diminution of the spiritual power, and the previously allowed dominion of Satan on the earth.

his locks, and sunk into a modern son of Israel; and Pope would have failed on the same ground, where his Master Dryden had fallen before him.

To that multiplicity of attainments, and extent of comprehension (says Johnson), that entitled this great author to our veneration, may be added a kind of humble dignity which did not disdain the meanest service in literature. The epic poet, the controvertist, the politician having already descended to accommodate children with a book of rudiments, now in the last year of his life, composed a book of logic for the instruction of students in philosophy: and published 'Artis Logicæ plenior institutio ad Petri Rami Methodum Concinnata,' of this book there was a second edition called for in the following year: it has never been translated, and is the only production of Milton, that I confess I have never had the leisure or the curiosity to read.

In 1673 his 'Treatise of true Religion, Heresie, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery,' was published. His principle of toleration is agreement in the sufficiency of scripture: and he extends it to all who profess to derive their opinions from the sacred writings. The Papists appealing to other testimonies are not to be tolerated, for though they plead conscience, 'we have no warrant, he says, to regard conscience, which is not founded on scripture.' He considers a diligent perusal of the Bible as the best preservative against the error of the Popish church, and he warns men of all professions, the countryman, the tradesman, the lawyer, the physician, the statesman not to excuse themselves by their much business from the studious reading of the Bible. The object of Milton in this treatise was to form a

'general Protestant union' against the church of Rome, which he calls the 'common adversary,' not by any compromise of the peculiar tenets of the Protestant sects, but by a liberal, and comprehensive toleration grounded on the principle of making the Bible the rule of faith. 'Error, he says, is not heresy,' and he determines nothing to be heresy, but a wilful alienation from, or addition to the scriptures. God, he says, will assuredly pardon all sincere inquiries after truth, though mistaken in some points of doctrine; and speaking of the founders, or reviewers of such opinions in past times, he adds, that God having made no man infallible, hath pardoned their involuntary errors. Such, in the closing evening of his life, were the last thoughts of a pious, a learned, and a powerful mind, on a question connected with the preservation of true religion; a century and a half has closed, since this work was written against the 'worst of superstitions, and the heaviest of God's judgments, Popery,' and it has lately been republished by a most eminent and learned Prelate, to exhibit the solidity of its arguments, and to prove the unimpeachable piety of the author.

In 1673, the same year in which the above named treatise appeared, Milton reprinted his juvenile poems, with additions, and some few corrections, accompanied with the Tractate on Education. That his Latin poems were not received with greater applause by the foreign scholars, has always been matter of astonishment to me. If some mistakes in quantity shocked the learning of Salmasius, or offended the taste of Heinsius,[34]

[34] T. Warton says that N. Heinsius had no taste in poetry. I differ decidedly from this opinion, from an intimate acquaintance with his works. I affirm that there never was

we must recollect that they are but few and unimportant, while they are well compensated by a vigour of expression, a beauty of allusion, a fertility of imagery, and a truly poetical conception. Though Milton has formed his taste on the best models, and drawn his language from the purest sources, his poems are not faded transcripts, or slavish imitations of the ancients.[35] I know not where the scholars of the continent could have gone for more beautiful specimens of modern poetry than his First Elegy, and the Address to his Father; and has Lucretius himself ever clothed the bare and meagre form of metaphysical speculations in a robe of greater brilliancy, or adorned it with more dazzling jewels of poetry than in the following lines? who, that reads the argument, could have anticipated the change it underwent as it passed through the poet's mind.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT.

Dicite, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
Tuque, o noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,

---

a commentator on the *Latin poets* of finer taste or happier skill. Bentley over and over again calls him 'elegantissimus.' 'Solertissimo ingenio—et critica et poetica laude nobilis.' Burman Pierson (that admirable scholar), Wakefield, and others bear the strongest testimony to his taste and skill. De Puy says, 'Heinsius delicatulas veneres, et lepores cum singulari virtute et doctrina conjunxit.' v. Puteani Vitam, p. 140, 4to. His Latin poems are elegant and correct, but very inferior to Milton's in fertility of invention, and poetical feeling.

[35] The poets of Great Britain who have excelled in the composition of Latin verse might be thus arranged: Buchanan, Milton, T. May, Gray; and in the second order, Addison, V. Bourne, and Anstey. Cowley possessed a facility of versification, but his poetry is neither classical in its conception, nor correct in its execution.

Cœlique fastos, atque ephemeridas deùm,
Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
* * * * *
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimumve terris incolit lunæ globum ;
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas ;
Sive in remota forte terrarum plaga
Incedit, ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et iis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
Atlante major portitore siderum.

In 1674, the last year of his laborious and honourable life, he published his familiar letters in Latin; to which he added some clever and pleasing academical exercises: and his long and splendid list of contributions to literature ended with a translation of the Latin declaration of the Poles in favour of John the Third. Some doubts, however, have been entertained as to this translation having proceeded from the pen of Milton; but as they turn entirely on the internal evidence of the style, they can admit of no perfect solution.[36]

Milton had long been a sufferer by the gout, which had now, with the advance of age, greatly enfeebled his constitution. Considering that his life was about to close,[37] he informed his brother

[36] Milton left in MS. a brief History of Moscovia, and of the other less known countries, lying eastward of Russia as far as Cathay, printed in 1688. On his tract concerning the militia, 1642, 4to. unnoticed by the biographers, see Todd's Life, (first ed.) p. 127. In a collection of poems by C. Gildon, 1692, 12mo, p. 92, is Julii Mazarini Cardinalis epitaphium, auctore Joanne Milton. v. State Poems, i. 56. Mr. Godwin, in his Life of Philips, p. 190, has mentioned a poem attributed to Milton, in State Poems. 1697, in which is—' Noah be d—d.'

[37] 'He would be very cheerful even in his goute fitts, and sing: He died of the goute struck in, the 9 or 10 November, 1674, as appears by his "Apothecaries' books."' *Aubrey, Lett.* iii. 449.

Christopher that he wished to dictate to him the distribution of his property. He died by a quiet and silent expiration, on Sunday the 8th of November,[38] at his house in Bunhill Fields, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He was buried next his father in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate, attended, as Toland informs us, 'by all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar.'

The original stone laid upon the grave of Milton was removed not many years after his interment; and no memorial of the Poet's fame existed in the church in which he was buried,[39] till by Mr. Whitbread's munificence, a marble bust, and tablet, recording the date of his birth and death were erected in the middle aisle. To the author of Paradise Lost a similar tribute of respect was paid in 1737, by Mr. Auditor Benson; and his monument, adorned with a bust, was placed at the expense of that gentleman in Westminster Abbey.

Thus was Milton's wish, though late, fulfilled:

> 'Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
> Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
> Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus.'
>
> *Mansus*, ver. 90.

When the inscription, written by Atterbury, to the memory of John Philips, was exhibited to Dr. Spratt, then Dean of Westminster, he refused to admit it, because the Poet was said to be 'soli Miltono secundus.' This anecdote was related to Johnson by Dr. Gregory. Such has been the change of opinion, he added, that I have seen

[38] Johnson says, about the 10th of November, and Mr. Hayley on the 15th; but Mr. Todd has ascertained the exact date from a reference to the register of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

[39] On the disinterment of the *supposed* coffin and corpse of Milton in August, 1790, see the Pamphlet of P. Neve, Esq. and Todd's Life, p. 139.

erected in the church the statue of that man, whose name I once knew considered as a pollution of its walls.

Milton, in his youth, is said to have been eminently handsome. He was called the Lady of his college.[40] His complexion was fresh and fair.[41] His hair, which was of a light brown, was parted in front, and hung down upon his shoulders. He was of a moderate stature, or rather below the middle size. His eyes were of a grayish colour; and when he was totally deprived of sight, he says that they did not betray the loss. His voice

[40] Salmasius says 'Tu quem olim Itali pro *fœminâ* habuerunt.' Salmas. Resp. p. 23, in his Prolusiones Acad. p. 132, he says of himself, 'A quibusdam audivi, nuper *domina*,' &c.

[41] On the portraits of Milton consult Todd's Life (second ed.), p. 235—240.; to which I add, that I once saw a portrait of Milton at Lord Braybrooke's, Audley-End, in the gallery (with a beard); that I also saw one of him, when young, at Lord Townshend's at Rainham, but many years (such years!!) have passed, and I cannot recollect any particulars. Charles Lamb, Esq. possesses an original portrait, left by his brother, and accidentally bought in London. Could a portrait of Milton be in worthier hands?—Consult also T. Warton's Milton, p. 331. As regards his portrait by W. Marshall, prefixed to his Poems (and which Salmasius did not dislike), he says, in his Defensio contra Morum, 'Tu effigiem mihi dissimilimam præfixam Poematibus vidisti. Ego vero si impulsu et ambitione librarii, me imperito Sculptori, propterea quod in urbe alius eo tempore belli non erat, in fabri scalpendum permisi, id me neglexisse potius eam rem arguebat, cujus tu mihi nimium cultum objicis.' v. Prose Works, v. p. 303; but Morus had drawn a different conclusion. 'An deformitatem tibi vitio verterem, qui *bellum* etiam credidi maxime, postquam, tuis *præfixam Poematibus comptulam iconem* illam vidi?' Salmasius reproaches him with the loss of his beauty. 'Malo isto magnam partem tuæ pulchritudinis deperiisse, pro eo ac debeo, doleo: nam in oculis maxime viget ac valet formædecus, quid Itali nunc dicerent, si te viderent cum ista tua fæda lippitudine.' Salmas. Resp. p. 15. I have heard that an original portrait of Milton (about thirty years of age) has been discovered by Mr. R. Lemon of the State Paper Office.

and ear were musical. He was vigorous and active, delighting in the exercise of the sword. Of his figure in his declining days, the following sketch has been left by Richardson.—An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire, Dr. Wright, found John Milton in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. He used also to sit in a gray coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air. And so, as well as in his room, he received the visits of people of distinguished parts, as well as quality.[42]

His domestic habits were those of a severe and temperate student. He drank little wine, and fed without any luxurious delicacy of choice. In his youth, he studied till midnight; but warned by the early decay of sight, and his disordered health, he afterwards changed his hours, and rested in bed[43] from nine till four in summer, and five in the winter months. If at these hours he was not disposed to rise, he had a person by his bedside to read to him.[44] When he had risen, he had a chapter in the Hebrew Bible read to him, and then studied till twelve. He then took some exercise for an hour in his garden, dined,

[42] Richardson's Life of Milton, 1734, p. iv.

[43] The bed on which Milton died was given by Mr. Hollis to Akenside the poet, who was delighted with the present. See Hollis's Memoirs, p. 112.

[44] Milton had taught his two younger daughters to pronounce exactly the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French, without understanding the meaning of the languages. This at length became so irksome, that, on their expressing their uneasiness, they were sent out to learn embroidery, &c. Elwood, Ed. Philips, and Skinner read to him. He used to say, in his daughters' hearing, that one tongue was enough for a woman. v. Philips' Life, p. 42.

played on the organ, and either sang himself, or made his wife sing, who had a good voice, though not a musical ear. He then again studied till six; entertained his visitors[45] till eight; and supped upon olives, or some light thing,[46] and after a pipe of tobacco, and a glass of water, went to bed. That Milton and his wife used to dine in the kitchen, as appears in the affidavit of their maidservant, Mary Fisher, I suppose might be owing to the homely and simple custom of the times among plain people, and cannot be adduced as a mark of poverty or meanness.

He composed much in the night and morning, and dictated in the day, sitting obliquely in an elbow chair, with his leg thrown over the arm. Fortune, as Johnson observes, appears not to have had much of his care. He lost, by different casualties, about four thousand pounds: yet his wants were so few, and his habits of life so unexpensive, that he was never reduced to indigence. He sold his library before his death,[47] and left his

[45] 'He was visited by the learned, much more than he did desire.' v. Aubrey Lett. iii. p. 443. 'Foreigners came much to see him, and admired him, and offered to him great preferments to come over to them; and the only inducement of several foreigners that came over, was to see O. Protector and Mr. J. Milton: and would see the *house* and chamber where he was born. He was much more admired abroad than at home.'

[46] It was when he was infirm and sick, that he addressed his wife, as Mary Fisher tells us she overheard, 'Who having provided something for deceased's dinner which he very well liked, he spake to his said wife, these or the like words, as near as this deponent can remember. "God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit while I live; and when I die, thou knowest I have left thee all."' Milton had two servant-maids, Mary and Elizabeth Fisher. See his Will. His man-servant was B. Green. See Milton's Agreement in the Appendix.

[47] He is said to have borrowed fifty pounds of Jonathan

widow about fifteen hundred pounds. Fenton says, 'Though he abode in the heritage of oppressors, and the spoils of the country lay at his feet, neither his conscience, nor his honour could stoop to gather them.'

It has been agreed by all, that he was of an equal and cheerful temper, and pleasing and instructive in conversation. His daughter said, 'her father was delightful company, the life of the conversation; and *that*, on account of a flow of subject, and an unaffected cheerfulness and civility.' Richardson says, 'that Milton had a gravity in his temper, not melancholy, or not till the latter part of his life; not sour, nor morose, or ill natured, but a certain serenity of mind, a mind not condescending to little things:' and Aubrey adds, 'that he was satirical.'

His literature was unquestionably immense; his adversaries admitted that he was the most able and acute scholar living. With the Hebrew, and its two dialects, he was well acquainted, in the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish languages, he was eminently skilled. In Latin, his knowledge was such, as to place him in the first rank of writers and critics. His Italian sonnets have been praised even by Italians. He himself relates that his round of study and

Hartop of Aldborough in Yorkshire, who died in 1791, at the age of 138. He returned the loan with honour, though not without much difficulty, as his circumstances were very low. Mr. Hartop would have declined receiving it, but the pride of the Poet was equal to his genius, and he sent the money with an angry letter, which was found among the curious possessions of the venerable old man.' See Easton's Human Longevity, p. 241. Toland says, 'towards the latter part of his time he *contracted* his library, both because the heirs he left could not make a right use of it, and that he thought he might sell it more to their advantage than they could be able to do themselves.' v. Life, 142.

reading was ceaseless; and that his life had not been unexpensive in learning and voyaging about. The classical books, in which he most delighted, were Homer, whose two poems, Toland says, he could almost repeat without book, Ovid's * Metamorphoses, and Euripides; his copy of the latter poet, with some critical observations in the margin, is now, I believe, in the possession of Sir Henry Halford.† Lord Charlemont possessed his Lycophron, in which some critical remarks were made. As a further proof of the diligence and exactness with which he read books of not common occurrence, I shall mention, that I have seen a copy of the Sonnetti of Varchi that belonged to him, in which the most curious expressions, and the more poetical passages were underlined, and marked with extraordinary care. He is said to have read Plautus repeatedly, in order 'to rail with more choice phrase at Salmasius.' Plato and Demosthenes are supposed to have been his favourite authors in Greek prose; and among the Roman historians, he has decreed to Sallust[48] the palm of superiority. His skill in Rabbinical literature, in which he has not been followed by his commentators, was unusually great. Of the English poets, it is said he set most value on Spenser, Shakespeare, and Cowley.

* Deborah, his daughter, informed Dr. Ward, that 'Isaiah, Homer, and Ovid, were works which they were often called to read to their father.' In his Prolusiones, p. 81, he calls 'Ovidius poetarum elegantissimus.'

† T. Warton has traced this book from its possessor, Bishop Hare, in 1740, to Mr. Cradock, who bequeathed it to Sir Henry Halford. See his Milton, p. 569. See some letters concerning it in Cradock's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 137—140.

[48] See his Latin Letters (ed. 1674), p. 53.

Spenser[49] was apparently his favourite. Johnson seems surprised at his approbation of Cowley, a poet whose ideas of exellence are so different from his own; these are facts for which it is difficult to account; Scaliger preferred Statius to Virgil; and who would have supposed that Rubens could have said, if he were not Rubens, he would wish to be Poëlemberg.

That Milton read the works of those dramatic poets who were the contemporaries or successors of Shakespeare, is evident, from his having transplanted some of their beautiful expressions into his works: and he mentions in his Apology for Smectymnus, that he was much enamoured of romances in his youth. His character of Dryden was, that he was a good rhymist, but no poet; for we may well suppose that the charms of Dryden's poetry possessed few attractions for his mind. There was nothing in it lofty or imaginative enough for one, who had been used to delight in richer creations of fancy, to listen to wilder melodies, to gaze upon more magnificent visions, and to repose amid the bowers of paradise. In Dryden's pages of satire, and in his pictures of society, there were no visionary shadows, no gorgeous colours brought from fairy land, no harps or hallelujahs of adoring saints, no swellings of unearthly music, no purpureal gleams of passing wings, none of the glories of romance, and none of the terrors of the Apocalypse.

The political opinions of Milton were those of

[49] 'Milton acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original,' v. Dryden's Pref. to his Fables, p. xx. and Ded. to Juvenal, p. 126. Pearce says, 'that he could point out to Bentley, "a hundred words (I believe) in Milton to be met with in no author before him."' v. p. 198.

a thorough republican, which Johnson thinks was founded on an envious hatred of greatness, and a sullen desire of independence. This conclusion is so uncharitable and unjust, that it must recoil with injury on him who made it. No one can read Milton's writings, or contemplate his life, without being persuaded that his first desire was the freedom, and through that, the happiness of his country. Other great and good men were republicans as well as Milton; and who amid the difficulties of those evil days, was to direct his line of conduct so clearly as to say, that no other course could be pursued with innocence and safety? I am not called upon to express an opinion as to the justice of the cause which he espoused, but I am bound to vindicate his character from the charge of being influenced in his great patriotic exertions by any feelings but those of a good and elevated nature. Men of most enlightened minds, of most inflexible virtue, of the most devoted attachment to their country were seen opposed to each other in the senate and the field. There was a great and complicated question before them, the dangers and difficulties of which thickened as it advanced: good and brave men looked on it in different shades of sorrow or of hope, according to their tempers or habits of thought; and that which Milton contemplated as the bright dawning of a more glorious day, came lowering with such clouds and darkness, as to sink the virtuous heart of Falkland even to despair.

Harrington[50] had observed, 'that the troubles of the times were not to be attributed wholly to wilfulness or faction, neither to the misgovern-

[50] See Burnet's Introd. to Milton's Prose Works, i. p. 9.

ment of the prince, nor the stubbornness of the people, but to a change in the balance of property, which since Henry the Seventh's time had been daily falling into the scale of the commons, from that of the king, and the lords;' thus, as a sensible and temperate writer observes, the opulence and independence of the commons tended to produce a popular government, and the introduction of mercenary armies to aggrandize the crown. Hence the contest between the king and the people, the one to extend his prerogative, the other to augment their privileges. The petition of rights collected the grievances of the nation into one view, and stated the acknowledged limits of the prerogative, and the undisputed rights of the people." Putting aside all favorite and partial views, and looking at the question with an equal indifference, it may be said, that *all* must have seen the necessity of amending the *manner* in which the government was conducted, what wonder if some objected even to the *form?* The dispute in fact, as Dr. Balguy observes, was a conflict between governors who ruled by will, not by law; and subjects who would not suffer the law itself to control their actions. Milton might have despaired (for he had no example at home before him) of seeing that limited and legal monarchy, which we never possessed till the reign of the Stuarts had passed away: and which for the first time erected the safety of the throne, on the secured liberty of the subject, and the inviolable sanctity of the laws. Periods like the one we are contemplating, occasionally recurring, and long and secretly prepared, produce, when they arrive, great ferment and desire of change in the minds of men: nor must we too severely

blame those who in the ardour of hope aspire to a perfection that human institutions have never reached, and who, disgusted with the real abuses of the past, would turn to the imaginary advantages of the future. Milton wished for a republic, best securing, as he thought, the liberty and happiness of the people; great then was his indignation, when he saw the presbyterian synod throw away surplice and cope, and yet put on all but the old episcopal robes; and the man of 'little less than divine virtue,' the father of his country, the leader of her armies, the most glorious of her citizens, the founder and protector of her liberty; him who had despised the name of king for majesty, yet more majestic;* whom God manifestly favoured, that he was in all things his helper! when he saw this bold imperious usurper put off the Puritan's cloak, lay down his battered breastplate, and 'stepping on the neck of crowned fortune, take possession of the empty throne. He hated popery, as it was slavish, ignorant, antichristian, and idolatrous: deep therefore was his sorrow, when he spoke of the dissoluteness of a returning court, of a queen in most likelihood outlandish and a Papist, and a queen mother with their sumptuous court, and numerous train. In disappointment and disgust he turned away from sights like these, to contemplate the example of the United Provinces, which he calls a potent and flourishing republic!

The biographers of Milton, when speaking of his family, have mentioned his brother Christopher, and his sister Anne. It appears by a more diligent inquiry, that the names of two

* Such are the expressions used relating to Cromwell, and the titles given to him by Milton, in the second defence, &c.

other sisters, Tabitha and Sarah, are mentioned in the baptismal register, and the death of Sarah only is recorded. Christopher was a royalist, and after his brother's death became a judge. In the rebellion he compounded for his estate, the fine levied upon him being two hundred pounds. He long resided at Ipswich, and in a neighbouring village, and was buried in the porch of St. Nicholas, in March, 1692. He was knighted by James the Second. Philips says of him that he was a person of a modest and quiet temper, preferring justice and virtue before all worldly pleasure and grandeur, but that in the beginning of the reign of James the Second, for his known integrity and ability in law, he was by some persons of quality recommended to the king, and at a call of serjeants received the coif, and the same day was sworn one of the Barons of the exchequer: and soon after made one of the judges of the Common Pleas: but his years and indisposition not well brooking the fatigue of public employment, he continued not long in either of these stations, but having his 'Quietus est' retired to a country life, his study and devotion. This is the person whom Dr. Symmons calls an 'old dotard.' Toland's account of him certainly is less favourable, he says, "that he was of a very superstitious nature, and a man of no parts or ability, and that James, wanting a set of judges that could declare his will to be superior to our legal constitution, appointed him one of the Barons of exchequer." His sister Anne was married first to a Mr. Philips, and after his death to a Mr. Agar; by her first husband she had two sons, Edward and John, whom Milton educated, who were persons of cleverness and learning: and both of whom were authors. Edward's af-

fection and respect for his uncle is displayed in every page of his biography. Milton had children only by his first wife; and three daughters, Anne, Mary, and Deborah were the fruits of his marriage.* Anne, though deformed, married, and died in childbed. Mary died single. Deborah, the youngest, married Abraham Clark, a weaver, in Spitalfields, and lived seventy-six years to August, 1727. This is the daughter of whom public mention is made. She could repeat the first lines of Homer, of the Metamorphoses, and some of Euripides from having often heard them. To her Addison made a present, and queen Caroline sent her a purse of fifty guineas. She is reported to have been the favourite of her father; though in consequence of a disagreement with her stepmother, three or four years before Milton's death, she left his house and went to reside with a lady named Merian in Ireland. On being shown a portrait which strongly resembled Milton, she exclaimed with transport, 'Tis my father! 'tis my dear father![51] When she was introduced to Addison, he said, 'Madam, you need no other voucher, your face is a sufficient testimonial whose daughter you are.'[52] She appeared to be

* Dr. Birch transcribed the registry of the birth of Milton's children from his own writing, in a blank leaf of his wife's Bible; his son John was born on Saturday, March 16, 1650. His three daughters each received £100 as their fortune, from their stepmother Elizabeth, and the three receipts bearing their three signatures were sold among the books and manuscripts of James Boswell, Esq. in 1825, see also Mr. Todd's Life, (first ed.) p. 186, note.

[51] It was when Faithorne's crayon-drawing was shown to her by Vertue the engraver, that she cried out, 'Oh Lord! that is the picture of my father! how came you by it?' and stroking down the hair of her forehead, she said, 'just so my father wore his hair.' v. Todd's Milton, (second ed.) p. 237.

[52] See Birch's Life, p. lxxvi, and see a letter from Vertue

a woman of good sense, and genteel behaviour, and to bear the inconveniences of a low fortune with decency and prudence. Milton says, in his will, that he spent the greatest part of his estate in providing for his children in his life time; I presume that he speaks of the expense of their education, and their maintenance on a separate establishment, while learning curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture,[53] and embroidering in gold and silver. The story of their surreptitiously selling their father's books during his life, rests on the testimony of a maid servant alone, whom the biographers are disinclined to believe; but that they were undutiful and unkind children, careless of him when blind, and deserting him in his age, we have unfortunately the authority of Milton himself.[54]

The last known survivor of the Poet's family was Elizabeth, the daughter of this Deborah Clark,[55] who married Thomas Foster, a weaver, in Spitalfields. She kept a small chandler's shop near Shoreditch Church. In 1750, April 5th,

the engraver, to Mr. Christian (Aug. 12, 1721), in Gent. Mag. May, 1831, p. 419.

[53] 'Anne Milton is lame, but hath a *trade*, and can live by the same, which is the making of gold and silver lace, and which the deceased bred her up to.' Eliz. Fisher's Deposition.

[54] See Todd's Life, p. 290. Philips's Life, p. lxvi. ed. Pickering. It appears that his daughters lived quite apart from their father the last four or five years of his life: and that he knew little about them, nor whether they frequented *church* or not. See Christopher Milton's Deposition, p. 274, ed. Todd.

[55] Caleb Clark, her son, was parish clerk of Madras. His children were the last descendants of the Poet, but of them nothing farther is known. Dr. Birch narrates the conversation he held with Mrs. Foster, who told him that Milton's second wife did not die in childbed, as Philips and Toland assert, but about three months after of a consumption. v. p. lxxvii.

Comus was played for her benefit. The profits of the night were only a hundred and thirty pounds.[56] Of this sum, says Johnson, twenty pounds were given by Tonson, a man who is to be praised as often as he is named; one hundred pounds were placed in the funds, the rest augmented their little stock, with which they removed to Islington. Johnson closes his Life of Milton by informing us that he had the honour of contributing the Prologue to the play. Mrs. Foster died, aged 66, in the year 1754.[57]

It only now remains to give a short account of a Treatise of Theology, bearing the name of Milton, lately discovered. Toland, in his Life of Milton, had informed us that he compiled a system of divinity, but whether intended for public view, or collected merely for his own use, he could not determine; and Aubrey affords further particulars, by mentioning that Milton's Idea Theologiæ was in manuscript in the hands of Mr. Skinner, a merchant's son in Mark Lane. Wood mentions Cyriack Skinner as the depository of this work, which he calls 'The Body of Divinity,' at that time, or at least lately in the hands of Milton's acquaintance Cyriack Skinner. It is well known that this treatise was discovered with

[56] The above account by Dr. Johnson is not quite correct. The receipts of the house were £147. 14s. 6d. from which £80 were deducted for expenses. Such is the statement of Mr. Is. Reed. Some accounts of circumstances that led the public attention towards Milton's grandaughter may be seen in Hollis's Mem. p. 116. An Advertisement of Johnson's first suggested some plan of relief.

[57] On Thursday last, May 9, 1754, died at Islington, in the 66th year of her age, after a long and painful illness, which she sustained with christian fortitude and patience, Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, grandaughter of Milton. This paragraph from a contemporary newspaper, is preserved in the Memoirs of T. Hollis, v. i. p. 114.

the name of Milton attached to it, by Mr. Lemon in the State Paper Office a few years since. It appears, that Mr. Daniel Skinner commenced a correspondence with the celebrated Elzevir the printer at Amsterdam, on the subject of the State Letters, and the Theological Treatise of Milton. Skinner was at that time fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the Letters, and of the first one hundred and ninety-six pages of the Treatise, he had been the copyist. He is supposed also to have been one of those whom Milton had daily about him to read to him. On inspection of the manuscript, Elzevir was alarmed at the freedom of the political and theological opinions advanced in it, and declined printing it. Skinner took away the manuscript, which had by this time attracted the attention of the government. Isaac Barrow, then master of Trin. Coll. sent a peremptory order to Skinner to repair immediately to college, and warned him against publishing any writing mischievous to the church and state. It is not known with exactness when Skinner returned to England, but he had an interview with Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary of state; and it is *supposed* that he delivered up the manuscripts to him. The remainder of the treatise is written in a female hand, the same which transcribed the sonnet,

Methought I saw my late espoused saint,

now among the manuscripts at Cambridge, and this scribe is supposed to have been his daughter Mary or Deborah. This part of the volume is interspersed with interlineations and connexions in a different and unknown hand. The whole treatise reposed on the shelves of the old State Paper Office in Whitehall till the year 1823, when

Mr. Lemon, the Deputy Keeper, discovered it, loosely wrapped up in two or three sheets of printed paper, which proved to be the proof sheets of Elzevir's Horace. The State Letters were in the same parcel, and the whole was inclosed in a cover directed to Mr. Skinner, Merchant.

The title of the work is 'De Doctrina Christiana,[58] ex sacris dumtaxat libris petita, disquisitionum libri duo posthumi;' but it is supposed to have been chosen after Milton's death, by those into whose possession the manuscript had passed. When it was discovered, it was placed in the hands of Dr. Sumner, then chaplain to his late majesty, by whom it was carefully edited; and who also gave to the public a very elegant and exact translation.

Milton, it seems, was dissatisfied with the bodies of divinity that were published, obscured by school terms and metaphysical notions, and 'he deemed it safest, and most advisable to compile for himself, by his own labour and study, some original treatise, which should be always at hand, derived solely from the work of God himself.' This work consists of two books, entitled 'Of the Knowledge of God, and of the Service of God.' The first book is divided into thirty-three chapters, embracing mention of all the important doctrines of religious faith. The second book, consisting of seventeen chapters, includes a summary of the Duties of Man; and the work opens with a dignified and impressive salutation. "John Milton, to all

[58] This treatise was written in Latin; he has expressed regret that his treatises on Divorce were not written in the same language; for Milton never courted public, or vulgar applause; his inscription on the tracts he gave to Trin. Coll. Dublin speaks his sentiments. 'Paucis hujus modi lectoribus contentus.'

the churches of Christ, and to all who profess the Christian faith, throughout the world, peace, and the recognition of the truth, and eternal salvation in God the Father, and in our Lord Jesus Christ."

This treatise has fully proved what had been partially and reluctantly suspected before, that Milton had, in his later years, adopted the opinions of Arianism ;[59] and a minute inspection of his other works has shown their agreement, in sentiment and expression with this lamented heresy. It is generally allowed that this treatise is barren of recondite learning,[60] or ingenious disquisition ; and that it abounds more in scholastic subtleties than might be expected from one who was constantly censuring them in others ; but that it is written in a tone of calmness and moderation, without any polemical fierceness, or personal hostility. Milton had sunk his animosities in the sanctity and importance of his subject ; he was now discussing matters of much higher moment than the downfall of a 'luxurious hierarchy,' or the structure of particular churches. He was 'teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue.'

Milton, says one of his latest biographers, commenced his wanderings in religious belief, from Puritanism to Calvinism, from Calvinism to an

[59] Is it not extraordinary that Dr. Symmons should assert that Milton's theological opinions were orthodox, and consistent with the creed of the church of England ? 'The peculiarity of Milton's religious opinions had reference to church government, and the externals of devotion.' v. Life, p. 589. Johnson asserts the same, but undoubtedly he had not read Milton's works with that scrutiny and care, which have enabled later editors to discover the truth. Mr. Todd's words are a repetition of Johnson's, which of course he will now recall. See Bishop of St. David's ed. of Milton on True Religion, p. 1. Trapp had asserted that P. L. was 'ex omni parte orthodoxum,' or he would not have translated it.

[60] See Todd's Life (second ed.), p. 307.

esteem for Arminius, and finally from an accordance with the independents and anabaptists, to a dereliction of every denomination of Protestants, changes which were first detailed by Toland, and which, with the suspicion of his Arianism, have not escaped the notice of a French writer. " Il ne faut pas être surpris des principes erronés de ce fougoux républicain en matière de religion, puisqu'il fut de toutes les sectes, et qu'il finit par n'être d'aucune. Dans ses poèmes épiques il parle de Jésus Christ en véritable Arien.'[61] With regard to the eternal divinity of the Son, and the essential unity of the three divine persons of the Godhead, the learned editor of this volume has pointed out great and important contradictions even in Paradise Lost; and in Italy, it was on this ground, that under Benedict the Fourteenth, the poem was a book proscribed.

The authenticity of this work has never, I believe, been questioned, but by the learned and venerable Bishop of Salisbury,[62] who has been anxious to establish the evidence of Milton's orthodoxy; and consequently has found it necessary to deny the genuineness of a work that has spread into the widest Latitudinarian principles; but it has been maintained by Mr. Todd, according to my opinion,

[61] The Arian and Socinian are charged to dispute against the Trinity, yet they affirm to believe the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, according to Scripture and the Apostolic Creed; as for the terms of Trinity, Triunity, Coessentiality, Tripersonality, and the like, they reject them as scholastic notions, not to be found in Scripture.' v. Treatise of True Religion. v. Toland's Life, p. 145.

[62] See Protestant Union, a Treatise on True Religion, &c. by J. Milton, with a preface on Milton's religious principles, and unimpeachable sincerity, by Thomas Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury, 1826, 8vo. who considers that Milton, and the Latin writer de Doctrinâ Christianâ are at variance on the subject of Popery. v. p. xxxv.

with sound and forcible arguments; and to his work, conjointly with Dr. Sumner's preface, the reader is referred for information too copious to be transferred into the present narrative. It is well known, that in the latter part of his life, Milton frequented no place of public worship; and Bishop Newton has given various conjectures on the subject. It must, however, be remembered that he was old, blind, and infirm, that he was hostile to the Liturgy of the established church, and at the same time not attached to any particular sect; that he had decidedly and for ever separated from the Presbyterians, that he never frequented the churches of the Independents;[63] and that his allowed liberty of belief hardly consisted with the tenets of any particular sect; but we are told that he never passed a day without private meditation and study of the Scriptures, and that some[64] parts of his family frequented the offices of public prayer. Knowing his religious opinions, and considering the great infirmities of his health, who could have expected more?

Toland[65] tells us, 'that in his early days he

[63] Toland says, 'In his middle years he was best pleased with the Independents and Anabaptists, as allowing of more liberty than others, and coming nearest, in his opinion, to the primitive practice.' v. Life, p. 151. It is well known, that one of his biographers, Mr. Peck, considered him to be a 'Quaker.'

[64] See Richardson's Life, and Arch. Blackburne's Remarks on Johnson's Life of Milton, p. 111, and p. 160; and Mr. Boerhadem's Letter in Gent. Mag. October, 1779. 'Ask each witnesse whether the parties ministrant (his daughters) were not, and are not great frequenters of the church and good livers.' v. Milton's Will, ed. Todd, p. 169.

[65] See Life, p. 151. The measures of Archb. Laud, and the privations of his exiled friend and preceptor, T. Young, appear first to have alienated him from the *discipline* of the church; averse to the *government* of the church as then con-

was a favourer of those Protestants, then opprobriously called by the name of Puritans. In his middle years he was best pleased with the Independents and Anabaptists, as allowing of more liberty than others, and coming nearest in his opinion to the primitive practice. But in the latter part of his life he was not a professed member of any particular sect, among Christians; he frequented none of their assemblies, nor made use of their peculiar rites in his family. Whether this proceeded from a dislike of their uncharitable and endless disputes, and that love of dominion, or inclination to persecution, which he said was a piece of popery, inseparable from all churches, or whether he thought one might be a good man without subscribing to any party, and that they had all in some things corrupted the institutions of Jesus Christ, I will by no means adventure to determine: for conjectures on such occasions are very uncertain, and I never met with any of his acquaintance who could be positive in assigning the true reasons of his conduct.'

Of this treatise, it is by all acknowledged, that it is written with a calm and conscientious desire for truth, like that of a man who had forgotten or dismissed the favourite animosities of his youth, and who had retired within himself, in the dignity of age, to employ the unimpaired energies of his intellect on the most important and awful subject

ducted, he became, successively, Puritan, Presbyterian, and Independent; without relinquishing his religious principle, for those sects were all *Trinitarian* in doctrine. He thought them all intolerant of one another, and finally he left them all; and, after his blindness, ceased to communicate with any public congregations of Christians. (See Bishop Burgess's Protestant Union, p. xxiii.) But it appears that he did not think himself excluded from the blessing bestowed by God on the *Churches*. See Book I. c. xxix.

of inquiry. The haughtiness of his temper, the fierceness of his scorn, the defiance of his manner, his severe and stoical pride, are no longer seen. He approaches the book of God with an humble and reverential feeling: and with such a disposition of piety, united to so powerful an intellect, and such immense stores of learning, who would not have expected to have seen the 'star bright form' of Truth appear from out the cloud; but wherever we look, the pride of man's heart is lowered, and the weakness of humanity displayed. With all his great qualifications for the removal of error, and the discovery of truth, he failed. His views appear too exalted, his creed too abstract and imaginative for general use. The religion which he sought was one that was not to be attached to any particular church, to be grounded on any settled articles of belief, to be adorned with any external ceremonies, or to be illustrated by any stated forms of prayer. It was to dwell alone in its holy meditations, cloistered from public gaze, and secluded within the humbler sanctuary of the adoring heart. If the believer felt it to be his duty to attach himself to any particular church, that church was to be unconnected with the state. The ministers, if such were necessary, were to be unpensioned, perhaps unpaid by their congregations.[66] The sacraments were to be administered, and the rites of burial and baptism performed, by private and laick hands. Instead of receiving instruction

[66] See 'Considerations on removing Hirelings,' ed. Burnet, i. 169; it were to be wished the ministers were all tradesmen, &c. . . . . On the different opinions held by the Sectaries on the subject, on the support of their ministers. See Warton's Milton, p. 348; and Todd's Milton, vol. v. p. 483.

from the preacher, each individual, even the weakest, according to the measure of his gifts, might instruct and exhort his brethren. The opinions advanced in this work differ not only widely from those of the Church of England, but, I believe, from all the sectarian churches that exist. With regard to his theological tenets, the most remarkable are those which he avows on what is called the anthropopathy of God; attributing to 'God, a Spirit,' human passions, and a human form. 'If (he says) God habitually assigns to himself the members and forms of a man, why should we be afraid of attributing to him what he attributes to himself.' To which I presume the answer would be, that such expressions are used in the revelations of God's will, to make it intelligible to man;[67] that the form of the revelation is accommodated to the narrowness of man's understanding, and the limited circle of his knowledge; that it speaks to him through analogy, and that it is not designed to acquaint him absolutely with the nature of God.

[67] In the Edinburgh Rev. No. cvii. Sept. 1831. In a note in their review 'of the State of Protestantism in Germany,' a passage is quoted from Jortin, "declaring that they who uphold the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity must be prepared to assert, '*that Jesus Christ is his own Father and his own Son.*' The consequence will be so, whether they like it, or whether they like it not."—Be the words of Jortin what they may, and without any reference to his authority; I must beg the reviewer to consider that the words Father and Son are used in an analogous and figurative sense: and that the 'greatest caution is necessary not to connect with the terms Father and Son, when applied to the persons of the Holy Trinity, any ideas similar to those of *human* derivation.' Milton has guarded and qualified his language by the expression—'We do not say that God is in fashion like unto man in *all his parts and members*, but that (as *far as we are concerned to know*) he is of that form which he attributes to himself in the sacred writings.' p. 18.

He denies the eternal filiation of the Son, his self-existence, his co-equality, and co-essentiality with the Father. He believes that the Son existed in the beginning, and was the first of the whole creation, by whose delegated power all things were made in heaven and earth; begotten, not by natural necessity, but by the decree of the Father within the limits of time; endued with the divine nature and substance, but distinct from the Father, and inferior to him. One with the Father, in Love and unanimity of will; and receiving every thing, in his filial as well as in his mediatorial character, from the Father's gift.[68]— Thus his Arian heresies are divulged: but he fully acknowledges the satisfaction and atonement made by the death of Christ, for the sins of men. The Holy Ghost he considers as inferior to the Father and the Son. Matter, he says, is imperishable and eternal, because it not only is from God, but out of God, 'Non solum a Deo, sed ex Deo.' Hence the body is immortal as the soul. His argument on the lawfulness of polygamy is singular indeed. What but the line which he adopted, of reasoning on the simple text and literal words of the Scriptures, could have prevented his acknowledging, that from a manner of life peculiar to the nations of the East, from the scantiness of population, from the safety and strength derived from the unison of large families, from the non-existence of civilized communities, from the patriarchal authority of the father of the family, and the acknowledged inferiority and dependence of the other members; from the advantage or necessity of increasing the numbers of mankind, permission was granted to "the grey fathers of the world," extending even to

[68] See Doctor Sumner's, Preface, p. xxxiv.

a connexion between brothers and sisters; which in later ages, in higher civilization, in the sweeter charities of life, in purer morals, with more refined ideas, more tender sympathies, and under a holier and more spiritual religion, could not be entertained without sinfulness, nor established without degradation and disorder.[69] That which was harmless in the Arabian deserts, or among Chaldean tents, could not be transplanted into the enlightened communities, the closer affinities, and the diversified relations of an advanced society. The divine laws were made suitable to the nature of humanity, which they were designed to amend; hence, in order to exalt it, they often bent to it; they stepped back, as it were, only to gain a stronger hold. But Milton should have remembered the *early* and imperious demands which God made for a purer and more *personal* religion through the voice of his prophets; and that the too easy divorces which the laws of Moses allowed to the Jews, were explained by our Saviour, as not forming a part of the perfect law, or holy will of God; but as an unwilling allowance 'to the hardness of their hearts.'

'The Pride of Reason[70] (it has been very judiciously observed), though disclaimed by Milton with remarkable, and probably with sincere earnestness, formed a principal ingredient in his character, and would have presented, under any circumstances, a formidable obstacle to the reception of the true faith.'—Caring nothing for institutions that were venerable, nor for opinions that

[69] See Dr. Channing's remarks on this part of Milton's work, in his Remarks on the Character and Writings of Milton, p. 37.

[70] v. Doctor Sumner's Preface, p. xxxv.

were sacred, he not only disdains to wear the opprobrious shackles of authority, but even the decent vestments of custom.[71] Safe in his own inflexible integrity, in the great purity of his heart, and singleness of purpose, what his conscience dictates, his courage proclaims. Impetuous, fearless, and uncompromising, he pushes on his inquiries, till they end in a defence of the death of the monarch, and the substitution of a visionary republic, in politics; in a denial of the eternal existence of the Son, in theology; and in the defence of a plurality of wives, in morals. Yet it must be remembered, that he lived in an age when men were busy pulling down and building up; a fermentation was spreading over the surface, and dissolving the materials of society. Old faith was gone; old institutions were crumbling away. Long, splendid vistas of ideal perfection opened before men's eyes, dazzling their senses and confounding their judgments.[72] Gray

[71] See T. Warton's Summary of Milton's Political Opinions, in Todd's Milton, vol. vi. p. 391. 'In point of doctrine they are calculated to annihilate the very foundations of our civil and religious establishment, as it now subsists. They are subversive of our legislature and our species of government. In condemning tyranny, he strikes at the bare existence of kings; in combating superstition, he strikes at all public religion. These discourses hold forth a system of politics at present as unconstitutional, and almost as obsolete, as the nonsense of passive obedience; and in this view he might just as well think of republishing the pernicious theories of the kingly bigot James, as of the republican usurper Oliver Cromwell.' This might have been spared. Milton's political speculations are not applicable to our times; and, as it has been justly said, his theological opinions would have been different, had he survived to read the works of Waterland and Bull; so, we may say, his political theories would have been more wise and moderate, had he lived in the days of Somers and of Locke.

[72] See the Areopagitica, p. 317, ed. Burnet. 'Behold now

headed men, men grown old in the business of life, and in the pursuit of practical wisdom, yielded to the syren influence. It pervaded the senate, the city, and the camp. What wonder then, if the Poet, the visionary by his profession, the dreaming theorist, the man dwelling in ideal worlds and abstract notions, should be led astray.

Such are some of the singular opinions advanced in this curious, and late discovered document of Milton's faith,[73] they serve to show us that its author is everywhere the same, the same severe and uncompromising investigator of truth, the same fearless and independent judge of its reality. In the honesty of his opinions uninfluenced, in the sanctity of his morals unblemished, in the fervour of his piety unquestioned. But there was both in his political and religious opinions, a visionary attempt at perfection, a grasping after the ideal and the abstract, a lofty aspiration after the most exalted means, that while they supplied his imagination as a poet, in its boldest and most extended flights, unqualified him for the more cautious and practical character of the theologian and the statesman. In Milton was united for the first and perhaps for the last

this vast city, &c. There be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps; musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement,' &c.

[73] It has been more than once remarked, that little mention is made of Milton by his contemporaries. His name does not occur in the pages of Clarendon. Thurloe speaks of him only as a blind old man, who wrote Latin letters. Sir W. Temple does not name him, and R. Baxter passes over him in silence. Whitelocke mentions him only once, and that casually.

time, the imagination of the poet and the belief of the puritan: of materials so opposite was his exalted character composed; yet both were perhaps equally necessary for the erection of the costly fabric of his fame. Had he not been a poet, he would not have been distinguished above other men of like persuasion with himself; men of vigorous minds and unquestioned integrity, the Vanes, the Sydneys, the Fleetwoods of the age. As a scholar, perhaps he would have still stood eminently distinguished and alone, but Harrington excelled him in political wisdom, and Hall and other prelates in theological learning. Had he not been imbued with the austere feelings, the solemn and severe religion of the puritans, we should indeed still have possessed from his genius creations of surpassing beauty; but they would have been altogether of a different kind. We should have had the enchantments of Comus, the sounds of revelry, and Circe's cup; but we should have wanted the songs of a higher mood, the voice of woe, the sorrows and the pride of the Hebrew captive. We should not have been carried back, as it were by vision, into the dark and austere learning of the Sanhedrim, and had the teraphim, and the ephod, pall and mitre, and "the old Flamen's vestry" brought before our eyes. We should still have possessed the noblest Epic of modern days, but its argument would not have been the talk of angels, the sullen despair, or the haughty resolves of rebellious spirits, the contrition of fallen man, or the decrees of eternal wisdom. We should have had tales of chivalrous emprize, 'of gentle knights that pricked along the plain,' the cruelty of inexorable beauty, and the achievements of unconquerable love. Its

scenes would not have been laid in the bowers of paradise, or by the 'thunderous throne' of heaven, nor where the wings of the cherubim fan the mercy-seat; but amid royal halls, in the palaces of magicians, and islands of enchantment. Instead of the serpent, with hairy mane, and eye of carbuncle gliding among the myrtle thickets of Eden, we should have jousts and tournaments, the streaming of Gonfalons, the glitter of dancing plumes, the wailing of barbaric trumpets, and the sound of silver clarions: battles fiercer than that of Fontarabia, and fields more gorgeous than that of the cloth of gold. What crowds of pilgrims and of palmers should we not have beheld journeying to and fro with shell, and staff of ivory, filling the port of Joppa with their gallies? What youthful warriors, the flowers of British chivalry, should we not have seen caparisoned, and in quest of the holy Sangreal? The world of reality, and the world of vision, would have been equally exhausted to supply the materials. The odors would have been wafted from the "weeping woods" of Araby: the dazzling mirrors would have been of solid diamond: and the flowers would have been amaranths, from the Land of Faëry. Every warrior would have been clothed in pyropus and in adamant. We should have watched in battle not the celestial sword of Michael, but the enchanted Caliburn; we should have had not the sorrows of Eve, and the fall of Adam, but the loves of Angelica, or the exploits of Arthur.

ADDENDA.

P. ix. Life.

Milton confines himself to praise of the *fellows*, but he makes not the slightest mention of the *Master*, *Doctor Bainbridge*, who is recorded to have been a most rigid disciplinarian, and that on those very points which *Milton* particularly disliked. He admits that his disposition could not brook the threats of a rigorous *master*, by whom it is most reasonable to suppose he meant Dr. Bainbridge, the head of his college. *Walker's Lit. Anecdotes*, p. 202.

P. xi. Gaddius (de Scriptoribus non Ecclesiasticis) mentions that I. Scaliger read the two poems of Homer in twenty-one days; and the remainder of the Greek poets in four months.

P. xix. 'That the manner and genius of that place (Paris) being not agreeable to his mind, he soon left it.' *Wood's Fast. Ox.* vol. ii. 1635, *col.* 481.

P. xx. Leo Holsten, who received Milton kindly at Rome, had resided some time in England, making researches in the libraries. He maintained a friendly correspondence with N. Heinsius, to whom he had shown much civility when Heinsius was at Rome; I read through the collection of Holsten's letters, with the hope of finding some addressed to Milton, but in vain; Milton did not maintain a correspondence with the scholars on the continent.

P. xxii. I have heard it confidently related that for his said resolutions, which out of policy and for his own safety might have been then shared, the English priests at Rome were highly disgusted, and it was questioned whether the Jesuits, his countrymen there, did not design to do him mischief. *Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. *col.* 481.

P. xxvii. Took a larger house, where the earl of Barrimore sent, by his aunt the lady Ranelagh, Sir Thomas Gardiner of Essex, to be there with others (besides his nephew) under his tuition, but whether it were that the tempers of our gentry would not bear the strictness of his discipline, or for what other reasons I cannot tell, he continued that course but a while. *Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. *col.* 483.

P. xxxv. Wherefore though he sent divers pressing invitations, yet he could not prevail with her to come back, till about four years after, when the garrison of Oxford was surrendered (the nighness of her father's house to which having

for the most part of the mean time hindered any communications between them); she of her own accord returned, and submitted to him, pleading that her *mother* had been the chief promoter of her forwardness. *Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. *col.* 481.

P. xlviii. Bishop Gauden addressed three letters, Jan. 25, Feb. 20, March 6, 1661, to Lord Clarendon, in which he lays claim for services in the royal cause; in one of his letters he says, 'Nor do I doubt but I shall, by y^r^ Lordship's favor, find the fruits as to something extraordinary, since the service was soe; not as to *what was known* to the world under my name, in order to vindicate the crowne and the church. *But what goes under the late blessed king's name, the* Εικων, *or protracture of hys majesty in hys solitudes and sufferings. This work and figure was wholly and only my invention, making and designe; in order to vindicate the King's wisdome, honor, and piety.* My wife indeed was conscious to it, and had an hand in *Disguising the letters of that Copy which I sent to the King in the Isle of Wight.* By favour of the late Marquise of Hertford,' &c. In answer to which, Lord Clarendon writes, March, 13, 1661. 'I do assure you I am more afflicted with you, and for you, than I can expresse; and the more sensibly, that it is the only charge of that kind is laid upon me, which in truth I do not think I do deceive. *The particular which you often renewed, I do confesse was imparted to me under secrecy, and of which I did not take myself to be at liberty to take notice; and truly when it ceases to be a secret, I know nobody will be gladd of it but Mr. Milton; I have very often wished I had never been trusted with it.*' *Edinb. Rev.* vol. xliv. art. 1.

P. liv. It was the usual practice of Marchmont Nedham, a great crony of Milton, to abuse *Salmasius* in his public Mercury, called Politicus (as Milton had done before him in his Defensio), by saying, among other things, that Christiana, Queen of Sweden, had cashiered him her favour, by understanding that he was a pernicious parasite and promoter of tyranny. *Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. *col.* 484.

P. lxv. Mrs. Katharine Milton, wife to John Milton, Esq. was buried in St. Margaret's Church, in Westminster, Feb. 10, 1657. Reg. Book. Milton then lived in a new house in Petty France, when Mr. Harvey, son of Dr. Harvey, of Petty France, Westminster, told me, Nov. 14, 1770, that old Mr. *Lownde* assured him, that when Mr. Milton buried his wife, he had the coffin shut down with twelve several locks, that had twelve several keys, and that he gave the keys to twelve several friends, and desired the coffin might not be

opened till they all met together. Kennet. *Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. *col.* 486.

P. lxvi. The late Reverend Mr. Thomas Bradbury, an eminent dissenting minister, used to say, that Jer. White, who had been chaplain to O. Cromwell, and whom he personally knew, had often told him that Milton was allowed by the Parliament a *weekly table* for the entertainment of foreign ministers and persons of learning, such especially as came from Protestant states, which allowance was also continued by Cromwell. *Hollis's Note*, see *Newton's Life*, p. lvi.

P. lxxvi. There has not one great poet appeared in France since the beginning of Cardinal Richelieu's ministry, but he has been protected and encouraged, and his merit as fast as it could spread has been generally acknowledged. I wish I could as truly affirm the same thing of England. The great qualities of Milton were not generally known among his countrymen till the Paradise Lost had been published more than *thirty years*; but when that admirable poet was among the Italians, the greatness of his genius was known to them in the very bloom of his youth, even thirty years before that incomparable poem was written. *Dennis's Letters*, p. 78.

More people comprehend the excellency of Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, than the beauties of Martial and Cowley, though perhaps there are not ten persons living who know all the merit of Virgil; and Milton's Paradise Lost had been printed *forty years* before it was known to the greatest part of England that there barely was such a book. *Dennis's Letters*, p. 173.

P. lxxvii. Nor can I believe that several who pretend to be passionate admirers of *Milton* would treat him if living in any other manner, for the following reasons.

Because they are so fond of nothing as of that soft and effeminate rhyme which makes the very reverse of the harmony, and of the manly and powerful and noble enthusiasm of Milton.

Because the generality of poets and wits his contemporaries did not esteem him, though they were by no means inferior in understanding to his pretended living admirers. Willmott, Earl of Rochester, never so much as mentioned him in his Imitation of the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace. When he came to imitate that passage, 'Forte epos acer ut nemo Varius ducit.' instead of Milton he names Waller; and when that noble peer was some years afterwards asked by Dr. Burnet, since Bishop of Salisbury, for which of the modern poets he had most esteem, he answered without the least hesitation, for Boileau among the French,

and Cowley among the English poets. Mr. Rymer, in his First Book of Criticism, treated the Paradise Lost with contempt, and the generality of the readers of poetry, for twenty years after it was published, knew no more of that exalted poem that if it had been written in Arabic. Mr. Dryden, in his Preface before the State of Innocence, appears to have been the first, those gentlemen excepted whose verses are before Milton's poem, who discovered in so public a manner an extraordinary opinion of Milton's extraordinary merit. And yet Mr. Dryden at that time knew not half the extent of his excellence, as more than twenty years afterwards he confessed to me, as is pretty plain from his writing the State of Innocence; for Mr. Dryden in that poem, which is founded on the Paradise Lost, falls so infinitely short of those wonderful qualities, by which Milton has distinguished that noble poem from all other poems, that one of these two things must be granted; either that Mr. Dryden knew not the extent of Milton's great qualities, or that he designed to be a foil to him. But they who knew Mr. Dryden know very well that he was not of a temper to design to be a foil to any one. *Dennis's Letters*, p. 76.

P. lxxxii. For my part I have no notion, that a suffering Hero can be proper for epic poetry. Milton could make but very little even of a suffering god, who makes quite another impression with his lightning and his thunder in *Paradise Lost*, than with his meekness and his stoicism in *Paradise Regained*. That great spirit which heroic poetry requires, flows from great passions, and from great actions. If the suffering Hero remains insensible, the generality of readers will not be much concerned for one who is so little concerned for myself. *Dennis's Letters*, p. 11.

P. xcii. The estate which his father left him was but indifferent; yet by his frugality he made it serve him and his. Out of his secretary's salary he had saved two thousand pounds, which being lodged in the excise, and that bank failing at his majesty's restoration, he utterly lost that sum. By the great fire which happened in London in the beginning of September, 1666, he had a house in Bread Street burnt, which was all the real estate he had then left. *Wood's Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. *col.* 486.

To what does Fielding allude when he says, 'It is to be hoped heedless people will be more cautious what they burn, or use to other vile purposes, especially when they consider the fate which had like to have befallen the *divine Milton*.'

v. *Journ. to the Next World*, p. 331.

APPENDIX.

'Mr. Milton's Agreement with Mr. Symons for Paradise Lost. dated 27th April, 1667.'

'These Presents made the 27th day of Aprill 1667 between John Milton, gent. of the one part, and Samuel Symons, printer, of the other part, wittness That the said John Milton in consideration of five pounds to him now paid by the said Samuel Symõns, and other the consideracõns herein mentioned, hath given, granted and assigned, and by these pñts doth give, grant and assign unto the said Sam^{ll} Symõns, his executors, and assignees, All that Booke, Copy, or Manuscript of a Poem intituled Paradise Lost, or by whatsoever other title or name the same is or shall be called or distinguished, now lately licensed to be printed, together with the full benefitt, profit, and advantage thereof, or w^{ch} shall or may arise thereby. And the said John Milton for him, his ex^{rs} and adm^{rs}, doth covenant wth the said Sam^{ll} Symõns, his ex^{rs} and ass^{s} that he and they shall at all times hereafter have, hold and enjoy the same and all impressions thereof accordingly, without the lett or hindrance of him the said John Milton, his ex^{rs} or ass^{s}, or any person or persons by his or their consent or privity. And that he the said John Milton, his ex^{rs} or adm^{rs} or any other by his or their meanes or consent, shall not print or cause to be printed, or sell, dispose or publish the said book or manuscript, or any other book or manuscript of the same tenor or subject, without the consent of the said Sam^{ll} Symõns, his ex^{rs} or ass^{s}: In concideracon whereof the said Sam^{ell} Symõns for him, his ex^{rs} and adm^{rs} doth covenant with the said John Milton, his ex^{rs}, and ass^{s} well and truly to pay unto the said John Milton, his ex^{rs}, and adm^{rs} the sum of five pounds of lawfull english money at the end of the first Impression, which the said Sam^{ll} Symõns, his ex^{rs}, or ass^{s} shall make and publish of the said copy or manuscript, which impression shall be accounted to be ended when thirteen hundred books of the said whole copy or manuscript imprinted, shall be sold and retailed off to particular reading customers. And shall also pay other five pounds,

unto the said John Milton, or his ass^{s} at the end of the second impression to be accounted as aforesaid, And five pounds more at the end of the third impression, to be in like manner accounted. And that the said three first impressions shall not exceed fifteen hundred books or volumes of the said whole copy or manuscript, a peice. And further, that he the said Samuel Symons, and his ex^{rs}, adm^{rs}, and ass^{s} shall be ready to make oath before a Master in Chancery concerning his or their knowledge and belief of or concerning the truth of the disposing and selling the said books by retail, as aforesaid, whereby the said Mr. Milton is too be entitled to his said money from time to time, upon every reasonable request in that behalf, or in default thereof shall pay the said five pounds agreed to be paid upon every impression, as aforesaid, as if the same were due, and for and in lieu thereof. In witness whereof, the said parties have to this writing indented, interchangeably sett their hands and seales the day and yeare first above written.

JOHN MILTON. (Seal).

Sealed and delivered in the presence of us, } John Fisher. Benjamin Greene, serv^{t} to Mr. Milton.

April 26. 1669.

Rec^{d} then of Samuel Simmons five pounds, being the Second five pounds to be paid—mentioned in the Covenant. I say rec^{d} by me,

JOHN MILTON.

Witness, Edmund Upton.

I do hereby acknowledge to have received of Samuel Symōnds Cittizen and Statōner of London, the Sum of Eight pounds: which is in full payment for all my right, title, or interest, which I have or ever had in the Coppy of a Poem Intitled Paradise Lost in Twelve Bookes in 8vo—By John Milton, Gent. my late husband. Wittness my hand this 21st day of December 1680.

ELIZABETH MILTON.

Wittness, William Yopp, Ann Yopp.

Know all men by these pssents that I Elizabeth Milton of London Widdow, late wife of John Milton of London Gent: deceased—have remissed released and for ever quitt claimed And by these pssents doe remise release &

for ever quitt clayme unto Samuel Symonds of London, Printer—his heirs Excutrs and Administrators All and all manner of Accoñ and Accoñs Cause and Causes of Accoñ Suites Bills Bonds writinges obligatorie Debts dues duties Accompts Summe and Sumes of money Judgments Executions Extents Quarrells either in Law or Equity Controversies and demands—And all & every other matter cause and thing whatsoever which against the said Samuel Symonds—I ever had and which I my heires Executers or Administrators shall or may have clayme & challenge or demand for or by reason or means of any matters cause or thing whatsoever from the beginning of the World unto the day of these pssents. In witness whereof I have hereunto sett my hand and seale the twenty ninth—day of April in the thirty third Year of the Reigne of our Sovereign Lord Charles by the grace of God of England Scotland ffrance and Ireland King defender of the ffaith & Anno Dni. 1681.

ELIZABETH MILTON.

Signed and delivered
in the pssence of
Jos. Leigh Wm Wilkins.

Alterations by Milton from the first edition in ten Books, for the second edition twelve.

Book viii. V. 1.

'The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear,
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking; still stood fix'd to hear:
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.'

The latter part of the verse was taken from the line in the first edition—

'To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd.'

Book xii. V. 1.

'As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed: so here th' arch-angel paus'd,
Betwixt the world destroy'd, and world restor'd;
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose:
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes.'

Some few additions were also made to the Poem, the notice of which will interest the critical reader.

Book v. V. 637.

'They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet
Are fill'd, before th' all-bounteous king,' &c.

were thus enlarged in the second edition:

'They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality, and joy, (secure
Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
Excess) before th' all-bounteous king,' &c.

Book xi. V. 484. after

'Intestine stone, and ulcer, cholic-pangs,'

these three verses were added:

'Dæmoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy;
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence.'

And ver. 551, of the same book (which was originally thus:

Of rendring up. Michael to him reply'd)

received this addition:

'Of rendring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael reply'd.'

LETTERS.

No. i. ii. Greek letters of C. Deodati to Milton, formerly in the possession of Toland, now in the British Museum, additional MS. No. 5017. f. 71, (see Toland's Life of Milton, p. 23.)

No. iii. an Italian letter to Milton, from Florence, without the name of the author affixed. Carlo Dati was the principal correspondent of Milton: and I should have supposed that he had been the writer of this letter; but that he is represented as a nobleman of large fortune, and in this letter the writer speaks of his being appointed to the professorship of Belles Lettres in the academy of Florence, on the death of Doni. If not from Carlo Dati, I should presume it must be from Bonmattei, his other Florentine correspondent. Since writing the above, I have discovered that Carlo Dati succeeded Doni in the professorship. He therefore is the writer. Doni died Dec. 1647, aged fifty-three, he left C.

Dati the office of publishing his works. Heinsius says, 'DATIVM, amicissimum mihi juvenem Donius impense diligebat.' C. Dati died in Jan. 1675, aged fifty-six. Dati took the name in the Acad. della Crusca of 'Smarrito. He wrote the Lives of the Antient Painters, 4to. 1667, and other small works. See Salvino Salvino in Fast. Consularibus, p. 536, and Bandini Comm. de vitâ Donii, p. xci. very interesting mention of C. Dati occurs repeatedly in the Epistles of N. Heinsius. Bayle says he was very *civil and officious to all learned travellers who went to Florence.* Chimentelli thus speaks of him, 'Clarissimus et amicissimus Car. Datius, nostræ flos illibatus urbis, suadæque Etruscæ medulla, quam omni literarum paratu quotidie auget, atque illustrat.' Nic. Heinsius has dedicated a book of his Elegies to Carlo Dati, in which he mentions his acquaintance with Gaddi, Coltellini, Doni, Frescobaldi and other of Milton's friends. Carlo Dati received him with the same hospitality, which he had showed to Milton. He also mentions his reception by Chimentelli at Pisa.

No. iv. Letter from Peter Heimbach. To this letter, an answer by Milton is found among his Epistles, p. 65. There is an address to Cromwell in Latin written by Heimbach, printed in London, 1656. This letter was sent after an interval of nine years in their correspondence; and was an affectionate inquiry concerning Milton's safety, during the plague of the preceding year.

No. v. Letter from 'Leo ab Aizema,' informing Milton he had printed a Dutch translation of his Book on Divorce, see Milton's Answer, p. 42, Feb. 1654. Leo ab Aizema, was a gentleman of Friesland, born at Doccum, 1600. He printed some Latin poems, and Historia Pacis a fœderat: Belgis ab An. 1621. He was the resident for the Hans Towns, at the Hague, and was a clever, friendly, and liberal man. See Saxii Onom. Lit. Vol. iv. p. 216.

No. I.

Θεόσδοτος Μίλτωνι εὐφράινεσθαι.

(Condoling with him on the bad weather, and anticipating a meeting on the return of the fine.)

Ἡ μὲν παροῦσα κατάστασις τοῦ ἀέρος δοκεῖ φθονερώτερον διακεῖσθαι, πρὸς ἃ ἡμεῖς πρωὶ[1] *διαλυόμενοι ἐθέμεθα, χειμάζουσα, καὶ ταρασσομένη δύο ἤδη ὅλας ἡμέρας, ἀλλ'*

[1] *πρωὴν* in Marg.

ὅμως τοσοῦτον ἐπιθυμῶ τῆς σῆς συνδιαιτήσεως, ὥσθ' ὑπὸ ἐπιθυμίας ἤδη ἐνδίαν, καὶ γαλήνην, καὶ πάντα χρυσᾶ εἰς τὸν ἄυριον ὀνειρώττειν, καὶ μόνον ὀυ μαντεύεσθαι, ἵνα λόγων φιλοσόφων, καὶ πεπαιδευμένων ἐυωχώμεθα ἔξ αλλήλων, διὰ τοῦτο οὖν ἤβουλόμην πρὸς σὲ γράφειν, τῶν προκάλεισθαί, καὶ ἄναθαρσύνειν χάριν, δείσας μὴ πρὸς ἕτερα ἅττα νοῦν προσέχης ἅπέλπισας ἡλιασμούς, καὶ ἡδυπαθείας, ἕις τὸ παρόνγε. Ἄλλα σύ θάρσει ὦ φίλε, καὶ ἔμμενε τῶ δόξαντι συναμφοῖν, καὶ ἀναλάμβανε διάθεσιν τῆς ψυχῆς ἑορταστικὴν, καὶ φαιδροτέραν τῆς καθημερινῆς. και γὰρ ἐσαύριον ἔσται πάντα καλῶς, καὶ ὅ αὴρ, καὶ ὁ ἥλίος, καὶ ὕ πόταμος, καὶ δένδρα καὶ ὄρνίθια, καὶ γῆ, καὶ ἄνθρωποι ἑορτάζουσιν ἡμῖν, συνγελασουσιν, καὶ σὺγχορευσουσι, τὸ δὴ ἀνεμέσητως λελέχθω· μόνον σὺ ἕτοιμος γίνου, ἥ κληθεις ἐξορμᾶσθαι, ἤ καὶ ἄκλητος ποθοῦυτι ἐπέλθειν. Ἄυτομάτος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε[2] βοὴν ἀγαθος Μενέλαος. Ἐρῤῥωσο.

No. II.

Θεοδοτος Μιλτωνι γαριεν.

(Describes the pleasantness of his situation, and of the season, and exhorts Milton to relax from his studies, and take recreation. This letter was probably sent from Cheshire to Milton at Horton, or in London; it must have been written about May.)

Οὐδὲν ἔχω ἐγκάλειν τῆ νῦν διαγωγῆ μοῦ, ἐκτὸς τοὐτου ἑνὸς, ὅτι στερίσκομαι ψυχῆς τίνος γενναίας λόγον ἄιτειν, καὶ διδόναι ἐπισταμένης, τοίην τοι κεφαλὴν ποθέω. τὰ δ' ἄλλα ἄφθονα πάντα ὑπάρχει ἐνταῦθα ἐνάγρῳ· τί γὰρ ἄν ἔτι λείποι, ὁπόταν ἥματα μακρὰ, τόποι κάλλιστοι ἄνθεσι, καὶ φύλλοις κομῶντες, καὶ βρύοντες, ἐπὶ παντὶ κλάδῳ ἀηδὼν ἥ ἀκανθὶς, ἢ ἄλλο τὶ ὀρνιθιον ὠδαῖς, καὶ μινυρισμοῖς ἐμφιλοτιμέιται, περίπατοι ποικαλώτατοι, τράπεζα ὕυτε ἐνδεὴς. ὕυτε κατάκορος, ὕπνοι ἀθόρυβοι; ἐι ἐσθλὸν τίνα ἐταῖρον τόυτεστι πεπαιδευομένον, καὶ μεμυήμενον ἐπὶ τούτοις,[3] ἐκτώμην, τοῦ τῶν Περσῶν βασιλέως ἐυδαιμονέστερος ἂν γενοίμην· ἄλλ' ἐστιν ἄει τὶ ἐλλιπὲς ἐν τοῖς ἀνθρωπίνοις πράγμασι, πρὸς ὅ δεῖ μετριότητος. Σὺ δὲ ὦ θαυμάσιε, τι καταφρόνεις τῶν τῆς φύσεως δωρημάτων; τι καρτερεῖς ἀπροφασίστως βιβλίοις, καὶ λογιδίοις παννύχιον, παννῆμαρ προσφυόμενος; ζῆ, γέλα, χρῶ τῆ νεότητι, καὶ ταῖς ὥραις, καὶ παυδυ[4] ἀναγινώσκων τὰς σπόυ-

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[2] Vide Hom. Il. B. 409.

[3] εκτωμην—so in MS.

[4] ἀφες, erased in text.

δας, καὶ τὰς ἀνέσεις, καὶ ῥαστώνας τῶν πάλαι σοφῶν αὐτὸς κατατριβόμενος τέως. Ἐγὼ μὲν ἐν ἅπασιν ἄλλοις ἥττων σοῦ ὑπάρχων, ἐν τούτῳ τῷ μέτρον πόνων εἰδέναι κρείττων, καὶ δοκῶ ἐμαυτῷ, καὶ ἔτι. Ἐρώτησω, καὶ παῖζε, ἀλλ' οὐ κάτα Σαρδανάπαλον τὸν ἐν σόλοις.

Note.—These two Greek letters *are* printed in exact conformity with the original MS.

No. III.

Illmo Sig. e Pron Oss°.

Fino l'anno passato risposi alla cortesissima ed elegantissima lettera di V. S. Illma affettuosamente ringraziandola della memoria che per sua grazia si compiace tenere della mia osservanza. Scrissi, come fo adesso in Toscano, sapendo che la mia lingua è a lei sì cara, e familiare che nella sua bocca non apparisce straniera. Ho di poi ricevuto due copie delle sue eruditissime poesie delle quali non mi poteva arrivare donativo più caro, perchè quantunque piccolo, racchiude in se valore infinito per esser una gemma del tesoro del Signor Giov. Miltoni. E come disse Theocrito ;

Gran pregio ha picciol dono, e merta onore
Ciò che vien da gl' amici.

Le rendo adunque quelle grazie che maggiori per me si possono e prego il Cielo che mi dia fortuna di poterle dimostrare la mia devozione verso il suo merito. Non asconderò alla benevolenza di V. S. Illma, alcune nuove che son certo, le saranno gratissime. Il Serenissimo Granduca mio Signore s' è compiaciuto conferirmi la catedra, e lettura delle lettere umane dell' Academia fiorentina vacata per la morte dell' Eruditissimo Signor Gio. ' Doni gentilhuomo Fiorentino. Questa è carica onorevolissima, e sempre esercitata da gentilhuomini e literati di questa Patria, come già dal Poliziano, da [1] due Vettori, e due [2]Adriani lumi delle Lettere. La passata Settimana, per la morte del Serenissimo Principe Lorenzo di Toscana, Zio del Granduca Regnante, feci l' orazione funerale ; come ella sia publicata, sarà mia cura invia ne copia a V. S. Illma. Ho alle mani diverse opere, quali a Dio pia-

[1] Petrus, and, I believe, Franciscus Victorius. See the Life of the latter by Bandini.

[2] The two Adriani were Marcello, and his son Giambattista, both professors of literature at Florence, and both Secretaries of State. The father died in 1521, the son in 1570. Giambattista wrote the Storia de suoi Tempi, a work highly praised by De Thou.

cendo tirerò avanti per farne quello giudicheranno meglio i mie' dotti e amorevoli amici. Il Signor Valerio Chimentelli è stato eletto da S. Altezza per Professore delle lettere Greche in Pisa, con grande espettazione del suo valore.

I Signori Frescobaldi, Coltellini, Francini, Galilei,[2] et altri infiniti unitamente le inviano affettuosi saluti, ed io, come più d'ogn' altro obbligato, con ricordarle il desideri' de' suoi comandi mi ratifico per sempre vivere.

Di V. S. Illma.

Firenze, 4 xbre 1648.

Extra.—All' Illmo Signor e Pron Oss°. Il Sig^r.
Giovanni Miltoni, Londra.

No. IV.

Viro supra laudem
Jano Miltonio suo salutem p. d.
Petrus Heim bachius.

Si citius constitisset nobis, te, Jane Miltoni, vir omni ex parte summe, mortalium cœtui interesse adhuc, citius quoque Londinum reversus, nostrum amicissimum animum testatus fuissem. Ferebant enim te nostris nugis exemptum, patrio cœlo redonatum esse, terrisque sublimiorem quavis nostra despicere. Ad hoc regnum, ut non datur aditus, sic calamum meum satis ad tui similes scripturientem hactenus cohibere, ac reprimere debui. Ego certe qui non tam virtutes ipsas quam virtutum diversarum conjugium in te admirabar, cum alia multa in te suspicio, tum quod gravitatis quam præ se fert dignissima viro facies, cum serenissima humanitate, charitatis cum prudentia, pietatis cum politica, politica cum immensa eruditione, sed, addo, generosi, nec minime timidi spiritus, etiam ubi juniores animos[3] laberentur, cum solicito pacis amore, raram omnino, et præter fas sæculi mixturam feceris.

Hinc Deum veneror, tibi ut omnia ex voto, et animi sententia rursum eveniant, sed uno excepto. Nam tu quidem[4] saturus annis, plenus honoribus, iis etiam quos recusasti nihil ultra exoptas quam quietis præmium, ac justitiæ coro-

[2] The *great Galileo* died at Arcetri, 9 Jan. 1642, aged seventy-eight; he is said to have been born at Pisa, the very day that M. Angelo died at Rome. The Galilei mentioned above was 'Vincenzo,' his natural son. There is strong evidence that he was the first to apply the pendule to the clock. He seems to have done so in 1649, while Huygens' invention was of later date.

[3] Animi. [4] Satur.

nam, tuumque idem, quod olim Simeonis videtur votum. Demitte, Domine, nunc servum tuum in pace. Ast nostrum longe ad hoc alienissimum est, nempe ut D. T. O. M. te diutissime interesse rebus nostris literariis, ac præesse pàtiatur. Sic vale, doctissime Miltoni, longum et feliciter cum omnibus tuis, plurimum a nobis salutatus. Dabam postridie nonas Junii vulgaris Æræ Christianæ clɔ. lɔc. lxvi. Clivopoli ubi Electorali solio, vivimus ac consiliis. Iterum vale, et nos quod facis adamare persevera, ac quam primum jucundissimo omnium responso bea.

No. V.

S. P.

Partim quia Morus in suo Scripto quædam tibi aspersit ex libro tuo de divortiis Anglico, vir nobilis et cl: partim quia multi curiose quæsiverunt de argumentis quibus opinionem adstruis tuam: dedi cuidam tractulum illum totum in Hollandicum sermonem vertendum: cum desiderio, ut quanto ocius imprimatur. Nescius autem an quicquam in eo correctum vel additum velis; non potui quin hoc verbo te admoneam et de animo tuo, ut me certiorem facias, rogem.

Vale, et Salve a

Hagæ die 29 Jan. 1654-5. Tui Observantiss. Leo Aizema.

Extra.—Nob. Cl. viro Dno Joh. Miltono
Consilio Status à Secretis
Londini.

EXTRACT OF THE PASSAGES IN THE CORRESPONDENCE OF NIC. HEINSIUS AND ISAAC VOSSIUS, WHERE MILTON IS MENTIONED.

(v. Burmanni Syllogen, vol. iii.)

P. 217. Jussus ille (Is. Vossius) *Miltonianum* scriptum, simul ac allatum in aulam esset, Salmasio sistere, quod invitus credo, fecerit. Quâ fronte exceptum sit, vellem simul monuisset amicissimus Wullenius, qui ejus rei certiorem me fecit.

P. 259. Salmasius post acceptum *Miltoni* scriptum, fremit ac frendet, auctoremque ejus se cum toto parlamento perdi-

turum palam minatur. Sed illos primos impetus sufflamnabit credo, non nihil, respondendi molestia ac labor.

P. 267. Salmasius in Miltono defricando totus est, quem a me subornatum instigatumque palam prædicat, magnumque mihi ac patri malum hoc nomine minatur in apologiâ quam parat, nobis tribus simul insultaturus. Mira profecto est hæc hominis insania, quam impune tamen non fecit. Vidi freneticam ejus epistolam, qua existimationi nostræ, dira quævis portendit.

P. 270. Scribonii largi (i. e. Salmasii) atrox contra rempublicam Anglicanam scriptum, prælo Holmiensi jam commissum ferunt. Miser iste Senecio prorsus delirat ac insanit. Misit duas in hanc urbem nuper epistolas, rabiei sycophanticæ non inanes, quibus omne se virus in me conversurum minatur, quod Miltoni scriptum probari a me intelligat. Ego vero, et dixi, et dicam porro, malam a *Miltono* causam tam bene actam, quam regis infelicissimi causam pessimè egit Scribonius. Hanc meam libertatem si ferre non potest, rumpatur. Adulatoris a me partes, non est, quod exigat. Cum nescire non debeat quam me servilis obsequii clientem hactenus non sit expertus. Hoc etiam maligne et Salmasiane quod regibus non minus ac *Miltonum* me infensum fingit, cum publice jam bis testatus sum, quid de parricidio Anglicano senserim. Inter *regicidas*, si locum mihi dat, ut omni procul dubio daturus, videbis brevi pro meritis ornatum et depexum. Nihil neque senectuti ejus, neque valetudini adversæ parcam. Ita illum excipiam, ut parentem meum ille jamdudum excepit, pejus etiam, si potero.

P. 271. Salmasii in *Miltonum* invectivæ jam eduntur. Graswinchelius noster etiam regum causam suscepit defendendam contra eundem Miltonum.

P. 276. Ludimagistrum vocat Scribonius passim *Miltonum*, qui tamen et nobili loco natus, ut ferunt, qui hominem norunt, et in re lautâ constitutus, variis peregrinationibus, assiduisque studiis privatus ætatem, quam quadraginta annis grandiorem vix numerat, exegisse narratur. Donec a consilio status Anglici ad scribæ provinciam in isto collegio suscipiendam invitatus est. Virum esse miti, comique ingenio aiunt, quique illam non habuisse se causam profitetur, Scribonium acerbe insectandi, quam quod ille et viros e maximis celeberrimisque multis nihil benignius exceperit, et quod in universam Anglorum gentem, convitiis atrocissimis injurius valde fuerit. Si quis Anglorum ersibus illis meis, quos tu nosti, aliquid reponeret, numquid ridiculum tibi viderer si illum a Scribonio instigatum asseverarem?

P. 286. *Miltoni* liber Londini auctior, et augusta forma

iteratur, ingens rumorum materia discessus eodem tempore τοῦ δεινά (Salmasii) Freinshemi, Boecleri, Moncheronis, exhaustas arcas alii, alii gentis ferunt invidiam.

P. 303. Prodiit et ‘ Clamor regii sanguinis,’ sine auctoris nomine, quem tamen intelligo facile esse *Morum* qui etsi vult videri se causæ id dedisse, satis prodit, se potius id dedisse patrono hospiti, ut Miltono frigidam suffunderet in antecessum, dum alter mare, aut lacum criminum undique conductum parat.

P. 305. Æthiops (A. Morus) Sociennus ejus triumphum egit, ut audio, in amici sui ædibus de subactis Britannis. Gazettæ certe Londiniensis fabellam narrant lepidissimam : palmam eam præreptam sibi dolet Alastor (Salmasius) quare simultates cum Æthiope nunc strenuas exercet, siquid famæ creditur.

P. 307. ‘ Clamorem regii sanguinis’ ab Anglo scriptum nescio quo, sed a Moro editum intellexeram. Morum tamen parricidæ pro auctore ejus libri habent, ac egregie in Gazettis, ut vocant, Londinensibus defricarunt, tanquam confessa sit ab illo, Alastoris (Salmasii) pedisequa addito hoc epigrammate

> Galli exconcubitu gravidam te, Bontia, Mori
> Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?

Agnoscis in illo Ouweiani acuminis ineptias, quod Ulitius herus mecum communicavit, Alastoris (Salmasii) scriptum contra Anglos avide expecto ; de meo enim tergo, quin illic comitia sint habenda nullus dubito. Sic promisit certe, cum Miltonum a me amatum persuaderi sibi passus sit.

P. 323. Magnus ille Pan (Salmasius) qui secundam Vossii ex Suecia fugam minabatur, mihi quoque mala multa, ac ipsi dominæ exitium, nisi nos a se abigerit, ut ex Moro intelligebas nuper, nunc ad plures abiit. Alii Spadæ, alii Aquisgrani in balneo mortuum ferunt. Trajecti ad Mosam sepultum certe constat. Nimirum qui armis tantopere delectabatur, inter arma sepeliri voluit. Hunc casum accidisse mihi non valde lugubrem fateor, non quod miros hominis edentulos timerem, sed quod tranquillitatem animi unice amem, quam ille mihi propriam ac perpetuam haud quaquam reliquisset. Erat etiam eâ ætate, ut nihil solidi aut eruditi ab eo amplius sperari posset.

P. 595. Liber *Miltoni* heri huc est allatus. Exemplar meum petiit a me regina. Ipse non nisi cursim dum perlustravi. Nihil tale ab Anglo expectaram, et certe nisi me fallit animus, placuit quoque, uno tantum excepto, incomparabili nostræ Dominæ. Dicit tamen Salmasius se perditurum auctorem cum toto parlamento.

P. 596. *Miltoni* apologiam pro parlamento suo, priori accepimus hebdomade. Legit istud scriptum incomparabilis nostra domina, et, nisi fallor, valde ei placuit. Certe et ingenium istius viri, et scribendi genus, multis præsentibus collaudavit. Salmasius jam sese ad respondendum accingit quamvis necdum a diuturno morbo convaluerit, ira tamen satis ei suppeditabit roboris et armorum.

P. 600. Virulentum *Miltoni* librum jamdudum ad vos perlatum confido, ejus editiones quinque jam hic vidimus. Belgicam etiam versionem, Gallicam nunc adornari ferunt.

P. 603. Ex *Miltoniano* libro unicum tantum exemplar Holmiam perlatum miror, cum tria uno eodemque tempore, fuisse missa sciam. Est hic liber in omnium hîc manibus ob argumenti nobilitatem, et jam quatuor, præter Anglicanam, editiones vidimus, unam in quartâ ut vocant formâ Goudæ editum, tres in duodecima, quarum primam L. Elzevirius, secundam J. Jansenius, tertiam Trajentensis nescio quis edidit, quinta in octava formæ editis. Hagæ sub prœlo sudat ut monet Elzevirius. Belgicam versionem video etiam circumferri, Gallicam expectari ferunt. *Miltonus* ille quis sit non satis constat. Vidi qui adfirmarint, infimo loco natum: eruditum tamen, et plebeiorum factione ad maximam dignitatem promotum. L. Elzevirius adfirmat, certo sibi constare hominem esse et nobili loco natum, et opulentum, a reipublicæ muniis negotiisque omnibus remotum, ac sibi in rure suo viventem. Refutavit Anglico sermone Iconem Basilicam, qui liber inter Parlamentarios maximo est in pretio. Poemata etiam Latina edidit, sed quæ in manus meas hactenus non pervenerunt. Si certiora cognovero, faciam ut ex me intelligas.

P. 605. Valde quoque gratum erit, si porro significaveris, quis et qualis sit iste *Miltonus*, Iconoclastem si habeas, rogo ut transmittas.

P. 606. Salmasius situs est in meditatione operis contra *Miltonum*. Lepidum est, quod de Graswinchelio narras, male mulctabitur, si *Miltonum* adtigerit.

P. 601. Gronovii adversam valetudinem ægre admodum fero. At vero plus ægrotat Graswinchelius, si cum Anglo isto Molosso, *Miltono* dico, sese commiserit.—Ipse (Salmasius) totus nunc est in confutando Scripto *Miltoni*, cui totidem reddit convitia nec patietur, ut a minore, vel hâc in parte saperetur.

P. 621. Graswinchelio interdictum esse, ne pergat in *Miltono* confutando, ægre fert Salmasius. Verum idem ex animo gaudet librum *Miltoni*, Lutetiæ publice a carnifice esse combustum. Non opus, ut meum de hoc scripto interpo-

nam judicium, interim hoc scio, fatum esse bonorum fere librorum, ut hoc modo vel pereant vel periclitentur. Homines plerumque propter scelera et pravitatem manus carnificum sabeunt, libri vero virtutis et præstantiæ ergo. Soli fatuorum labores tales non metuunt casus. Sed sane frustra sunt, qui se hoc modo exstirpare posse existimant *Miltoni* et aliorum Scripta, cum potius flammis istis, mirum quantum clarescant et illustrentur. Qua autem de Miltoni conditione, ad me scribis, illa convenire puto cum iis, quæ tibi ante hebdomades aliquot significavi.

P. 643. De motibus Anglicanis certiora procul dubio ex illo intelligere possis. Ego quippe raro in publicum prodeo, et non me multum immisceo publicis rumoribus. *Miltonum* cæcum esse factum, jam tibi significavi, addunt alii etiam mortuum.

P. 647. De Æthiope (Moro) et Anglâ (Pontiâ famulâ Salmasii) lepida sunt et festiva quæ reponis. Sed nunc negant ea vera esse, et sparsa esse ab Malevolis quibusdam. Sane constant mihi Anglam istam omnes Æthiopi (Moro), reddidisse amatorias suas. Inter ipsum et Salmasium lis forte orietur (quænam inter tales possit esse diuturna Concordia), propter librum hîc excusum, cui titulus "Clamor Sanguinis Regii in Cœlum." Scriptus ille videtur a quovis Anonymo Anglo transmissus vero Salmasio, divulgatus vero ab Æthiope (Moro). Propter sexaginta exemplaria, quæ permisit typographus, inter ipsos est contentio.

P. 649. De 'Moro' vero quæ scribis, quam sunt ea lepida, quam venusta. Auctor sane ei sim, ut nummum det cum hâc inscriptione, "Subacta Britannia" verum vide quam ingratus sit iste heros erga Æthiopem, cujus tamen clavæ istam debet victoriam, quoniam is non cupit eam uxorem ducere, acerrime nunc illum persequitur. Mihi sane Æthiops multo rectius facturus fuisse videtur, si ex Ovidii tui præcepto a Domina incipisset. Minor quidem voluptas ista fuissit, sed longe majorem inivisset gratiam, divulgata est passim hæc fabella etiam in gazetis publicis Londinensibus addita etiam Epigrammata.

P. 651. De Salmasio nihil omnino habeo, quod tibi significem. Credo enim etiamnum cum solito suo malo conflictari. Rettulit tamen non nemo, eum nunc meliuscule valere. Lis ipsi est cum Moro. Cupit enim ut is Anglicanam suam in uxorem ducat, quod alter recusat. Verum isti duo boni amantes, qui nuper tam suaviter et amice oscula jungebant, valde nunc sibi invicem sunt infensi. Ante quatriduum siquidem, cum forte Maurus huic nostræ occurreret in vastâ ista areâ, quæ ædibus Salmasii adjacet, statim illa capillitium ejus invasit, pluribusque adfecit ver-

heribus. Neque eo contenta. etiam fuste in illum sævire conabatur, nisi bonus ille socius in horreum confugisset, super struice.. quandam, jactuque se vindicasset cæspitum. Huic spectaculo son defuit ingens spectatorum numerus, qui ex vicinia passim eo confluxerant, vides quam omnes in iis ædibus sunt γυναικοκρατούμενοι, facile hinc possis conjicere, falsos fuisse rumores qui de 'Subacta Britannia' passim fuere sparsi, cum illa potius Maurum subegerit, vel, si verus sit rumor, adparet non satis fuisse subactam.

P. 662. Salmasius totus est in responso ad Miltonum. Cœptus est jam excudi, qui mole non erit minor priori. Miltonum passim *Catamitum* vocat, aitque cum in Italiâ vilissimum fuisse scortum, et passim nummis nates prostituisse, examinat quoque passim Carmina ejus Latina. Dissidium vero quod exercet cum Moro, indies crescit, presertim postquam in jus vocavit Anglicam, infensus quoque est alio nomine, nempe quod ipsum Morus Cornigerum vocarit.

P. 669. Miltonum mortuum credideram, sic certe nunciaras, sed præstat in vivis illum esse, ut Sycophantæ cum Sycophantis committantur. Poemata ejus mihi ostendit Holstenius, *nihil illa ad elegantiam apologiæ. In prosodiam peccavit frequenter.* Magnus igitur Salmasianæ crisi campus hìc est assertus, sed quâ fronte alienos iste versus notabit, cujus musis nihil est cacatius? quod ait adversarium (Miltonum) nates Italis vendidisse, mira est calumnia. Utinam ejus malæ tam tutæ fuissent a pugnis uxoriis, quam posticum *Miltoni* os a sicariis Hetruscis! Imo invisus est Italis Anglus iste, inter quos multo vixit tempore, ob mores nimium severos, cum et de religione liberte disputaret, ac multa in Pontificem Romanum acerbe effutiret, quavis occasione.

CORRIGENDA.

P. xxxvi. *for* 'wavering alienated' *read* 'wavering or alienated.'

COMPLIMENTARY VERSES.

IN PARADISUM AMISSAM SUMMI POETÆ JOHANNIS MILTONI

Qui legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni
  Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
  Et fata, et fines continet iste liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi;
  Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet;
Terræque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum
  Sulphureumque Erebi flammivomumque specus;
Quæque colunt terras, portumque et Tartara cæca,
  Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli;
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,
  Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus;
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
  In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?
  Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britanna legit.
O quantos in bella duces! quæ protulit arma!
  Quæ canit, et quanta, prælia dira tuba.
Cœlestes acies! atque in certamine cœlum!
  Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in ætheriis tollit se Lucifer armis,
  Atque ipso graditur vix Michaele minor!
Quantis, et quam funestis concurritur iris
  Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulsos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
  Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
  Et metuit pugnæ non superesse suæ,
At simul in cœlis Messiæ insignia fulgent,
  Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotæ strident, et sæva rotarum
  Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco
  Admistis flammis insonuere Polo,
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis
  Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt.

Ad pœnas fugiunt, et ceu foret Orcus asylum
Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Hæc quicunque leget tantum cecinisse putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, all; the argument
Held me awhile misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to Fable and old song
(So Sampson grop'd the temple's posts in spite)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.
Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I lik'd his project, the success did fear;
Through that wide field how he his way should find
O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain,
Or if a work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence presume the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.
Pardon me, mighty poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit:
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

That majesty which through thy work doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
And above human flight dost soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The bird nam'd from that paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?
Just heav'n thee like Tiresias to requite
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.
Well mightest thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure;
While the town-bayes writes all the while and spells,
And like a pack-horse tires without his bells:
Their fancies like our bushy points appear,
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I too transported by the mode offend,
And while I meant to praise thee must commend.[1]
Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVEL.

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[1] See note in Life, p. lxxvii.

"THE VERSE."

"THE measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, then else they would have exprest them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note, have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also, long since, our best English Tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious eares, triveal and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime, so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing."

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed. Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre, for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed, but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; they rise; their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven: for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandæmonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of Chaos; or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;

[16] v. Ariosto Orl. Fur. c. i. st. 2. Orlando Innam. di Boiardo, rifac. da Berni, lib. ii. c. xxx. st. 1.

'Com' avvien, che ne in *prosa è detta, o in rima*
Cosa, che non sia stata detta prima.' *Bowle, Pearce.*

[19] *Instruct*] Theoc. Id. xxii. 116.
εἰπὲ θεά. σὺ γὰρ οἶσθα. Newton.

That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell; say first, what cause
Mov'd our grand Parents in that happy state,
Favour'd of heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in heav'n and battel proud,
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night

[23] *Who*] v. Hom. Il. i. 8. *Hinc.*

[48] *adamantine*] v. Spenser. 'Together link'd in *adamantine chains*.' See *Todd's Note.*

To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate.
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flam'd; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd.
Such place eternal justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!

[63] *darkness visible*] v. Senecæ Ep. 57. de Crypt. Neapol. 'Nihil illis faucibus obscurius; quæ nobis præstant, ut non *per tenebras videamus, sed ut ipsas.*' *Bentl. MS.*

[66] *hope*] Compare Jer. Taylor's Contemplations, p. 211, and see *Todd's Note*, p. 18.

There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and welt'ring by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
Beëlzebub: To whom th' arch-enemy,
And thence in heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.
If thou beest he—But O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Cloath'd with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! If he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprize,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his thunder; and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along

[83] Isaiah, xiv. 12. Virg. Æn. ii. 274.
'Hei mihi! qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo!' *Newton.*

[98] *high*] Spens. F. Queen. b. i. c. i. s. 19. 'grief, and *high disdain.*'

Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign; and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
In dubious battel on the plains of heav'n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me: to bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfal; since by fate the strength of Gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heav'n.

So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

O Prince, O chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' imbattell'd Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds

Fearless, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy;
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our conqueror, whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less [ours,
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service, as his thralls

131 *perpetual*] Consult Newton's note on the word '*perpetual.*'

139 *mind and spirit*] So Satan in the Adamus Exsul of Grotius, p. 32, ed. Lauder.

'———Abstulit sortem Deus
Quam potuit, animis pristinum mansit decus,
Et cor, profunda providum sapientia;
Sunt reliqua nobis regna, sunt vires suæ,
Multa et potestas'———

140 *Invincible*] v. Æschyli Prometheus, ver. 1060.

———Ἐς τε κελαινον
Τάρταρον ἄρδην ῥίψειε δέμας
Τοὐμὸν, ἀνάγκης στερρᾶις δίναις.

By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep:
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.
Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight;
As being the contrary to his high will,
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see! the angry victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now

158 *Doing or suffering*] ' Quodvis pati, quidvis facere.' Plauti Miles. v. 9. See Pricæum ad Apulei Apolog. p. 165.

To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what resolution from despair.
  Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast

177 *To bellow*] See Henry More's Poems, p. 314.
'The hoarse *bellowing* of the thunder.'

181 *void*] Dante Inf. c. v. 28.
'Luogo d'ogni luce muto.' *Todd.*

200 *sea-beast*] 'Æquoreo similem per litora monstro.'
Val. Flacc. iv. 750.

Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:
Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will

205 *Deeming some island*] At Sir William Drury's house in Hawstead in Suffolk (built in regn. Elizab.), is a closet with painted pannels of the age of James I. One (no. 36.) is a ship that has anchored on a whale which is in motion. The motto, 'nusquam tuta fides.' See *Cullum's Hist. of Hawstead*, p. 164, where is an engraving of it.

205 *island*] Thus Dionysii Perieg. 598.

ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ
Κήτεα θῖνες ἔχουσιν, ἐρυθραίου βοτὰ πόντου,
Οὔρεσιν ἠλιβάτοισιν ἐοικότα.

And so in the Orlando Innam. of Boiardo, rifac. da Berni, lib. ii. canto xiii. stan. 60.

'Il dosso sol mostrava ch' è maggiore
Ch' undici passi, ed anche più d'altezza,
E veramente, a chi la guarda, pare
Un' isoletta nel mezzo del mare.'

Compare also Avieni Disc. Orbis, p. 784-5, and Pia Hilaria, p. 92. 'Basil affirms that whales are equal to the greatest mountains, and their backs, when they show above the water, *like to islands*.' *v. Brerewood on Languages*, p. 133.

208 *Invests*] v. Stat. Theb. lib. v. 51.

——— 'tellurem proximus umbrâ,
Vestit Athos.' ———

And high permission of all-ruling heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shewn
On man by him seduc'd; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and
In billows leave i' th' midst a horrid vale. [roll'd
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom, all involv'd
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unbless'd feet. Him follow'd his next mate,

232 *Pelorus*] See Dante, Paradiso, c. 8. ver. 68.
'Tra Pachino e Peloro sopra 'l golfo,
Che riceve da Euro maggior briga.'

Both glorying to have scap'd the Stygian flood,
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal pow'r.
Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
That we must change for heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? be it so, since he,
Who now is Sov'reign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: hail horrors; hail
Infernal world; and thou profoundest hell
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:

240 *recover'd strength*] Revigorate, resumed, recovering, reviving, self-raised, self-recovered. *Bentl. Conj. MSS.*

241 *sufferance*] Compare Hom. Od. iv. 503.

Φῆ ῥ' ἀέκητι θεῶν φυγέειν μέγα λαῖτμα θαλάσσης.

Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in hell?
So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd: Leader of those armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Grov'ling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.
He scarce had ceas'd, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb

263 *Better*] See Æschyli Prometheus, ver. 976.

Κρεῖσσον γὰρ οἶμαι τῇδε λατρεύειν πέτρᾳ,
Ἢ πατρὶ φῦναι Ζηνὶ πιστὸν ἄγγελον.

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At ev'ning, from the top of Fesole
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so indur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd

288 *optic glass*] See Henry More's Poems (Inf. of Worlds): st. 91.

'But that experiment of the *optick glasse*,'

and Davenant's Gondibert, p. 188.

'Or reach with *optick tubes* the ragged moon.'

293 *mast*] See Lucilii Sat. lib. xv. 1. p. 132.

'——— porro huic majus bacillum
Quam malus navi in corbitâ maximus ullâ.'

And Ovid Metam. xiii. 783.

'Cui postquam pinus, baculi quæ præbuit usum,
Ante pedes posita est, antennis apta ferendis.'

Cowley's Davideis, lib. iii. ver. 47.

'His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
Which nature meant some tall ship's mast to be.'

Keysler's Travels, ii. 117. 'They shew here the mast of a ship, which the common people believe to be the lance of Rolando the great.' Pope probably mistook the sense, when, in Hom. Il. xiii. 494, he says,

'Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral.'

Mr. Dyce refers to Quintus Smyrnæus, lib. v. ver. 118.

His legions, Angel forms, who lay entrans'd,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High overarch'd imbow'r; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'er-
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry, [threw
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded: Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battel to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd,
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's Son, in Ægypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coast up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n th' uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

340 *pitchy cloud*]
' No pitchy storm wrapt up in swelling clouds.'
See *Sandy's Christ's Passion*, p. 57.

353 *Danaw*] so Donne (Progr. of the Soul, st. ii.) p. 228.
' At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine.'

Forthwith from ev'ry squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
Their great Commander; God-like shapes and
Excelling human, Princely Dignities, [forms
And powers, that erst in heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and raz'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names; till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mánkind they corrupted to forsake
God their creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Rous'd from the slumber on that fiery couch
At their great Emp'ror's call, as next in worth,
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,

368 *mánkind*] so accented on the first syllable in Heywood's Hierarchie, p. 11.

'Tell me, O thou of Mánkind most accurst.'

376 *who first*] Hom. Il. v. 703.

ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ'ὕστατον; *Todd*

While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?
The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid King, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that past through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worship'd in Rabba and her wat'ry plain,
In Argob, and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.
Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Heronaim, Seon's realm, beyond

The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleale, to th' Asphaltic pool:
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
With these came they, who, from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Ægypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,
These feminine: for spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacl'd with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battel, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop

419 *bord'ring*] v. Gen. xv. 18. Old Euphrates: v. Gen. ii. 14. *Newton.*

Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch

448 *The Syrian damsels*] Compare Bionis Idyll. i. 22.
'Ασσύριον βοόωσα πόσιν, καὶ παῖδα καλεῦσα.

449 *amorous ditties*] dolorous ditties. *Bentl. MS.*

451 *Ran purple*] Ov. Metam. xii. 111.
Purpureus populari cæde Caicus
Fluxit——

See Maundrell's Travels, p. 34. We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates concerning this river (Adonis, called by the Turks, Ibrahim Bassa,) viz. that this stream, at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, is of a bloody colour, which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river, for the death of Adonis. Something like this, we saw, actually came to pass, for the water was stained to a surprising redness, and

Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
His eyes survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers:
Dagon his name; sea monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,
And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of GOD was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
GOD's altar to disparage, and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn

as we observed in travelling, had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue, occasioned doubtless by a sort of minium, or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from Adonis' blood.'

See also Milton's answer to Eikon Bas. p. 410:

'Let them who now mourn for him as for Tammuz.'

460 *grunsel edge*] See Beaumont's Psyche, c. viii. st. 136.

'In Dagon's Temple down the idol fell,
Quite broke his godship on the stronger sell.'

And Quarles' Emblems, p. 302, 'and groundsild every floor.' Lisle has also used this word in his Transl. of Du Bartas, p. 96, 'to lay the grunsill-plot.'

His odious off'rings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew, who under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
Fanatic Ægypt and her priests, to seek
Their wand'ring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms,
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd
From Ægypt marching, equal'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Ely's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of GOD?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury, and outrage: and when night

[489] *bleating*] v. Exod. xii. 12. Numb. xxxiii. 3, 4. and Virg. Æn. viii. 698.

'Omnigenumque deum monstra, et latrator Anubis.'
Newton.

Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's issue, held
Gods, yet confess'd later than heav'n and earth,
Their boasted parents. Titan, heav'n's first born,
With his enormous brood and birthright seiz'd
By younger Saturn, he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
And Ida known; thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.
All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast

515 *snowy*] v. Hom. Il. i. 420. xviii. 615.
Οὐλύμπου νιφόεντος. *Newton.*

Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainted courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood

550 *Dorian mood*] See Val. Maximus, Lib. ii. c. 6. §. 2. 'Ejusdem (Spartanæ) civitatis exercitus non ante ad dimicandum descendere solebant, quam tibiæ concentu, et anapæsti pedis modulo cohortationis calorem animo traxissent, vegeto et crebro ictus sono.' And Cic. Tusc. Quæst. ii. 16. Spartiatarum, quorum procedit mora ad tibiam, nec adhibetur ulla sine Anapæstis pedibus hortatio.'

Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm, and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanc'd in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views; their order due,
Their visages and stature as of Gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories; for never, since created man,
Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these

551 *soft recorders*] See Giles Fletcher, Eclg. 1.
'And while the sad *Recorder* sweetly plains.'

567 *armed files*] read 'ranked.' See book vi. 840.
'Then down their idle weapons drop.'
How then could they have them here?—*Bentl. MS.*

Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptis'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander: he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost

575 *small infantry*] See Basilides Athenæi, ix. 43. Who calls the Pigmies *μικροὺς ἄνδρας: οἱ μικροὶ, φησὶν, ἄνδρες οἱ ταῖς γεράνοις διαπολεμοῦντες.* See also Juliam Anticens. Epigr. iii. *εἷς τινα μικρόν.* ed. Brunck, vol. iii. p. 9.

Αἵματι Πυγμαίων ἡδομένη γέρανος.

and Ovid. Fast. vi. 176.

'Nec, quæ Pygmæo sanguine gaudet, avem.'

Consult Millin's Monum. Inedit. i. 171, and Boissonade to Philostrat. p. 529. Also Plin. Nat. Hist. vii. 'Pygmæi, quos a gruibus infestari Homerus quoque prodidit.' (Hom. Il. iii. v. 7.)

591 *Stood like a tower*] See Statii Theb. iii. 356.

—— Bello me, credite, bello,
Ceu turrim validam—

See also Il Purgatorio of Dante, v. 14. 'Sta come torre ferma:'

All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun new-ris'n
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs: darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch-angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
Far other once beheld in bliss, condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,

it is also used in the Orlando Innamorato. Mr. Dyce refers to Q. Smyrnæus, lib. iii. ver. 63.

594 *as when the sun*] See Dante, Il Purg. c. xxx. ver. 25.

'E la faccia del Sol nascere ombrata,
Sì che, per temperanza di vapori
L' occhio lo sostenea lunga fiata.'

598 *fear of change*] See Theb. Statii, i. ver. 708. 'Mutent quæ Sceptra Cometæ.' Val. Flacc. Arg. lib. vi. ver. 608. 'fatales ad regna injusta Cometæ.' And Crashaw's Steps to the Temple, p. 59.

'Staring Comets, that look kingdoms dead.'

See his Tutor A. Gill's Poems, p. 5.

Οὐδεὶς κομήτης ὅστις οὐ κάκον φέρει.

Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O myriads of immortal spirits, O Powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth

600 *amerc'd*] See Quarles' Divine Poems, p. 18.

> 'T' avoid the Ninevites do I *amerce*
> Myself' ——

610 *flung*] See Beaumont's Psyche, c. xx. st. 144.

'And sigh'd and sobb'd to think whence he was *flung*.'

614 *their stately growth*] See Young's Night Thoughts, N. 5.

'As when some stately growth of oak or pine.'

620 *Tears*] Compare Xenoph. Anabas. l. iii. 2. '*Ξυνήγαγεν ἐκκλησίαν τῶν ἀυτοῦ στρατιωτῶν, καὶ πρῶτον μὲν ἐδάκρυε πολὺν χρόνον ἑστως, οἱ δε ὁρῶντες ἐθάυμαζον καὶ ἐσιώπων, εἶτα ἔλεξε τάδε.*"

Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heav'n, shall fail to reascend
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of heav'n,
If counsels different or danger shunn'd
By me have lost our hopes: but he, who reigns
Monarch in heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
There went a fame in heav'n, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps

642 *tempted*] Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 827.
'She dared, and did *attempt* to *tempt* me too.' *Todd.*

Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd;
For who can think submission? war then, war
Open or understood, must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,
A numerous brigad hasten'd; as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,

669 *vault of heav'n*] Doctor Pearce approves Bentley's conjecture, 'walls of heaven,' and says the emendation is good. But I must differ from the opinions of both critics, and consider that this reading would much impair the beauty of the passage.

'Clash'd on their *sounding* shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the *vault* of heaven,'

which collected and reverberated the clash of the shields.

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heav'n; for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also and by his suggestion taught
Ransack'd the center, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame
And strength and art are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,

687 *Rifled*] v. Ovid Met. i. 138.

——— 'Itum est in viscera terræ,
Quasque recondiderat, Stygiisque admoverat umbris,
Effodiuntur opes.' *Hume.*

Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross.
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook:
As in an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze with bossy sculptures grav'n;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat
Their kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately highth, and straight the doors,
Op'ning their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed

706 *A various mould*] 'capacious moulds.' *Bentl. MS.*
711 *Rose*] 'Did like a shooting exhalation glide.'
See *Marlowe's Hero and Leander*, p. 81.
714 *Doric pillars*]
'There findest thou some stately Doric frame.'
See *Hall's Satires*, ed. Singer, p. 133.

With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heav'n by many a towred structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos th' Ægean isle; thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell.

742 *crystal battlements*] See Beaumont's Psyche, cxx. 110. 'Much higher than the proudest *battlement* of the old heavens.' See Don Quixote, vol. 3. p. 156, (trans. Shelton, 12mo. 1731.) 'I saw a princely and sumptuous palace, whose walls and *battlements* seemed to be made of transparent *crystal*;' and Miltoni Sylv. p. 323 (ed. Todd, ver. 63.)

'ventum est Olympi, et *regiam crystallinam*.'

Mean while the winged haralds by command
Of sov'reign power, with awful ceremony
And trumpets sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandæmonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall,
Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defi'd the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat or carreer with lance,
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rusling wings. As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flower
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer

752 *Haralds*] Par. Lost, 1st ed. Steevens' Shakesp. (Pericles) ed. 1793, vol. xiii. p. 489.

769 *Taurus*] v. Virg. Georg. i. 217.

'Candidus auratis aperit cum cornibus annum
Taurus.'—*Hume.*

774 *expatiate*] i. e. walk abroad. v. Virg. Æn. iv. 62. Cic. Oart. iii. 'Ut palæstrice *spatiari*.' *Todd.*

Their state affairs: So thick the aery crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder! they, but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or Fairy Elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

784 *dreams*] See Ap. Rhod. Arg. iv. 1479. Virg. Æn. vi. *Todd.*

785 *arbitress*] v. Hor. Ep. v. 49.

—— 'Non infideles *arbitræ*
Nox et *Diana*.' *Heylin.*

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven: with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand

[1] *High*] Compare with this the opening of the second book of Ovid's Metam.

'Regia solis erat,' &c.

[2] *Ormus*] See View of Ormus, in Buckingham's Travels in Assyria, p. 428, 4to.

Show'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus display'd.
Powers and Dominions, Deities of heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not heav'n for lost: from this descent
Celestial virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread, than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right and the fix'd laws of heav'n
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share

[4] *Barbaric*] Lucret. lib. ii. 500. 'Barbaricæ vestes.' Euripid. Iph. Aul. 73. de Paride:

χρυσῷ τε λάμπρος, βαρβάρῳ χλιδήματι.

and Virg. Æn. ii. 504.

Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.
He ceas'd; and next him Moloc, scepter'd king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost

[38] *our just inheritance*] See Crashaw's Steps to the Temple, p. 64. (1646.)

> 'And for the never fading *fields of light*,
> *My fair inheritance*, he confines me here:'

and Beaumont's Psyche, c. i. st. 24.

> 'Was't not enough against the righteous law
> Of primogeniture to throw us down,
> From that *bright home* which all the world does know
> Was by *confest inheritance* our own.'

[40] *best way*] Compare Spenser's F. Queen, vii. vi. 21 and ii. xi. 7. *Todd.*

Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse,
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake:
My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself

54 *sit contriving*] See Milton's Prose Works, vol. ii. 380 ii. 24. 'But to sit contriving.'

67 *Black fire*] See Æschyli Prometheus, ver. 930.

Ὅς δὴ κεραυνοῦ κρέισσον ἐυρήσει φλόγα,
Βροντῆς θ' ὑπερβάλλοντα καρτερὸν κτύπον.

and see Statii Theb. iv. 133. 'furiarum lampade nigra.' Silv. i. iv. 64. 'fulminis atri.' Lucan Ph. ii. 301. 'ignes atros.'

'I talk of flames, and yet I call hell dark;
Flames I confess they are, but *black*.'

See M. Stevenson's Poems (1654), p. 113, (A Guesse at Hell.)

Mixt with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? th' ascent is easy then;
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus

[69] *strange fire*] See Nonni Dionysiaca, lib. xliv. ver. 153.
Εἰ δέ κε πειρήσαιτο καὶ ἡμετέροιο κεραυνοῦ,
γνωσέται, οἷον ἔχω χθόνιος σέλας· οὐρανίου γὰρ
Θερμοτέρους σπινθῆρας ἐμοῦ λαχέν ἀντίτυπον πῦρ.

[89] *exercise*] Vex, trouble: v. Virg. Georg. iv. 453.
'Non te nullius *exercent* numinis iræ.' *Newton.*

We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being.
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heav'n,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desperate revenge and battel dangerous
To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heav'n; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropp'd Manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds

113 *worse*] Val. Flacc. Arg. lib. iii. ver. 645.

——'Rursum instimulat, ducitque faventes
Magnanimus Calydone satus; potioribus ille
Deteriora fovens, semperque inversa tueri
Durus.'

114 *better*] τὸν λόγον τὸν ἥττω κρείττω ποιεῖν. *Bentley.*

Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.
I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd,
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? the tow'rs of heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,
With blackest insurrection to confound
Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope

131 *bordering deep*] See Wither's Campo Musæ, p. 25.
'And to possess the *bordering* hills.'

142 *our hope*] Shakesp. K. Hen. VI. act ii. scene iii.
'Our hap is loss, our *hope but sad despair*.' *Malone.*

Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more: sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war;—We are decreed,
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?—Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursu'd and struck
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage,

And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what, if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heav'n's highth
All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heav'n,

174 *His*] Consult Bentley, and Newton's Notes on the application of the Relative. 'Red right hand' is the 'rubente dextera' of Hor. Od. I. ii. 2.

181 *Each on his rock*] 'Illum exspirantem,' &c. *Bentl. MS.*

185 *Unrespited*] Consult the notes of Mr. Thyer, and Mr. Todd on this line.

Thus trampl'd, thus expell'd, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? better these than worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd
With what is punish'd: whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor, or enur'd not feel;
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light:

220 The commentators have not observed that this and the following line *rhyme* together:

'This horror will grow mild, this darkness light:
Besides what hope the never-ending flight,' &c.

Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.
Thus Belial with words cloath'd in reason's garb
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.
Either to disinthrone the King of heav'n
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heav'n's bound, unless heav'n's Lord su-
We overpower? suppose he should relent [preme
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd halleluiahs; while he lordly sits
Our envy'd Sov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome

225 *For happy*] Compare Theognis, ver. 509.

Ἠνδὲ τις εἰρωτᾷ τὸν ἐμὸν βιὸν, ᾗδε οἱ εἰπεῖν
Ὡς εὖ μὲν, χαλεπῶς· ὡς χαλεπῶς δὲ, μάλ' εὖ.

Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create; and in what place so e'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring their rage, and heav'n resembles hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? this desart soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise

254 *Live*] See Hor. Ep. i. xviii. 107.

—— 'Ut *mihi vivam*
Quod superest ævi.' *Newton.*

255 *Hard liberty*] See Æschyli Prom. Vinct. ver. 974. *Todd.*

Magnificence; and what can heav'n shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.
He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men o'er watch'd, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy and long process of time,

287 *cadence lull*] See Claudiani Rufin. i. 70.

'Ceu murmurat alti
Impacata quies pelagi, cum flamine fracto
Durat adhuc sævitque tumor, dubiumque per æstum
Lassa recedentes fluitant vestigia venti.' *Newton.*

In emulation opposite to heav'n.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.
Thrones and imperial Powers, offspring of heav'n,
Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd
Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In highth or depth, still first and last will reign

302 *pillar*] Shakesp. Hen. VI. Part ii. act i.
' Brave peers of England, *pillars of the State.*' *Newton.*
313 *popular vote*] ' Vogue. Voice.' *Bentl. MS. con.*

Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron scepter rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heav'n.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what peace will be giv'n
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprize? There is a place,
If antient and prophetic fame in heav'n
Err not, another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
That shook heav'n's whole circumference, con-
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn [firm'd.

What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or substance, how endu'd, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtilty. Though heav'n be shut,
And heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset, either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive as we were driven
The puny habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires.—Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd; for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell

expos'd] Compare ver. 410, and consult Newton's note.

To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? but their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkl'd in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolv'd; which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view [arms
Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring
And opportune excursion we may chance
Re-enter heav'n: or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heav'n's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires [send
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive

406 *palpable*] The adjective 'obscure' used for a substantive, as 409, 'the vast abrupt.' *Newton.*

409 *arrive*] Shakesp. Hen. VI. Part iii. act v.

——— 'those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have *arriv'd our coast.*'

The happy isle? what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own dismay
Astonish'd; none among the choice and prime
Of those heav'n-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.
O Progeny of heav'n, empyreal Thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seiz'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;

410 *isle*] The earth hanging in the sea of air. Cic. de Nat. Deor. ii. 66.

'Magnam quandam *insulam*, quam nos *orbem terræ* vocamus.' *Newton.*

432 *long*] Dante Inf. c. xxxiv. 95, describes the ascent from hell.

'*La via è lunga*, e 'l cammino è malvagio.'

Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd
With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of heav'n, though fall'n, intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell

436 *Ninefold*] 'Et novies Styx interfusa coercet.'
Bentl. MS.

437 *intend*] 'Intende animum.' See Steevens' note on Shakesp. Timon of Athens, act ii. scene ii.

More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refus'd, what erst they fear'd;
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the highest in heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own; for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds

Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heav'n's cheerful face, the low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or show'r;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace; and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if, which might induce us to accord,
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers;
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
Alone th' antagonist of heav'n, nor less
Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme
And God-like imitated state: him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd

[489] *sleeps*] Hom. Il. v. 524.
——ὄφρ' εὐδῃσι μένος Βορέαο. *Newton.*

[490] *cheerful*] Spens. F. Q. ii. xii. 34.
'And *heaven's cheerful face* enveloped.' *Thyer.*

[512] *globe*] Virg. Æn. x. 373.
'Qua *globus* ille virûm densissimus urget *Newton.*

With bright imblazonry and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result:
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
By haralds voice explain'd: the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Powers
Disband, and wand'ring each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part, on the plain or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games, or Pythian fields:
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.

513 *horrent*] Virg. Æn. i. 'Horrentia Martis arma,' and Æn. x. 178. 'Horrentibus hastis.'

528 *Part, on the plain*] Compare Ovid. Metam. iv. 445, and Fasti. vi. 327.

'Hi temere errabant in opacæ vallibus Idæ:
Pars jacet et molli gramine membra levat.
Hi ludunt, hos somnus habet; pars brachia nectit,
Et viridem celeri ter pede pulsat humum.'

531 *curb*] 'How got they steeds and harps?' v. 348. *Bentl. MS.*

532 *rapid*] 'rapid even before the race.' *Bentl. MS.*

As when to warn proud cities war appears
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battel in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.
Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind: hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides from Œchalia crown'd
With conquest felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battel; and complain that fate
Free virtue should inthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony,
What could it less when spirits immortal sing?
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet,
For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high

557 *others apart*] Compare Horat. Od. ii. 13. 23.

'Sedesque *discretas* piorum.'

elevate] Compare Ovidii Metam. xii. 157.

'Non illos Citharæ, non illos carmina vocum,

Of providence foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps,
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton,

Longave multifori delectat tibia buxi:
Sed noctem sermone trahunt; *virtusque* loquendi
Materia est.'

565 *pleasing sorcery*] See Marino's Sl. of the Innocents, b. 4, 8. (1675).

'And with a *pleasing tyranny* had there
Shed his Lethean water on their sight.'

569 *triple*] Hor. Od. i. iii. 9.

'Illi robur, et *æs triplex*
Circa pectus erat. *Hume.*

Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the river of oblivion, rolls
Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure, and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail; which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of antient pile; all else deep snow and ice;
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lo-e

589 *dire hail*] Hor. Od. i. ii. 1. 'diræ grandinis.' *Newton.*

595 *Burns*] Virg. Georg. i. 93. 'Boreæ penetrabile *frigus adurat.*' *Newton.*

In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink:
But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands,
With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes agast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, [death,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse

620 *Alp*] In the singular number; so in Dionysius Perieg. See Schnieder's note to Orphei Argon. p. 198. Ἄλπιος ἀρχή, singulari numero, est in Dion. Perieg. ut in Metrodori Epigr. (Anal. ii. 481.) Alpem Juvenalis nominat. (Sat. x. 152.)

621 *Rocks*]
'Rocks, shelves, gulfs, quicksands, hundred, hundred horrors.'
See *Middleton's World tost at Tennis*, p. 26.

623 *evil*] Æsch. Eumen. ver. 71.
κακῶν δ' ἔκατι κἀγένοντ.——

625 *all monstrous*] See Heywood's Hierarchie, p. 437, lib. 7.
'So that all births which out of order come
Are *monstrous* and *prodigious*.'

Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
Meanwhile the adversary of GOD and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Æthiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof;
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were
Three iron, three of adamantine rock, [brass,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat

639 *Of Ternate* See Fanshawe's Lusiad, p. 219, c. x. 84, 132. (1655).

'Tidore see! Ternate! whence are rolled
(Holding black night a torch) thick plumes of flame.'

640 *trading*] treading. *Bentl. MS.*

642 *nightly*] rightly. *Bentl. MS.*

643 *thrice threefold*] Samson Agon. ver. 1122.

'And seven times folded shield.'
Clypei septemplicis.' *Bentl. MS.*

On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peel: yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the Night-hag, when call'd
In secret riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,

653 *mortal sting*] Spens. F. Q. ver. i. i. 15.
' pointed with *mortal sting*.' *Bentl. MS.*

654 *A cry*] ' And that some troop of cruel *hellish curs*
Encircle them about.'
v. Phillis of Scyros. p. 104. (1655).

660 *Vex'd*] ' Dulichios vexasse rates.' *Bentl. MS.*

665 *labouring moon*] See Ovid. Metam. iv. 333. and Stat. Theb. ver. 687. ' Siderum labores.' v. Plin. N. Hist. lib. ii. x. p. 162, ed. Brotier. Casimir Sarb. Lyr. ii. v. ' Solis lunæ labores.'

For each seem'd either; black it stood as night, *671*.
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd;
Admir'd, not fear'd; GOD and his SON except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd without leave ask'd of thee.
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heav'n.

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied,
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,

672 *And shook*]

'His dart anon out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand, a dreadful sight to see,
With great triumph eftsones the same he shook.'

See *Sackville's Int. to Mirror for Mag.* p. 266, ed. 1610.

676 *hell*] 'And made hell gates to shiver with the might.'
Sackville's Introd. p. 265.

679 *Created*] See Wakefield's Lucretius, lib. i. 117, and Sylva Critica, v. p. 74, where this phrase is illustrated.

683 *miscreated*] Spens. F. Q. i. ii. 3. 'miscreated fa
ii. 42. 'miscreated mould.' *Bentl.*

Who first broke peace in heav'n and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons
Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from GOD, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.
So spake the griesly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair

692 *Drew*] 'He boldly *drew* millions of souls.'
See *Beaumont's Psyche*, c. xv. st. 296.

693 *Conjur'd*] Virg. Geo. i. 280.
'Et *conjuratos* cœlum rescindere fratres.' *Hume.*

708 *comet*] See Virg. Æn. x. 272. Tasso G. L. i. vii. 52. *Newton.*

709 *Ophiucus*] See Sir F. Bacon's Astronomy. 'And such *comets* have more than once appeared in our time; first in Cassiopeia, and again in *Ophiuchus.*'

710 *horrid hair*] See Plin. N. Hist. lib. ii. c. 22. "Co-

Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front
Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood.
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.
O father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only son? What fury, O son,

metas horrentes crine sanguineo.' See Nonni Dionys. xvii. 6. Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 14.

'Then with long bloody hair, a blazing star
Threatens the world with famine, plague, and war,
To princes death, to kingdoms many crosse.'

711 *Shakes*] Mr. Dyce refers to Lucan. Phars. vi. 468.

'Humentes late nebulas, nimbosque solutis
Excussere comis.'

714 *two black clouds*] Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, b. i. c. 16. st. 10. *Thyer.*

715 *artillery*] See Gayton's Chartæ Scriptæ, p. 20; (1645).

'The magazine of heaven here. Artillerie
Which oft in dreadful thunderings rend the skie.'

Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;
For him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.'
She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd:
So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that fantasm call'st my son:
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.
T' whom thus the portress of hell gate reply'd.
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair
In heav'n? when at th' assembly, and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conspiracy against heav'n's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,

745 *the portress*] P. Fletcher's *Locusts*, ed. 1627, p 34. 'The *Porter* to th' infernall gate is *Sin*.' *Todd.*

Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All th' host of heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign
Portentous held me: but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burthen. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in heaven; wherein remain'd
For what could else? to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the empyrean: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heav'n, down
Into this deep, and in the general fall
I also; at which time this powerful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy

Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.
I fled, but he pursu'd, though more, it seems,
Inflam'd with lust than rage, and swifter far
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,
And, in embraces forcible and foul
Ingend'ring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for when they list into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim death my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,

787 *Made to destroy*] See James i. 13. *Bentl. MS.*

794 *rape begot*] See Amadis de Gaul, vol. iii. lib. iii. c. 10. p. 133, ed. Southey.

Though temper'd heavenly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.
She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of, know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
Of spirits that, in our just pretenses arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandering quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created, vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Lest heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
To know, and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen

Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and
Grinn'd horrible a gastly smile, to hear [Death
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heav'n's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above,
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office, here confin'd,
Inhabitant of heav'n and heav'nly-born,
Here, in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon

842 *buxom air*] Spenser, F. Q. i. xi. 37.
'And therewith scourge the *buxom air* so sore.' *Newton*
846 *Grinn'd horrible*] Imitated, Mr. Carey thinks, from Dante, *Inf.* v.;
'Stavvi Minos orribilmente e ringhia.

To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the keyhole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.

865 *live at ease*] From Homer, Θεοὶ ῥεῖα ζώοντες. *Bentley.*

879 *open fly*] 'Don Bellianis, part ii. chap. 19. *Open flew* the brazen folding *doors, grating harsh thunder* on their turning *hinges.*' *Swift.*

889 *smoke*] See Dante Il Purg. c. xxiv.

'E giammai non si videro in fornace
Vetri, o metalli sì lucenti e rossi,
Com' io vidi un, che dicea——'

Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound, [highth,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand:
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mast'ry, and to battel bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levy'd to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more imbroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds.
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a while,

898 *For hot*] Ovid. *Met.* i. 19. *Newton.*

Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous, to compare
Great things with small, than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of heav'n were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vannes
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league
As in a clouded chair ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Flutt'ring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud
Instinct with fire and nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,

927 *sail-broad*] See Maximi Tyrii Diss. vol. i. p. 214, ed. Reiske. τεινάσαι τὰς πτερύγας ὥσπερ ἱστία. And Lucret. vi. 743. 'Pennarum vela remittunt.' Or consult Wakefield's note. See Milton's Prose Works, i. 148: ed. Symmons.

936 *rebuff*] Compare Statii Theb. vii. 35.

'Atque illum Arctoæ labentem cardine portæ
Tempestas æterna plagæ, prætentaque cœlo
Agmina nimborum, primique Aquilonis hiatus
In diversa ferunt.'

Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryfon through the wilderness
With winged course o'er hill or moory dale
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend [rare,
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask

942 *oar*] Beaumont's Psyche, c. xvi. st. 224.

'Spreading their wings like oars.'

Marino's Sl. of the Inn. p. 49.

'With wings like feather'd oars.'

And Dante, Il. Purg. c. ii.

'Si che *remo* non vuol, ne altro velo.' C. xii. 4.

945 *Arimaspian*] Æschyli Prometheus, ver. 810. See Pomp. Mela; lib. ii. c. 1. Solini Polyh. xv. 22. Prisciani Pervig. ver. 700. Plauti Aulularia, act iv. sc. 8. i. p. 142. Plin. N. Hist. lib. iv. c. 26. See Bulwer's Artif. Changeling, p. 102.

949 *With head*] See Sidon. Apollinar. c. ii. 171. Antholog. Lat. ed. Burm. vol. 1, p. 403. Ep. cciii. for this manner of speech:

'Pastor, Arator, Eques, pavi, colui, superavi,
Capras, rus, hostes, fronde, ligone, manu.'

Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies,
Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep: with him enthron'd
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumor next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confusion, all imbroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus.—Ye Powers,
And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and antient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but by constraint
Wand'ring this darksome desart, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with heav'n; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound, direct my course;
Directed, no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway,
Which is my present journey, and once more
Erect the standard there of antient Night;

Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With fault'ring speech and visage incompos'd,
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late [thrown.
Made head against heav'n's King, though over-
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and heav'n gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroach'd on still thro' your intestine broils
Weak'ning the scepter of old Night: first hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately heaven and earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger: go and speed;
Havock, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.
He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply,
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,

1013 *a pyramid of fire*] Drayton in his *David and Goliah*, 1630.

'He look't like to a *piramid on fire*.' *Todd.*

Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosporus betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shun'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he;
But he once past, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wond'rous length,
From hell continu'd, reaching th' utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heav'n
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
With tumult less and with less hostile din,
That Satan with less toil and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds

Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' empyreal heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
Of living saphire, once his native seat;
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendant world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

1052 *This pendant world*] Verbatim from Shakespeare's *Meas. for Meas.* act iii. scene i.

1054 *mischievous*]

' Thither full fraught, *with hope of wished success.*'
Bentl. MS.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man; the Father accepts him ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and, hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb; but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphates.

HAIL holy light, offspring of heav'n first-born,
Or of th' eternal co-eternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? since GOD is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of GOD, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes, than to th' Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down

[3] *God is light*] See Wakef. Lucret. 1, p. 320. 'Per emphasin *Deus* sæpissime *Sol* audit. Ov. Met. xv. 192.

'Ipse *Dei* clypeus, terrâ cum tollitur imâ,
Mane rubet'——

adeas notata nobis ad Virg. Georg. i. 6.'

[8] *fountain*] See Lucret. 5. 282, 'largus item liquidi fons luminis.'

[17] *other notes*] See Bembo Sonnetti, p. 26, 'con altre voce.' Dante Il Parad. c. xxv. 7, '*Con altra voce* omai, con altra vello Ritornero Poeta.'

The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note: thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,

[25] *quench'd*] drench'd. *Bentl. MS.*

[23] *orbs*] Val. Flacc. iv. 235. 'Sanguineosque rotat orbes.' See *Burman's Note.*

[30] *flowery brooks*] flowing, silver, crystal, purling. *Bentl. MS.*

[35] *Thamyris*] Stat. Theb. iv. 183.

'Mutos Thamyris damnatus in annos.

Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou celestial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sits
High thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view.
About him all the sanctities of heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son: on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,

[49] *Of*] *Pearce* proposes to read 'All nature's works,' and Newton agrees with him, putting a stop after 'blank,' but I do not understand the force of their objection to the established text.

In blissful solitude: he then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him GOD beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage
Transports our adversary, whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt, can hold, so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created world,
And man there plac'd, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert;
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall

[93] *glozing lies*] See Beaumont's Psyche, c. v. 37.
'With humble *lies*, and oaths of *glozings* drest.'
See also B. ix. 549, 'so *gloz'd* the tempter.'

He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of me
All he could have: I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal Powers
And Spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd:
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only, what they needs must do, appear'd,
Not what they would? what praise could they re-
What pleasure I from such obedience paid, [ceive?
When will and reason, reason also is choice,
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,
Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate;
As if predestination over-rul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge: they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all,

108 'When God gave him reason he gave him freedom to choose; *for reason is but choosing*.' *Milton's Areopagitica*.

Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree,
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: man falls deceiv'd
By the other first: man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy and justice both,
Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel;
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious, in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd, and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace;
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sov'reign sentence, that man should find grace;
For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should man finally be lost, should man

130 *Father*] P. Fletcher. P. Isl. c. xii. st. 81.
'Full of his father shines his glorious face.' *Todd.*

Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.
To whom the great Creator thus replied.
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsaf'd: once more I will renew

153 *that*] Newton observes that this is from Genesis, xviii. 25. 'That be far from thee,' &c.

169 *Son*] 'My Son, my only stay,
My hand, my honor, and my might.'
See *Golding's Ovid*. p. 62.

His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires:
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th' incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
And to the end persisting safe arrive.
This my long sufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.

176 *lapsed*] 'lapsas acuit mentes,' v. Sil. Ital. x. 606.

189 *stony*] Ezek. xxxvi. 26. 'I will take away the *stony heart* out of your flesh.' *Gillies.*

But yet all is not done; man disobeying
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of heav'n,
Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath naught left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die,
Die he or justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,
And silence was in heav'n: on man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to death and hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of GOD,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is pass'd, man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?

[208] *sacred*] 'sacrate.' *Bentl. MS.*

Happy for man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
Behold me then, me for him, life for life,
I offer, on me let thine anger fall;
Account me man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreak all his rage;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess
Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell:
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd. [stoop
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive maugre hell, and show

[236] *me*] The frequent repetition of 'me' is like Virgil, Æn. ix. 427.

'*Me, me*, adsum qui feci in *me* convertite ferrum.'

Newton.

[255] *maugre hell*] 'Such Life that *maugre Hell* he lives.' Sir T. Hawkins' Horace, (1638) p. 72. 'Maugre thy fury,' v.

The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
Pleas'd, out of heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter heaven long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
And reconcilement: wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
All heav'n, what this might mean and whither tend
Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:

O thou in heav'n and earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works, nor man the least,

Marino's Sl. of the Inn. p. 58. 'Maugre thine enemies' hate.' Gayton's Ch. Script. p. 3. 4to.

267 *immortal love*] See Lucret. v. 122. '*Immortalia mortali* sermone notantes.' Aristot. de Rhetor. ii. 17. 2. *ἀθανάτον ὀργην μὴ φύλαττε, θνητὸς ὤν.*

271 *least*] Shakespeare's Lear, act i. scene 1.

'Now our joy,
Although the last, not least.'

and Jul. Cæs. act iii. scene 1.

'Though last, not least, in love.' *Newton.*

Though last created, that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.
Thou therefore whom thou only can'st redeem
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thy self man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restor'd,
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die;
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
Man's nature lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss

[301] *destroys*] The fall is spoken of as a thing *past*, but as perhaps *present* to the divine mind, so ver. 151 and 181. *Pearce.*

Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal king; all power
I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee as head supreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce:
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In heaven, or earth, or under earth in hell;
When thou attended gloriously from heav'n
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom

306 *Equal*] Newton says, 'this is an instance of Milton's orthodoxy;' how could he have overlooked the lines that follow?

'By *merit* more than *birthright* Son of God.'

325 *archangels*] Archangel; v. Thessal. iv. 6. St. Matt. xxiv. 31. *Bentl. MS.* 'The Archangel Michael is the only Archangel of whom we know any thing from holy Writ.' *Horsley's Sermons*, p. 583, 8vo.

Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth:
Then thou thy regal scepter shalt lay by,
For regal scepter then no more shall need,
God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels with a shout,
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold,
Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once
In Paradise fast by the Tree of Life

337 *golden*] Virg. Eclog. iv. 9.

'Toto surget gens aurea mundo.' *Hume.*

345 *angels*] On the construction of this sentence, see Pearce's and Monboddo's note.

Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence
To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of heav'n
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;
With these that never fade the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off; the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
Then crown'd again their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heav'n.

Thee Father first they sung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud

359 *flowers*] fields, plains, gems. *Bentl. MS.*

359 *amber*] Callim. St. Ceres, 29, ἀλέκτρινον ὕδωρ: and Virg. Æn. iii. 522. *Newton.*

363 *Impurpled*] 'Tutto di *Rose imporporato* il cielo.' *Marino Ad.* c. iv. st. 291. *Thyer.*

Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear;
Yet dazzle heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold: on thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory abides;
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He heav'n of heavens and all the powers therein
By thee created, and by thee threw down
Th' aspiring Dominations. Thou that day
Thy father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not so on man; him thro' their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom

380 *Dark*]

' Caligine e lassù d'ombre lucenti
In cui s' involve Re ch' il ciel governa;
Quivi iddio pose en fulgide tenebre
E'n profondo silenzio, alte latebre.'
Tasso Gier. Lib. See *Black's Life*, ii. 489.

shook] v. Fairfax's Tasso, ii. 91.

' Againe *to shake Heav'n's everlasting frame.*' *Todd.*

So strictly; but much more to pity incline.
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd,
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found less than Divine!
Hail Son of GOD, Saviour of men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

Thus they in heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, inclos'd
From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent,
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night
Starless expos'd, and ever-threat'ning storms
Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of heav'n

406 *He*] 'Than' or 'but' is understood before 'He,' to complete the sense. *Newton.*

412 *Hail*] Virg. Æn. viii. 301.
'Salve, vera Jovis proles, decus addite divis.' *Newton.*

Though distant far some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
So on this windy sea of land the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
Alone, for other creature in this place
Living or liveless to be found was none,
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aërial vapours flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:
All th' unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand,

438 *Chineses*] See Hudibras, iii. 1. 707.
'For though *Chineses* go to bed.'

Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind:
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he who to be deem'd
A God leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles, and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,

459 *moon*] He means Ariosto Or. Fur. c. xxxiv. st. 70. *Newton.*

473 *too long*] Bentley thinks that a line is here omitted; and Dr. Pearce agrees with him: but it does not appear to me necessary. I would read the verse

'Cleombrotus, and many more (too long:)

still I think the passage would read better thus transposed:

'Cleombrotus and many more, too long.'
Here Pilgrims roam that stray'd so far to seek
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd:
Embryos, and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.'

Embryoes and idiots, eremits and friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heav'n;
And they who to be sure of paradise
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd;
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd:
And now Saint Peter at heav'n's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo!
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air: then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam

[475] *White*] Carmelites, Dominicans, and Franciscans. So Ariosto Orl. Fur. xiv. 68. 'Frati, bianchi, neri, e bigi.' Ad. xliii. st. 175. *Todd.*

[493] *sport*] Virg. Æn. vi. 75. 'Ludibria ventis.' *Hume.*

Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste
His travel'd steps; far distant he descries,
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of heav'n, a structure high,
At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Imbellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, *This is the gate of heav'n.*
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to heav'n sometimes
Viewless, and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth sailing arriv'd,
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake,
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which open'd from beneath,

507 *orient*] Petrarch Trionfo della morte, ii. 'Di gemme orientali incoronata.' *Todd.*

Just o'er the blissful seat of paradise,
A passage down to th' earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore:
So wide the op'ning seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence now on the lower stair,
That scal'd by steps of gold to heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout
Through dark and desart ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First-seen, or some renown'd metropolis,
With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seiz'd, though after heaven seen,
The spirit malign; but much more envy seiz'd

540 *climbing*] Drayton's Barons Warres, c. ii. st. 14.
'There riseth up an *easie climbing hill*.' *Todd*.

At sight of all this world beheld so fair,
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade, from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond th' horizon: then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds,
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to enquire: above them all
The golden sun in splendor likest heaven
Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament; but up or down,
By center or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude, where the great luminary,

554 *At sight*] Quod tandem spectaculum fore putamus, cum *totam terram contueri* licebit? Cic. Tusc. Disp. i. 19.

564 *marble air*] 'Strikes thro' the *marble* skies.'
See *Marino's Sl. of the Innocents*, p. 75. *Transl.*

564 *oblique*] Drayton uses this word with the accent on the first syllable. Polyllb. Song xvi.
'Then in his óblique course, the lusty straggling street.'
Todd.

Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;
So wond'rously was set his station bright.
There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with aught on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides
Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,

592 *metal*] In the first editions 'medal.'

597 *to*] Doctor Pearce had an ingenious friend who proposed to read

'Rubie, or Topaz, two o' th' twelve that shone.'

How would the Doctor profess to *pronounce* his line?

Fenton reads '*or* the twelve that shone.'

That stone, or like to that which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th'arch-chimic sun so far from us remote
Produces with terrestrial humor mix'd
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazzled, far and wide his eye commands,
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sun-shine; as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th'Æquator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the air,
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;

605 *limbec*] See Sylvester's Du Bartas, p. 85.

'Fire that in *limbec* of pure thoughts divine
Doth purge our thoughts.'

622 *ken*] See Greene's "Never too late." 'I might see in my ken.' *Todd.*

Of beaming sunny rays, a golden tiar
Circl'd his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To paradise the happy seat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd;
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard, the angel bright,
E'er he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
Th' arch-angel Uriel, one of the sev'n
Who in God's presence nearest to his throne
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes

642 *many a colour'd*] 'Versicoloribus alis.' *Virgilii Catalecta*, vi. 9.

643 *succinct*] Orl. Fur. c. xvii. st. 52. 'In *abito succinto* era Marfisa.' *Todd.*

That run through all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.
Uriel, for thou of those sev'n spirits that stand
In sight of GOD's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim
Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest Seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and, with secret gaze
Or open admiration, him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes
To deepest hell, and to repair that loss

678 *that*] Tickell reads 'their loss,' and is followed by Fenton and Bentley. *Todd.*

Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways.
So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heav'n and earth:
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems; which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest sighted spirit of all in heav'n:
Who to the fraudulent imposter foul
In his uprightness answer thus return'd.
Fair angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
Contented with report hear only in heav'n:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight:
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw, when at his word the formless mass,

This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire,
And this ethereal quintessence of heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course,
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
That place is earth the seat of man, that light
His day, which else as th' other hemisphere
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring
So call that opposite fair star, her aid [moon,
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is paradise,
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r:
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.

710 *heard*] 'Jussa Dei exsequitur Tellus.
A. Ramsæi, P. Sacr. ed. Lauder, i. p. 4.

716 *this*] 'the' in Fenton's and Bentley's ed. *Newton.*

Thus said, he turn'd, and Satan bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the Tree of life, as the highest in the garden to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall: overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them awhile to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and past at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to paradise, discovered afterwards by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of nightwatch to walk the round of paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance but hindered by a sign from heaven flies out of paradise.

O FOR that warning voice, which he, who saw
Th' Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to the inhabitants on earth! that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd,
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which, nigh the birth
Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils

[17] *devilish*] ' Those *devilish engines* fierie fierce.'
Russell's Battles of Leipsic, 1634, 4to.
Spenser's F. Qu. 1. 7. xiii.
' As when that *devilish* iron engine, wrought in deepest hell.'
[17] *recoils*] see Hamlet, act iii. scene iv.
' For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar.'
And Ausonii Epigram, lxxii.
' Auctorem ut feriant tela retorta suum.'
and Beaumont's Fair Maid of the Inn, act ii.
' Twas he
Gave heat unto the injury, which returned
Like a petard ill lighted, into the bosom
Of him gave fire to't.'

Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him, for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;
Sometimes towards heav'n and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r:
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads, to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King
Ah, wherefore! he deserv'd no such return

21 *nor from hell*] v. Fairfax's Tasso, c. xii. st. 77.
'Swift from myself I run, myself I fear,
Yet still my hell within myself I bear. *Todd.*

30 *tow'r*] Virg. Culex, ver. 41.
'Igneus æthereas jam *sol* penetrârat in *arces*. *Ruaurason.*

From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I sdein'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition! Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse

[50] *sdein'd*] Drayton's Moses birth, B. 1.
'Which though it *sdaind* the pleasdnesse to confesse.'
and Fairfax's Tasso, ver. xx. 128. 'He sdeignful eies.' *Todd.*

[53] *still paying*] 'Still paying, ne'er discharged.'
v. *Benlowe's Theophila*, p. 29.

But heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe:
Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; my self am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n.
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan;
While they adore me on the throne of hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep;
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind, created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long and this new world shall know.
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair,
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld:
For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practis'd falsehood under saintly shew,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount

Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd; and over head up grew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of paradise up sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his neather empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue

138 *shade*] 'shaft,' *Bentl. MS.* and again ver. 141, 'Shaft above shaft.'

141 *woody theatre*] v. Senecæ Troades, ver. 1127.

'Erecta medium vallis includens locum,
Crescit theatri more.'

Virg. Æn. v. 288. and Solini Polyhist. c. xxxviii. v. Lycophr. Cassandra, ver. 600.

θεατρομόρφῳ κλίτει.

Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mixt:
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showr'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore

151 *in*] Hume, Bentley, and Warton would read '*on* fair evening cloud.'

162 *Sabean odours*] See Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xii. c. 42. 19. 'Magnique Alexandri classibus *Arabiam odore* primum nuntiatam in altum.' Compare a passage in Ovington's Voyage to Surat, p. 55 (1696). 'We were pleased with the prospect of this island, because we had been long strangers to such a sight; and it gratified us with the fragrant smells which were wafted from the shore, from whence, at three leagues distance, we scented the odours of flowers and fresh herbs; and what is very observable, when after a tedious stretch at sea, we have deemed ourselves to be near land by our observation and course, our smell in dark and misty weather has outdone the acuteness of our sight, and we have discovered land by the fresh smells, before we discovered it with our eyes. See also Davenport's 'City Night-cap,' act v.

——— 'The Indian winds
That blow off from the coast, and cheer the sailor
With the sweet savour of their spices, want
The delight that flows in thee.'

Of Arabie the blest, with such delay [league
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd
Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume,
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Ægypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journied on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that past that way.
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On th' other side: which when th' arch-fellon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,

183 *wolf*] 'Keen as the Evening wolf.'
Benlowe's Theophila, p. 44.

Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human sense expos'd
In narrow room nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heav'n on earth: for blissful paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line
From Auran eastward to the royal tow'rs
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before

190 *Cross-barr'd*] 'Cross-barr'd and double lockt.'
Heywood's Hierarchie, p. 510, folio, (1635).

191 *In at the window*] v. Spenser's Fairy Queen, lib. i. c. 3. ver. 17.

'He was to weet a stout and sturdy thief,
. . . . . .
Then he by cunning slights in at the window crept.'

Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold, and next to Life
Our death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mould, high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the neather flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears;
And now divided into four main streams
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that saphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,

237 *crisped brooks*]
' Tremuloque alarum remige *crispat*
Fluctusque fluviosque maris.'
A. Ramsæi Poem. Sacr. ed. Lauder, i. p. 3.

238 *orient pearl*] See Sir D. Lindsay, ed. Chalmers, i. 327.
' Lyke orient perlis.'

With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this
A happy rural seat of various view: [place
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

And Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 'He kissed the last of many doubled kisses, this orient pearl.'

Orient pearl was esteemed the most valuable. See Don Quixote (Shelton's Transl. vol. iv. p. 64) 'She wept not tears, but *seed pearl*, or morning dew: and he thought higher, that they were like *oriental pearls*.'

244 *smote*] Val. Flacc. I. 496. 'Percussaque sole scuta.' Orl. Fur. c. viii. st. xx. '*Percote* il sol ardente il vicin colle. And Psalm (Old Transl.) cxxi. 6. 'The *sun* shall not *smite* thee by day.' *Todd.*

250 *fables*] Apples. *Bentl. MS.*

255 *irriguous*] Hor. Sat. ii. 4. 16. '*Irriguo* nihil est elutius horto.' *Hume.*

Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: mean while murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flow'rs,
Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes and th' inspir'd
Castalian spring might with this paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nysean isle

[253] *fringed*] See Carew's Poems, p. 264.

'Silver floods,
From your channels *fring'd* with flowers.'

And p. 119.

'With various trees we *fringe* the waters' brink.'

[254] *apply*] Spens. F. Q. iii. 1. 40.

'Sweet birds thereto *applide*
Their dainty layes,' &c. *Bowle.*

[259] *Proserpine*] With the same accent in F. Queen, I. i. 7. 'And sad Prosérpine's wrath.' *Newton.*

[263] *Daphne*] See Wernsdorf. Poet. Minor. vol. vii. p. 1105. v. Capitolini vitam M. Antonini Philos. c. viii. p. 44, ed. Putman.

Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son
Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
True paradise, under the Ethiop line
By Nilus head, enclos'd with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to sight and strange.
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal, seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.

[281] *Amara*] See Bancroft's Epigrams (1639), 4to. p. 35 (200). 'Of the Æthiopian mountain Amara,' and Stradling's Divine Poems (1625), p. 27.

'The famous hill Amara to this clime
Is but a muddie moore of dirt and slime.'

[299] *He*] See St. Paul, 1 Corinth. xi. 7. 'He is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of the man.

His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a veil down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,

For the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man. Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man.' This passage seems to justify the old reading, 'God in him,' and rejects Bentley and Pearce's alteration, 'God and him.'

300 *hyacinthin*] See Dionysii Geograph. ver. 1112. Theocriti Idyll. xviii. 2. Longi Pastor. lib. iv. c. 13, and the note in Dyce's ed. of Collins, 'Like *vernal hyacinths* of sullen hue,' p. 180. To which add Nonni Dionysiaca, xvi. ver. 81.

Ἀθρήσας ἑ Ὑακίνθου ἴδον κυανόχροα χαίτην.

301 *as a veil*] Carew's Poems, p. 143.

——'Whose soft hair,
Faun'd with the breath of gentle air,
O'erspreads her shoulders like a tent,
And is her *veil* and ornament.'

Spenser's F. Queen, iv. 113.

'Which doft, her golden locks that were unbound
Still in a knot unto her heeles down traced,
And like a *silken veil* in compasse round
About her backe, and all her bodie wound.'

307 *As the vine*] See Merrick's Tryphiodorus, ver. 106.

'His flowing train depends with artful twine,
Like the long tendrils of the curling vine.'

And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shews instead, mere shews of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met,
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade, that on a green
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs

315 *ye*] Should we not read 'you?' For what is he speaking to besides *Shame*? *Newton.*

323 *goodliest*] On this idiom, borrowed from the Greek, refer to Vigerus de Idiotismis, p. 68, and Thucyd. lib. i. c. 50. Ναυμαχία γὰρ ἄυτη Ἑλλησι πρὸς Ἕλληνας νεῶν πλήθει μεγίστη δὴ τῶν πρὸ ἑαυτῆς γεγένηται. v. Herman ad Euripid. Med. ed. Elmsley, p. 67.

332 *compliant boughs*] Compare the Sarcotis of Masenius, lib. i. p. 94, ed. Barbou:

Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs.
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldly elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly
Insinuating wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating: for the sun
Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
Of heav'n the stars that usher evening rose:

'Hic mensæ genialis opes, et dapsilis arbos
Fructibus inflexos, fœcundo palmite, ramos
Curvat ad obsequium, præbetque alimenta petenti.'

334 *damask'd*] P. Fletcher. P. Isl. c. xii. 1.
'Upon the flowrie *banks*
Where various *flowers damaske* the fragrant seat.' *Todd.*

337 *gentle*] Spens. F. Qu. iii. 8. 14. 'He gan make *gentle* purpose to his dame.' *Thyer.*

When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.
O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold,
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd!
Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy:
Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd
Long to continue; and this high seat your heav'n
Ill fenc'd for heav'n to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd: yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so streight, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,

358 *O hell*] Compare the speech of Antitheus, in the Sarcotis, at the sight of the happiness of Sarcothea, lib. i. p. 94.

'Viderat Antitheus niveam per gramina nympham
Errantem, et facilis captantem gaudia ruris,
Pascentemque animum jucundæ munere vitæ.
Vidit, et indoluit tantorum herede bonorum,' &c.

Like this fair paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me.
Which I as freely give: hell shall unfold
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings: there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conquering this new world, compels me now
To do, what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.
So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those fourfooted kinds, himself now one.
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unespy'd
To mark what of their state he more might learn
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare,
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
Grip'd in each paw: when Adam first of men,

To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.
Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thy self than all, needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That rais'd us from the dust and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need, he who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only Tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life;
So near grows death to life; whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion giv'n
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow-
ers;
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou, for whom
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right:
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Preeminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thy self canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd,
Pure as th' expanse of heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd
Bending to look on me: I started back,

451 *on*] The second ed. reads 'of flowers,' but Tickell, Fenton, Bentley, and Newton, read after the first edition.

459 *lake*] Compare Ov. Met. iii. 457. *Newton.*

461 *A shape*] Compare the Sarcotis of Masenius, lib. iii. p. 130, ed. Barbou, describing Sarcothea:

——— 'stetit obvia fonti
Virgo, novasque freto miratur crescere silvas.
Ipsa etiam propriæ spectans ab imagine formæ
Luditur, et niveum veneratur in ore decorem, etc.'

It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platane; yet, methought, less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth wat'ry image; back I turn'd,
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return, fair Eve,
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear:
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim,
My other half. With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see

478 *Under a platane*] See Grotii Adamus Exsul. p. 36.
'Adamus, platani suppositus comæ.'
Tickell and Fenton read a 'plantan.'

How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general mother, and, with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he, in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers, and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.
Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss, while I to hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.

500 *impregns*] See Dante Il Purgat. c. xxiv.
'L'aura di Maggio muovesi, et olezza
Tutta impregnata dall' erba, e da' fiori.'

501 *matron*] Meeting. *Bentl. MS.*

504 *Ey'd them askance*] See Dante Inferno, c. vi.
'Gli diritti occhi torse allora in biechi.'

509 *Where*] Bentley would read, 'Where's' for 'Where is,' but Pearce observes that Milton often leaves out 'is,' as P. viii. 621.

Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs it seems:
One fatal tree there stands of Knowledge call'd
Forbidden them to taste: knowledge forbidden.
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only stand
By ignorance? is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand'ring spirit of heav'n, by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.
So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.

530 *A chance*] This line, I think, should be thus read:
A chance—but chance may lead where I may meet.

Mean while in utmost longitude, where heav'n
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of paradise
Level'd his ev'ning rays: it was a rock
Of alablaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of heav'n; but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
Impress the air, and show the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

542 *eastern*] 'The sun setting shined on the eastern gate; 'tis well it was higher than all the rest of Paradise.'
Bentl. MS.

544 *alablaster*] Thus spelt in both Milton's own editions.

554 *with diamond*] See Prose Works, l. 232. (Apol. for Smectymnuus.) 'Their zeal, whose substance is ethereal, arming in complete diamond.'

556 *as a shooting*] See Dante Il Paradiso, c. xv. 16.
'E pare stella, che tramuti loco.'

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath giv'n
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in:
This day at highth of noon came to my sphere
A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man
God's latest image: I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait:
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
Alien from heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him; one of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come
Well known from heav'n; and since meridian hour
No creature thence. If spirit of other sort,

561 *to thee*] It has been proposed to read these lines with the insertion of a parenthesis:

' Gabriel (to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in)
This day at highth of noon,' &c.

567 *describ'd*] Some read ' descry'd.' *Newton.*

576 *winged*] See Marino's Sl. of the Innocents, p. 33. (Transl.)

' Shining troops of *winged armies* ride.

So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of these walks
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.
So promis'd he, and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
Bore him slope downward to the sun, now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this less volubil earth,
By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there,
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament

592 *whether*] 'whither.' Milton's own ed.

594 *volubil*] 'volúbil,' with the second syllable long, as in the Latin volúbilis; when it is short, Milton writes it 'voluble.' *Newton.*

599 *livery*] Fletch. P. Isl. vi. st. 54.
'The world late *clothed* in *night's black livery*.' *Todd.*

600 *Silence*] See this personification in Beaumont's Psyche, c. vi. st. 174. 'Silence for porter stood. c. xix. st. 160. 'Whilst Silence sate upon his lips.'

602 *all but*] Not all. Owls. Bubones. *Bentl. MS.*

With living saphirs; Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unvail'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: Fair consort, th' hour
Of night and all things now retir'd to rest
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest:
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder allies green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,

627 *walk*] In the first ed. 'walks.' *Newton.*

628 *manuring*] This is to be understood as in the French manœuvre, or working with hands. *Richardson.*

Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:
Mean while, as nature wills, night bids us rest.
To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd.
My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargu'd I obey, so GOD ordains;
GOD is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their change, all please alike:
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet.
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night;
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
To whom our general ancestor reply'd.
Daughter of GOD and man, accomplish'd Eve,

Those have their course to finish, round the earth,
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands

661 *Those*] "These" is Tonson's and Newton's alteration. Milton's reading is 'Those.'

677 *walk the earth*] The same expression occurs in P. L. vii. 477. 'Creep the ground.' Cicero de Finibus, ii. c. 34. 'Maria ambulavisset.' See Wakef. Lucret. ii. v. 206.

While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bower; it was a place
Chosen by the sov'reign planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful use: the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall, each beauteous flow'r,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept; nor nymph,

688 *Divide*] Sil. Ital. vii. 154.
'Cum buccina *noctem*
Divideret.' *Richardson.*

703 *emblem*] Inlay. 'Arte pavimenti, atque *emblemati* vermiculato.' *Bentley.*

705 *shadier*] shadie, 2nd ed.

Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly choirs the Hymenæan sung,
What day the genial angel to our sire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes she ensnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole. Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncrop'd falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol

719 *authentic fire*]
Or him who stole from Jove *narthecal* fire.' *Bentl. MS.*
723 *moon*] Virg. Æn. vi. 725. 'Lucentemque globum lunæ.
Hume.

Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.
This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which GOD likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and, eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse; nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what GOD declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to GOD and man?
Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee

750 *Hail wedded love*] Mr. Dyce compares Middleton:

'Reverend and honourable matrimony,
Mother of lawfull sweetes, unshamed mornings,
Dangerlesse pleasures; thou that mak'st the bed
Both pleasant, and legitimately fruitful. without thee,
All the whole world were soyled bastardy:
Thou art the onely and the greatest forme,
That put'st a difference betweene our desires
And the disordered appetites of beastes.'

The Phœnix, 1607. Sig. D 4.

Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Blest pair, and O! yet happiest if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measur'd with her shadowy cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour stood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade,
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south

778 *ivory*] Ov. Met. iv. 185.
'Lemnius extemplo *valvas* patefecit *eburnas*.' *Newton.*

With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these two strong and subtle spirits he call'd
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.
Ithuriel and Zephon, with winged speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd,
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent, who could have thought? escap'd
The bars of hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought: him there they found,
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve;
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms, and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise

785 *shield*] 'Declinare ad hastam, vel ad scutum.' *Livy.* *Hume.*

802 *organs*] v. Mer. W. of Wind. A. v. S. v. 'Raise up the organs of her fantasy.' *Todd.*

At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires
Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffus'd inflames the air:
So started up in his own shape the fiend.
Back stepp'd those two fair angels, half amaz'd
So sudden to behold the grisly king;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.
Which of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
Know ye not then, said Satan fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar;
Not to know me argues your selves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?

829 *sitting*] 'Nor shall he hope to *sit* where Nero *scars*.' See *Tragedy of C. T. Nero*, p. 13 (1607).

830 *Not to know*] 'Nobilem ignorari, est inter ignobiles censeri.' v. *J. C. Scaligeri Vitam*, p. 5. 4to.

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.

Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same
Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known
As when thou stood'st in heav'n upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee, and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.
But come, for thou, besure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub, and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

835 *same*] The commentators think that a difficulty of construction exists in this passage, and Bentley would alter it. It seems to me to be plain. 'Think not thy brightness undiminished, or thy shape to be known the same as,' &c.

848 *pin'd*] Pers. Sat. iii. 38.

'*Virtutem* videant, *intabescantque* relicta.' *Hume.*

The fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud steed rein'd went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief
Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell,
Nor likely to part hence without contest:
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.

Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right

859 *Champing*] See Æsch. Prom. Vinct. 1008.

δακὼν δὲ στόμιον ὡς νεοζυγὴς
Πῶλος, βιάζη καὶ προς ἡνίας μάχη. *Thyer.*

To question thy bold entrance on this place,
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling GOD hath planted here in bliss?
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadst in heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Though thither doom'd? thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought:
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him surer barr
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true; they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm.
Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel mov'd,
Disdainfully half smiling, thus reply'd.
O loss of one in heav'n to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison scap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither

894 *Dole*] Hamlet. A. i. S. ii.
'Weighing *delight* with *dole*.' *Todd.*

Unlicens'd from his bounds in hell prescrib'd:
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled, or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? courageous chief,
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alledg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern.
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
Insulting angel, well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battel to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behooves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untry'd.
I therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy

928 *The*] 'Thy,' second ed.

This new created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.
To whom the warrior angel soon reply'd.
To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader, but a liar trac'd,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head:
Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power supreme?
And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely ador'd
Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope
To dispossess him, and thy self to reign?
But mark what I arreed thee now, avaunt;
Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour

945 *And*] 'With' is understood. *Pearce.*

962 *arreed*] See Lisle's Dubartas, p. 173.
'Arreed in books of heaven the summe.'

Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facil gates of hell too slightly barr'd.
So threaten'd he: but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.
Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary Cherub; but ere then
Far heavier load thy self expect to feel
From my prevailing arm; though heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of heav'n star-pav'd.
While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest

966 *And seal*] See Northmore's note to Tryphiodorus, p. 88.

976 *star-pav'd*] Ashmore's Epigrams, 4to. p. 33.

'The casements large of *Heaven* have open set,
And from their *star-pav'd floors* have sent me down.'
Todd.

Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensu'd, nor only paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
Battels, and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew and kick'd the beam:
Which Gabriel spying thus bespake the fiend.

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st
Neither our own but giv'n; what folly then
To boast what arms can do, since thine no more
Than heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire? for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist. The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

1008 *Thine*] 'Thine' and 'mine' refer to strength, ver. 1006. not to arms. *Newton.*

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